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ACROSS THE YEARS

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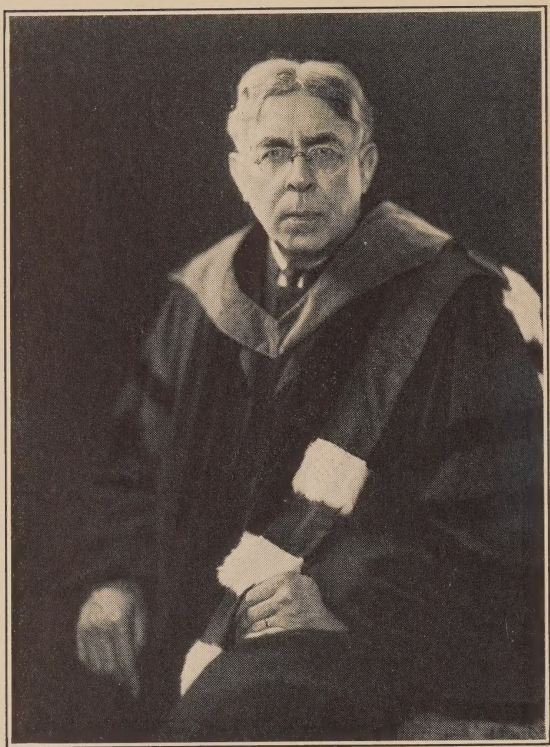
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THE AUTHOR

Across the Years

By

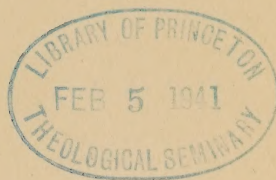
CHARLES STEDMAN MACFARLAND

ILLUSTRATED

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1936



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IN MEMORY OF MY WIFE

To our Children

Charles Stedman Macfarland, Jr.
Lucia Merrill Macfarland Hogan
James Merrill Macfarland

Joseph Harrie Hogan, Jr.
Muriel Lodge Macfarland

our first Grandchild
Joseph Harrie Hogan, 3d
and other Grandchildren
who may yet arrive.

~

APOLOGIA

THIS volume is written in part to give expression to a mood of retrospection, but more largely because of the insistence of friends and family. I am writing intimately and frankly, as though talking, by the fireside, to my own children. Therefore I shall not attempt the invention of detours or periphrasis to avoid the use of the first person.

While not a record of great accomplishments, perhaps it may be, for this reason, the more useful to ordinary human beings. In its story of vicissitude, encouragement and counsel may be imparted to young men and women who face difficulties and obstacles, through both the record of failure, and of success so far as it is a narrative of achievement. As I look back, all seems as though it had just happened, of itself, as by some foreordination. It is sometimes observed that "history is biography writ large," but I feel it to be truer of some of us, that history itself shapes human personality and life. I have a deep aversion to the idea of "self-made" men, and I welcome this opportunity, above all, to pay tribute to some of the many personalities and forces which have strengthened, guided and helped me.

Some portions of these chronicles also convey hitherto unrecorded historical information which will be of interest, and perhaps of didactic value, now that it can be seen in perspective.

The full story of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, during my administrative relation, appears

in *The Progress of Church Federation*, *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy* and other volumes. Association with the world ecumenical movement is recorded in these books and also in *Die Stockholmer Bewegung*, by Adolf Deissmann; *Die Einigung der Kirche*, by René Heinrich Wallau; *French and Belgian Protestantism*, by Louise Seymour Houghton, and other books and monographs. My religious idealism is best revealed in *The Spirit Christlike* and *Spiritual Culture and Social Service*, some theological concepts in *The Infinite Affection*; social interests in several volumes, and ideals of Christian unity in *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy*.

I hope the story may prove helpful to the present generation, more especially to young husbands and wives. The book is published as I complete half a century of Christian institutional activity, forty-five years in the ministry, twenty-five of administrative and consultative service, and as the day draws near which marks the traditional three-score years and ten. To my associates who have generously assisted in assembling the data, I am deeply grateful.

Charles V. Macfarland

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ACROSS THE YEARS

CHAPTER I

NINETEENTH CENTURY BOSTON, 1866-1884

ONE does not hear much today about Boston as the climax of erudition, but in the nineteenth century, up to "the nineties" I should say, the terms "center of culture," and "hub of the universe" were widely current, usually as expressions of self-satisfaction, at other and later times of derision and satire in some quarters. One morning in 1897, the day following the annual Yale-Harvard debate, as I walked up Washington Street with my colleague, Charles Studin, following a meeting with Governor Roger Wolcott, who had presided at Sanders Theater the previous evening, my companion, who came from the Far West, observed with evident sincerity: "Charles, I am disappointed in Boston. The people look like any other men and women. I had expected to find them all with lofty brows and meditative mien, carrying books under their arms." I fear that no one today even looks for any such apparitions.

Physically the heart of Boston has changed little: the Common, Public Gardens, Gilded Dome, Faneuil Hall, Old State House, Old South Church and Park Street Church are as of old. But the ancient alleys and narrow streets, which had once been cow-paths, have made way for widened thoroughfares, and the "hole-in-the-wall" eating establishments in Pi Alley, which I once patronized, and other of the haunts of those days are no more.

In my boyhood we made much of Boston's history and cultural reputation, and I fully shared this general sense of pride and gratification. I feel it still—in moderation. The ideas of justice accepted by Boston in the Sacco-Vanzetti case reduced my esteem for my birthplace. Other causes for disillusionment are largely of a political nature.

But I take satisfaction in my boyhood memories, of days when Emerson and Longfellow, both of whom died while I was in high school, were my fellow citizens; when Edward Everett Hale might be passed on Washington Street, perhaps on his way to the Old Corner Bookstore; when Charles Sumner's orations and the famous reply to Hayne by my maternal ancestor, Daniel Webster, were still recited by the school children. I can recall looking with awe at the home of Oliver Wendell Holmes in Beverly Farms, and my complacency in being presented to Mary A. Livermore, whose daughter married my high school principal, John O. Norris. I used to hear much about James T. Fields, publisher for Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell and other of Boston's immortals, and who, I believe, introduced Tennyson and Browning to us. One day, when my mother was rendering service in the Fields' home, his wife gave me a copy of Mathews' *Getting on in the World*, which I read with no little reverence, because it was inscribed: "To James T. Fields from the author." I devoured the boy-stories of "Oliver Optic," (William T. Adams). The fact that he had been my mother's school-teacher was regarded as an event in history.

ANCESTRY AND PARENTAGE

I was born in this atmosphere, on the twelfth day of December, 1866, on historic Fort Hill. I have therefore no ancestral home; my only recollection of my birthplace is that of witnessing its demolition when I was about three years old,

the site itself being deposited on what is now Atlantic Avenue, or into the harbor. The area is partly known as Fort Hill Square, and is filled with business and manufacturing establishments.

My earliest home was in a court known as Mariners' Place, adjoining or near Purchase Street. The immediate section was largely the resort of sailors in the days of sailing ships. Both my father and my maternal grandfather were sailors.

I was named for one of my father's heroes, Charles the Twelfth and for a noted physician, Dr. Stedman, who had been a "doctor of the old school" to my mother.

My father, Daniel, was born in 1821 in Hernosand, Sweden, his father having been of Scotch descent, and his mother a native of Sweden. My genealogical tree is rather varied, my maternal grandfather having been of English ancestry, and his wife of original French Canadian stock on one side. On the occasion of my first visit to Scotland in 1898, I delved into the history of the clan Macfarlane, around Tarbet and Loch Lomond, but learned little that was creditable, the chief claim to renown being that it was "turbulent and predatory." I learned of another strain in lineage, the clan being of Irish origin. As far as can be determined, the first of the family name to come to America was another Daniel McFarland, who settled in Pennsylvania in 1718.

I know little of my father's boyhood, except that his parents were too poor to take care of him, and that he was put out to service in the house of a bishop of the Church of Sweden. His life and work were evidently very unattractive to him, with the exception of such spare time as he could spend in the bishop's library. He ran away and shipped on a sailing vessel for the United States, at about the age of twelve, and never returned to Sweden, but I recall his frequent letters, with enclosures of money, to his mother.

He followed the sea for forty years, rising to become the

first mate of the famous clipper ship *Nightingale*. He was a naturalized citizen and a patriot through and through. He volunteered in the war with Mexico, but was excluded because of a minor physical defect, which also precluded service in the Civil War. My mother used to tell me of his many vicissitudes, including several shipwrecks, and the capture of the ship on which he was an officer, by the Confederate cruiser, *Alabama*. The last six years of his life he spent at home. Having received between two and three thousand dollars from the so-called "Alabama Claims," he invested the entire amount in a business venture as a ship rigger, and lost it completely because of his lack of commercial sagacity. During the rest of his life he served as foreman for a well-known Boston builder, Nathaniel Adams, receiving compensation of about twelve dollars a week. He superintended the building of the Pilgrim Monument at Plymouth, where, during inclement weather, he contracted the heavy cold which resulted in his death, February 15, 1879, after a confining illness of several months. Among his several other commissions was that of climbing Bunker Hill Monument on certain holidays, to hoist and lower the flag. On one occasion he carried me to the summit in his arms.

My father was an unusual man. He was mechanically versatile and skillful. I still possess an arm-chair which he constructed, seventy years ago, with wooden plugs. Without knowing it, he was probably one of the inventors of mission furniture. His financial incapacity was at least partly due to his distaste for his forced occupations. He was a man of massive intellect, with head and brow resembling those of Daniel Webster. His ideals of moral character were high and rigid. Honesty and truthfulness characterized his every act. He was generous to a fault. While his only interest in the home of the bishop was the library, he had never gone to school after the age of ten. An officer on a sailing ship has a

great deal of spare time, and my father devoted his to the study of Hebrew, Greek, Aramaic, Arabic and Sanskrit. He became a passionate student of ancient, Biblical and other historical periods. He was fairly fluent in several modern languages, picked up largely through his travels in foreign lands over almost the entire globe. I vividly remember his evenings at home, immersed in his studies from immediately after our humble supper until nearly midnight, although he had to leave for work between six and seven o'clock in the morning.

Future archaeologists are likely to discover his carved inscriptions on slate, in Hebrew, Greek, Arabic, Sanskrit and English, now reposing under the cornerstones of the Plymouth monument, and the Miles Standish memorial at Duxbury. One holiday he took me to Plymouth and forgot me for about two hours while he deciphered the inscription on the sword of Miles Standish. He studied the hieroglyphics of the Moabite and Rosetta Stones, was an original student and disputed some of the translations of world-renowned scholars.

He was also an astronomer of no mean proportions and I learned some early lessons from *Bowditch's Navigator*. I once startled a teacher, when she asked me to name the points of the compass, by rattling off all thirty-two, though our geography taught us but eight.

My father died when I was twelve years old; therefore I never really knew him. He was sometimes stern and impatient, but unselfishly devoted to his home, wife and children. Later I realized his high ideals and appreciated his intense desire that I should have the education which he had been denied.

Although my father had been brought up a Lutheran and always held religion in reverence and respect, he never joined a church. He often attended, with my mother, the

First Mariners' Baptist Church in Boston, better known as the Boston Baptist Bethel, and for a time was a member of a Bible class, until he lost patience on account of the ignorance and narrowness of both teacher and pupils. He was also critical of the members of the church because of their frequent personal quarrels. While he was religiously-minded, I never heard him offer prayer except once, near the close of his life, when he had my sister and myself kneel before him to receive his parting blessing. Had he been given opportunity, he would have become a man of intellectual light and leading, and he was in fact an amazingly interesting conversationalist on subjects familiar to him.

What I may have inherited from him I do not know. He had marvelous strength of will, resolution and determination, which, perhaps, I somewhat shared. In after years, while at Yale University, I discovered that I possessed some of his mental qualities. When he died my mother had to secure the expenses for his funeral from his employer. I have always felt, as I have looked up at the Pilgrim Monument in Plymouth, that he gave up his life to it.

My maternal grandmother, Abigail Webster Crafts, was born at Sandwich, New Hampshire, October 8, 1805, was a second cousin to Daniel Webster, and at one time lived in one of the Webster homesteads.

She was the daughter of Jonathan and Sarah (Prescott) Webster. Her father fought in the War of 1812. Her early life was spent in household service, variously in Sandwich, Meredith, Center Harbor, and Tamworth, New Hampshire, afterward on Fort Hill, Boston, where she became the second wife of John Crafts, who had been a sailor and then had a ship-rigging establishment on Atlantic Avenue. Her later home was in East Boston, until she became disabled, after which my mother and I had the care of her until her death. Her husband was a descendant of Lieutenant Griffin Craft,

who came to Roxbury with Winthrop's colonists in 1630. He was the son of Eleazar, a Newfoundland fisherman, the son of Colonel Eleazar Crafts, of Manchester, Mass., who had a record of distinction in the war for American Independence.¹ Colonel Eleazar was engaged in all the major battles, and kept a journal, part of which is in the Essex Institute of Salem. His daughter, Nabby, at about twelve years of age, made her way through the British lines, on a mission which brought her renown as a Revolutionary heroine.

I have been a member of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, and of the Sons of the Revolution, through the line of Lieutenant Griffin Craft and Colonel Eleazar Crafts. My grandmother, although having slight education (she could not write and could read only printed matter), was a woman of strong mentality and character.

She bore five children, of whom my mother, Sarah Abigail Crafts, was the second, born on Fort Hill, March 4, 1836. She was married to my father in 1856, when she was twenty and he thirty-five. Her early education was almost negligible, on account of congenital ill health and a curvature of the spine caused by overwork in her early girlhood. She was a woman of rare spirituality. When a young girl she had gone through a deep religious experience of the type then common, although she had difficulty in securing any sense of the conviction of sin. While without early advantages, she developed, in the truer and higher sense, into a woman of culture, capable of enjoying, understanding and appreciating the finer things of life. She was sweet-spirited, unfailing in patience, and often offset my father's disciplinary measures. I was not always supperless when he sent me to bed without the evening meal.

My mother lived a life of unquestioning faith. It sustained her through physical weakness, trial, and exacting toil. She

¹ *The Crafts Family*, by James W. and William F. Crafts, 1893.

admitted that she had never known an hour in her life free from pain since her girlhood. More than once, during my boyhood and young manhood, the doctors gave her up with the prophecy that she had only a year to survive, and yet she was with us until the age of eighty-two. She had eight children, of whom I was the fourth. They all died in infancy, probably through malnutrition, with the exception of one who was accidentally killed, and my sister, Jane French Macfarland Fernald, who is still living. My sister was named after a faithful city missionary who had served our home in time of need.

My mother was devoted to the Christian church and a useful leader in its activities. As a Sunday-school teacher she had wonderful persuasiveness and influence. She was deeply patriotic, and during the Civil War gave herself unstintedly to the nation's service through the "Christian Commission." She took me to patriotic meetings and, on one occasion, while listening to Mayor Hugh O'Brien in Faneuil Hall, she whispered to me—"I hope my boy will be on that platform some day." Mothers are sometimes prophetic as well as intuitive, and her ambition at this point was several times gratified.

Although we lived a life of poverty, sometimes abject, our home was attractive, and my sister and I always made a good appearance at school, mostly in the cast-off clothing of our well-to-do neighbors, skillfully reconstructed by my mother's hands.

I can recall seeing her start the kitchen fire for my father's breakfast, at a little before six o'clock, and when I went to bed at night I often left her mending our clothing, generally until well toward midnight. During my father's illness, and for several years following his death, she worked in the homes of the well-to-do and in factories. She was insistent on keeping her two children in school until they should finish

the high-school course, then the highest expectation of young people of our station in life.

During my boyhood she remarried, her second husband being James N. Hardy, a stationary engineer, a veteran of the Civil War, and a man of earnest religious life. They lived variously in East Boston, Melrose and Malden until his death in 1910. From 1913 to 1918, my mother and sister resided near me, in Boonton, New Jersey. One of mother's deepest joys, in her latter days, was to be in our home with her grandchildren, with whom she was a playmate.

The closing days of her life revealed her nature, character and spirit in deepening measure. At eighty-two, after having had a stroke of apoplexy, she became a Red Cross volunteer, and served until she was again stricken. She was in our home, awaiting my return from France in 1918, when the final summons came. She prayed only that she might see me once more. "That," she said, "is all that I ought to ask." Two days after my return she yielded. The last time I heard her voice was in the effort to join us in the hymns of our Sunday evening family worship. She died September 13, 1918, just as she had lived. With our pastor, Dr. Teunis E. Gouwens, I conducted the services, for I knew that that would be her wish. She was laid to rest at Woodlawn, near Boston, where again, with my wife's father, Dr. James G. Merrill, I rendered the service as she would have desired.

Her love, her sacrifice, her prayers have been abiding gifts whose values have deepened from year to year to this hour. Of her Thomas Gray might well have written: "And many a holy text around she strews." The only visible possession she left me was her much-worn Bible, but it reveals the richness of my ever-enlarging inheritance.

BOYHOOD AND YOUTH

After removal, during my early infancy, from Fort Hill, we occupied for a time a small tenement on Lawrence Street, near the aristocratic and cultured "Back Bay." When I was about four years old we moved to East Boston, where we lived, either in tenements or in small detached houses located in courts. By the latter means we could reside in respectable localities. Indeed, one of my boyhood conceptions of being well-to-do was to live on a street instead of in a "place." We moved every two years or so, always trusting we had found a more comfortable location until we had been there awhile.

But East Boston was a very interesting place for a boy. It is separate from Boston proper and is sometimes known as Noddle's Island, being named, according to the records of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, after a man of that name. It dates back to colonial days, earlier it is claimed, than 1630. Wharves and ships, including Cunard steamers, abounded. The streets were mainly named for Revolutionary battles.

My father was so interested in ancient and Biblical history and languages that, beginning when I was but four years old, I spent a given time every Sunday and sometimes in the evening, learning Hebrew, Greek and Swedish. By the time I was five years of age, being regarded somewhat as a prodigy, I was frequently called upon to repeat the Lord's Prayer in Greek, and the Twenty-third Psalm in Hebrew, at Sunday-school concerts in and around Boston. I cannot truthfully say that I enjoyed this imposed intellectual discipline, but my father took great pride in my accomplishments, which I think were largely due, not to linguistic facility on my part, but rather to the possession of a remarkable memory.

My early childhood was, as I have indicated, at periods a life of destitution; at all times of rigorous frugality. During one winter of unemployment, our only food was that which

I secured from the police soup kitchen and that brought to us by neighbors. I vividly recall the soup, saturated with pepper, "to take the place of fuel," my mother humorously observed. Our only fuel, at times, was the wood which I picked up in the shipyard of Donald McKay, the famous builder of clipper ships. We looked forward eagerly each year to Thanksgiving and Christmas, for then we always had two turkeys on each occasion, one from the city and one from the church. My recollection is especially keen, of my humiliation, when the overseer of the poor chided me for coming to his front door instead of the rear. About fifteen years later, I became the assistant pastor of the church which he attended.

My mother had a cause for deep anxiety at the time of my approaching graduation, in 1881, from the Chapman Grammar School. How was I to have garments suitable for the occasion? About a month before the time, as I was walking along the street, I noted a small package on the sidewalk, picked it up and found twenty-five dollars in it. It was not claimed or advertised, and the graduation suit was thus far more than provided for. My mother said it was the answer to her earnest prayer. I had the privilege, in 1902, twenty years later, of delivering a dedication address upon the occasion of the opening of the present Chapman School building.

I began work as early as I can remember, and some hard work at the age of ten. The most lucrative occupation was that of gathering driftwood from the Charles River, not only for our own use, but also to sell occasionally to the neighbors. Shortly after the death of my father, when I was twelve years of age, I became, for the summer, a "cash boy" in the dry goods firm of Hogg, Brown and Taylor on the corner of Washington Street and Temple Place. The hours were from eight to six and the pay was two dollars a week. My health was always frail, and one hot day I was discovered in one of the aisles in a dead faint. The manager sent for my mother

and advised that I try some other kind of occupation, expressing grave doubt as to whether I was equal to any work at all.

My mother had a friend in Miss Harriet Gray, the daughter of Governor William Gray of Massachusetts, a woman of wealth. We had lived in a tenement house which she owned, in my childhood. Miss Gray had a great admiration for my father and an early interest in me. She suggested, shortly after my father's death, that she might adopt me and ultimately send me to college. My mother made it the subject of prayer, and decided, both wisely and providentially, that she herself would keep me, at home and at school. Whatever advantages may have been lost by this decision were far more than compensated for, by the continuance of my relationship with my mother. As for me, I had no desire to exchange her for Beacon Street.² At about this time I borrowed from Miss Gray, to purchase a printing press, and later she loaned me a moderate sum when I went to Yale.

I completed the three-year course of the high school in East Boston. During most of this period my mother went out to work for about ten hours a day and my own occupations were varied. I set up a printing office in the corner of our kitchen, on Meridian Street, with a sign in the window which read, "Charles S. Macfarland, Card and Job Printer—good work at low prices."

In addition to commercial printing, I also issued an amateur paper called *Our Boston Youth*, and was a contributor to several others. I am now a vice-president of the "Fossils," the constituency of which has included a great many eminent men who were interested in the amateur journalism of that day, including Josephus Daniels, Bishop Charles E. Locke, H. Gordon Selfridge of London, Frank B. Noyes of the Associated Press, the late James M. Beck and others in public life, Truman J. Spencer, to whose paper I contributed, and

² "Beacon Street" was then a synonym for wealth and aristocracy.

Evan Reed Riale, the unselfish "work-horse" of the society. We now meet once a year at dinner and renew our youth. In fact we go so far back into boyhood that I was recently called to serve as a member of an arbitration board, to settle a question of policy, involving also some really boyish personal disputes on the part of several septuagenarians.

During two years my daily schedule was usually as follows:

I arose at about 5:30 A.M., delivering newspapers until 7 A.M.

From 7:30 A.M. to 9:00 A.M. I worked for a tailor, carrying the clothing back and forth from his shop to another where the buttonholes were made.

At the grammar school from 9:00 A.M. until 12:00 M.

Work with the tailor from 12:30 P.M. to 2:00 P.M.

Grammar school from 2:00 P.M. until 4:00 P.M.

Delivering newspapers from 4:30 P.M. until 6:00 P.M.

At the tailor shop from 6:30 P.M. until 8:00 P.M. and often later.

The "rest" of the evening was spent in the printing office, or preparing my lessons. At odd times I picked up a little extra, putting in coal or shoveling the snow off my well-to-do schoolmates' sidewalks. One of my employers expressed no little irritation because I was not permitted to deliver newspapers on Sunday.

This schedule proved excessive. One day I was found lying on the sidewalk, with my bundle of clothing. I had fallen in a faint, and was brought home, after being taken to a doctor's office to be revived. The above program, however, was also carried out through my three years in high school, except that the school hours were changed from 9:00 A.M. to 2:00 P.M. in place of the morning and afternoon sessions.

Occasionally I would get some spare time from the tailor. I learned to play baseball, and while in the high school played

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OUR BOSTON YOUTH.



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C. S. MCFARLAND,

EDITOR.



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IN THE HEYDAY OF AMATEUR JOURNALISM

football in the practice games with the team. I weighed only about a hundred pounds, and in one game an opposing player made a touchdown carrying me with him. Once in a while during the winter, I even found time to participate in the snow-ball battles between East Boston and Chelsea boys, on the frozen stream between the two territories, in which, on at least two occasions, there were semi-fatalities, caused by snow-covered rocks. Through our proximity to the Charles River I became, I think, perhaps the most proficient and daring swimmer among the boys, often covering the distance from East Boston over to the Charlestown navy yard and back, which I judge is about a mile each way. I greatly enjoyed the military drill, becoming a corporal in my company the second year, second sergeant the third year, and I participated in all the accessible prize drills.

With all these interests, including my desire for play as well as the necessity for work, I was not much of a scholar, although I graduated from both the grammar and high school without question, and in some subjects with fairly high standing. The high-school teacher of history, Miss Sarah Shaw, selected me to compete for the "Old South prize," which called for an historical essay, but my employment did not leave the needed time to fulfill the conditions. I was not always a "good boy" in school, due largely to the love of fun. In those days physical punishment was part of the curriculum, and more than once I had the old rattan applied to my hands. Fist fights were common among us. My policy was never to put the chip on my own shoulder, but if the other fellow made that gesture, I promptly knocked it off. At one of these major engagements, my mother appeared on the scene, sad of countenance, and I think that was my last encounter of the kind.

Among my high-school mates was James Everett Frame, whose scholarly career as professor at Union Theological

Seminary has been and is, a source of gratification to me. Melzar H. Jackson, who has just retired as a school principal in Boston, was one of my closer classmates. Another of my early companions was Miranda Croucher (Mrs. George H. Packard), who rendered pre-eminent service as a missionary to China, and later, as home missionary, with her devoted husband, in the South. Vesper L. George, an artist of note, founder and principal of the Vesper George School of Art, was an intimate schoolmate and companion for many years. One of the closest of these associates from early boyhood until his recent death, was Marvin T. Goodwin, whose unselfishness and high mindedness was a life-long inspiration. He was for many years a useful Methodist layman. Rev. Joseph E. Waterhouse, who has served devotedly for nearly fifty years in Methodist churches around Boston, was in the next class to mine in high school.

My boyhood has many recollections of sadness, including the funerals of two sisters and a brother, as well as several other relatives of my mother. My sister's health was frail and she was unable to continue through the grammar school. Like my mother, however, she has gone far in solving the problem of adult education.

And yet, as I look back, I had a joyous boyhood. It was happy because I came to appreciate so deeply the high spots in contrast to the depressions. In fact, I was just a boy among other boys, mischievous and sometimes unruly.^{2a} These qualities were perhaps reactions to my life of excessive toil. In any event, it was all excellent training. I acquired the art of concentration, and learned to do things in the least amount of time. For example, almost the only time I had to prepare my high-school lessons was on my way to school in the morning. There was a walk of about a mile and I went over the

^{2a} While Oscar Wilde was making his hilarious visit to Boston, in 1882, I induced several boys to join me in appearing at school, with our trousers rolled up to the knees, carrying huge sunflowers.

lessons on the way. I think that the experiences of my boyhood also created a sort of indifference to difficulties, and prepared me to take slight account of the lions in the way. I had little, if any, sense of timidity or of fear, and the lack of caution not infrequently brought disaster. One day I was run over by a horse and wagon, and I was always indiscreet in swimming long distances alone. But these limitations had the compensatory effect of deepening self-reliance. The most serious result was the effect upon my health, which I never fully recovered and which was not even partially restored until I was nearly thirty.

My father's intellectual qualities and my mother's character always insured us, largely through church connections, a place in the respectable society of East Boston, and our poverty never seemed to bring humiliation. We did not lose perspective, even when sometimes snubbed. A classmate once declined to speak to me because I was shoveling her father's coal. I afterward became a pastor of the church she attended. A certain grocer used to irritate me. We were forced to buy in small amounts and he would often ask me, sarcastically, "Are you going to have company?" Later on, I preached occasionally when he was in the congregation. We never permitted ourselves to be crushed and always maintained the sense of self-respect.

I have said little of those influences in my environment which might have led the other way. In my younger manhood, there were occasions when temptation was faced in all its power. In the next section of this chapter will be found the reasons for the conquest. But there were times of conflict, both within and without, for I was, as all men are, not entirely unlike poor Ruth's cavalier:

*A Youth to whom was given
So much of earth, so much of heaven.³*

³ Wordsworth's "Ruth."

RELIGIOUS TRAINING

My religious life began very early, under my mother's simple teaching, experience and example. The "Silent Comforter," containing Biblical and religious quotations, hung in our living room—which was the kitchen, the only room in which a fire was kept. She read only religious books and as there were few others, I read them, and knew many of the poems of *The Changed Cross* by memory.

Religion to me has thus always been a very simple reality. While by no means indifferent to theology, intellectual abstractions have never been disturbing. The ethical content of Christianity has been clear, the sense of God in human consciousness and life so unquestioned, the impulsion to worship so native to the soul, the appeal of Jesus so persuasive, as to command the will and intellect. The discussions of "liberalism" and "fundamentalism" have at no time intruded upon the serenity of faith.⁴ In theology my "little systems" have had their day and ceased to be, but they have never changed the current of my deeper thinking and feeling. Perhaps this is explained by my early life.

I began to attend church at about the age of six, first at the Boston Baptist Bethel, where my mother had been a spiritual influence, and of which my grandmother was one of the pillars. The Sunday services began with a preparatory prayer service at nine o'clock, followed by the preaching service at ten-thirty. The Sunday school was at two, the afternoon preaching service at three, the young people's meeting at six, the evening service at seven-thirty, and the so-called "after meeting" at about nine. Living two miles from the church, we remained there all day, dinner and supper being provided.

Students of the Newton Theological Institution came to

⁴ See my last volume, *Contemporary Christian Thought*.

the Church each Sunday for what may be termed clinical courses. My grandmother usually afforded hospitality to them overnight, and I was always on hand at her home. On one occasion, one of the students was Lemuel C. Barnes, with whom I became intimately and affectionately associated many years later.⁵ At about ten-thirty his companion suggested that they have a "season of prayer," but Mr. Barnes said, "I'm going to bed, Mason, you can pray enough for both of us." I was a good deal disturbed by his apostasy, for my grandmother and Mason made it a special subject for prayer. I fear that this was a fair example of the piety at that time, and it was not long before I began to react against its artificiality.

I learned by heart the more popular parts of the Bible, on one occasion securing a Sunday-school award for memorizing the longest selection, consisting of fifty-four verses. All this proved valuable to me later, both as student and pastor. When Professor Benjamin W. Bacon examined me in sight reading of Greek, for the degree of doctor of philosophy, he selected the most difficult portions of Paul's epistles, and was as much surprised as I, when the examination mark stood in the nineties. I felt conscientiously obliged to confess that a knowledge of the English New Testament had much to do with it and he closed the interview by saying, "Well, I don't see how I can help that."

At the age of nine I became converted, to use the term of that period. I did not, however, go through the "experience" which was expected in those days, at least not as it was described. My desire to unite with the church was simply due to training, habits, the awakening of conscience and of religious impulse, and, above all, the feeling that I should join the church of my mother. It seemed as natural as going to school.

⁵ Dr. Barnes' long and pre-eminent service culminated in his secretaryship of the American Baptist Home Mission Society.

At the age of nineteen, I served for one year, as the president of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor at the Bethel. Later I joined the Saratoga Street Methodist Episcopal Church in East Boston and became the president of its Christian Endeavor Society. I became a member of the Quarterly Conference, as an "exhorter," at the age of twenty, and was also president of the local union of the young people's societies of the East Boston churches.

I owe a great deal of my preparation for the gospel ministry to the Society of Christian Endeavor, especially to the opportunity for self-expression, induced at that time, by the pledge to take some part in every meeting. I attended one of the early national conventions at Saratoga Springs. While our Sunday evening young people's meetings were over-conventionalized and somewhat artificial, I believe that their general influence was wholesome. For a time I was a "class leader," this class being composed very largely of the young people. The Methodist "class meetings" of that day were, in technique, not altogether unlike the present Oxford Group Movement, but were free from some of its infelicities. About the time I was twenty-one, I was frequently called upon to address Christian Endeavor conventions, and it was not long before the addresses began to take the form of sermons. Several of the older men in the church suggested the ministry to me.

While these interests were paramount, I was by no means too good. I continued to be fond of sport among the young men, and of what might be termed mild flirtations among the young women. I did not take at all seriously the suggestions that I should prepare for the ministry. My idea was to be a useful layman. Moreover, some of my earnest religious companions had doubts about my piety, accused me of worldliness and were disturbed by my theological views. One, who later became a preacher, once indicated, in a brotherly way,

that the ministry was not my forte. I was greatly influenced by Henry Drummond, and one of my Sunday-school teachers was worried by my views on creation. He afterward became a pronounced opponent of the church and institutional religion.

I began to think of the law as a profession, and indeed pretty much mastered the *Students' Blackstone*, which I still possess.

When I was about twenty-two, we moved to Melrose Highlands, where there was but one church, a Congregational, of which the Rev. John G. Taylor, my beloved friend from that day to his death, was the pastor. Denominations as such never meant much to me, and I soon became the superintendent of its Sunday school.

As I look back over the outer influences of boyhood, I think first of my teachers in the public school. With one or two exceptions I do not think they meant much to me. One of them, however, Miss Lucy E. Woodwell, who was my first teacher in the grammar school, has been my lifelong friend and correspondent until this day. In later life, as the chairman of a school board, I brought every possible persuasion to bear upon school teachers to realize the significance of their moral and spiritual influence. My Sunday-school teachers exerted a strong moral influence.

On the whole, however, there were few deeply personal influences on my life, other than that of my mother. More than once I listened a moment, at her door, to her earnest prayer, in my behalf. Her attitude of mind and her prayers often struck deep into my conscience. I can well understand the reports that, when she was a young woman, men and women used to come to the prayer meetings chiefly for the purpose of hearing her pray.

I am disposed to think that my later tendencies toward the Ritschlian theology and that of Schleiermacher, had some

connection with these earlier influences of experiential religion, revealed in her character and life. Meanwhile, however, I was not without any background of intelligence. My mother took me occasionally to hear Phillips Brooks when I was very young, and I cultivated an early taste for genuine preaching.

I now see how all these forces, experiences and vicissitudes were preparing me for the future. The will power inherited from my father, the spirit of religion and faith from my mother, and these disciplines of life—no man could have had a finer training, and my only regret is that I have not made a better use of it.

I began very early a trend toward what became my ultimate objectives and started a well-chosen library when I was about seventeen. I knew Dickens, Thackeray, Whittier and Tennyson almost by heart. For about two years I was a student of the Chautauqua courses, read European and American history as a pastime, and kept abreast of the times in religious thought, from the time I was twenty years old. The development of an interest in public affairs paralleled my warm devotion to religious institutions. I was not inconsiderably influenced by the observation of John Greenleaf Whittier, that a young man should give himself to some great idea in the interest of public welfare. My pastor in East Boston, Dr. John W. Hamilton, who was influencing me considerably at the time, was a candidate for governor on the prohibition ticket. I joined the prohibition party and was nominated as a candidate for representative to the legislature, or, as it is known, the General Court of Massachusetts, when but twenty-one years of age. The next year I declined a nomination for the Governor's Council on the same ticket, as I did not see much value in "complimentary" votes. Since that time I have been an "Independent Republican," with emphasis on the qualifying word.

Thus were my future life and its interests shaped in child-

hood and boyhood. Is it any wonder that, as a student, I should have struggled through Albrecht Ritschl's *Christliche Lehre von der Rechtfertigung und Versöhnung*, even though, in later days, I have come to realize the limitations of Ritschl as a theologian? Indeed my Ritschlian agnosticism has been diminished as I have sought to

*Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster.⁶*

Thus no "shades of the prison-house" closed "upon the growing Boy," nor did "the Man" perceive his early ideals "die away and fade into the light of common day." "Those first affections" became "the fountain light," "the master light" of seeing, which nothing could "abolish or destroy."

*So it is now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old. . . .*

*The Child is father of the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.*

⁶ "I am sure that Schleiermacher was right in his belief that the religion of the heart is the irreducible fact of experience which is anterior to any religious theory or form of doctrine which can only imperfectly express it." From *The Infinite Affection*.

CHAPTER II

FINDING MY WAY, 1884-1894

BUSINESS LIFE

COMPARED with the present day, business, in the eighties and the nineties, was rudimentary. Letters were written by hand—and not with a fountain pen. The old copy-press did the duplicating. The telephone was just making its way. Passenger elevators were often luxuries. At least this was the situation in the lesser concerns, of which business still so largely consisted when I entered on the scene.

Shortly after graduation from the high school at seventeen, I answered an advertisement of Gardner, Ford & Company for a bookkeeper. Tobias O. Gardner, the senior member of the concern, had at one time been a partner in the well-known firm of R. H. Stearns & Company. I had studied bookkeeping in the high school, but was by no means qualified to meet the ordinary conditions for such a position. Mr. Gardner, who afterward told me that he did so largely because he liked the way I stated the case, offered the position on trial, at five dollars a week to begin with. I found that one simply needed to look back and see what the previous bookkeeper had done. Within about two years, when Robert J. Ford retired, I took his place and, at the age of twenty, became the active manager of the business, under the firm name of T. O. Gardner & Company. We were commission merchants, in knit goods,

mainly infants' shirts. As I go through the department stores today, I see on the counters, types and styles of garments of which I was the inventor. Our offices and salesrooms were at 39 Kingston Street and I soon opened an office in New York, in the so-called Minot, Hooper Building, 51 and 53 Leonard Street.

Here again tribulations were experienced. Our building in Boston was burned out in the great Thanksgiving Day fire of 1889. I returned that morning from New York, where a large quantity of the goods had been sold, which were now being consumed in the flames. We started business again, in another building on Kingston Street, within two days.

I traveled widely through the West and South, opening up new accounts. The traveling man of that day almost invariably wore a silk hat, regardless of the style of his clothes; his shoes were always shined; and he was hail-fellow-well-met. As a rule he drank and his morals were often far from high. "The Gideons" had not then been organized or, if so, I never heard of them. The buyers with whom I had to deal were frequently far from attractive. In order to meet our competitors we had to pay women less than a living wage.¹ As soon as the glamour of travel and new experience wore off, reaction set in. I never became part and parcel of the business life of that day, although I wore the silk hat, was regarded as successful, and at twenty-one had a salary beyond those of my pastorates many years after. I could not conform to the adage that "business is business." I recall my surprise, several years later, when I was preaching in a church in Brooklyn, at seeing a deacon come up the aisle with the collection box, and recalled him as one of the hardest boiled business men with whom I had ever dealt.

Meanwhile my religious interests had been maintained in

¹ My later interest in industrial conditions was in no slight measure due to these experiences.

Melrose, where I had initiated the organization of the Young Men's Christian Association. I was developing an aptitude for political affairs and had a good deal of training in a well-known institution in Boston, the Young Men's Congress, which met weekly for political discussion. Through my association with Rev. John G. Taylor, a deepening interest in theological reading had developed.

Mr. Gardner was the mainstay of the Congregational Church at Hingham. One of my associates, John Gibson, who afterward became a physician in St. Albans, Vermont, and another of our boys, Melvin R. Marquand, later a useful citizen and official of Stamford, Connecticut, had become general secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations.

I was now twenty-four years of age and it was generally thought that I had before me a promising business life. Mr. Gardner was old and soon all of his interests might be mine. But business was growing more and more distasteful. Meanwhile, my health gave way, and at one time our physician gave me but a year to live. All this led to reflection.

There was at that time an earnest call for men to serve in the secretaryship of the Young Men's Christian Association, and I decided to offer myself to a service which combined religious work, interest in public affairs, and which was also attractive to one who had the spirit of pioneering; for the Association at that time was only beginning to find its way. I therefore retired from business and in 1892, at twenty-five, began life all over again.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

The Young Men's Christian Association of today bears little resemblance to that body in the early days, particularly in its religious atmosphere and service. Its original outstand-



My Mother, at 55



At 25
General Secretary, Young Men's Christian Association

ing features were religious education and evangelism. I consulted with Robert Armstrong, then the Massachusetts state secretary, and with John Glover of the personnel department of the International Committee in New York. They immediately welcomed me and the question was where to find an opening. Meanwhile I had continued my business relations, and, being in Washington on a business trip, I went down to Winchester, Virginia, to call on my old associate, Mr. Marquand, then secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association in that town. He immediately put me in touch with the state secretary, H. O. Williams, and I visited several associations in Virginia, with the result that the association at Petersburg, which had plans for a new building, called me to be general secretary.

During my absence in the South, however, my associates in the Melrose Board of Directors had met, and on my return they gave me a unanimous invitation to become the general secretary of the Association which I had initiated and helped to organize, at a salary of one thousand dollars a year. It was a small proportion of what had been my income, but we readjusted our home expenses and I went to work at once.

Our quarters consisted of a couple of rooms over some stores on Main Street. I was everything except janitor, and sometimes partly fulfilled that office. But we had the confidence and sympathy of the entire community, and within six months had launched a building fund and the plans were drawn. Subscriptions came in so rapidly that, within a month, the building was assured. I attended regional and state meetings, conferred with many experienced secretaries and soon had the Association technique of that day adapted to our work. The Young Men's Congress was developed, the boys' department instituted, and the Sunday afternoon men's meetings were largely attended.

Within a year, however, I was again restless. During several visits to Bethlehem, New Hampshire, to escape hay fever, I had become an intimate friend of John Rhey Thompson, a Methodist preacher of marvelous power. I had formed the deepest friendship with Mr. Taylor of Melrose Highlands. Pastors had been my intimates from boyhood. All these influences seemed to be rolling in on me. I was frequently called to fill a pulpit or to address some kind of a public church meeting. I was bent toward the gospel ministry. I talked with several of my friends in the pastorate, all of whom encouraged me, although I had had no college or theological preparation. One pastor, Rev. Charles E. Davis, advised against such training. He said it might "woodenize" me.

One of my friends reported my purpose to Rev. Elijah Horr, pastor of the Maverick Congregational Church, in my boyhood home in East Boston. There was a branch mission, supported by home mission funds, known as the Maverick Church Chapel, whose pastor was just leaving. Dr. Horr, who had known me in my youth, sent for me. I was invited to preach at the Chapel for a Sunday evening, with the result that, within a month, I became the assistant pastor of the Maverick Church, in charge of this Chapel, at twelve hundred dollars a year. We took a little flat on Princeton Street, sold our surplus furniture, and settled down in 1893 to start over again. I remained there for a year and a half before matriculating at Yale.

One of the most impressive moments of my life was when I informed my mother that I was looking toward the ministry. She had not only prayed that I might become a minister of the gospel, but, when I was a babe in arms, had consecrated me to the Lord with that hope.

How it all happened has never been quite clear, for my only preparation had been practical and incidental. No Con-

gregational Council could have ordained me. Mr. Taylor, however, arranged for me to meet the Woburn Association of ministers and after what purported to be an examination, I was licensed to preach. One of the alleged "examiners" was Rev. William F. Obear of the Maplewood Congregational Church of Malden, who asked me several questions and then helped me to answer them. About eight years afterward I became his successor. While this whole procedure was most unusual in New England Congregationalism, I suspect it was explained by Rev. Theodore C. Pease, later a professor at Andover Theological Seminary, who said: "My brother, many of us have often wished that we had had just the experience and training that you have had."

Thus has my life ever been so interwoven with others, that I have never met any difficulty which was beyond the help of loyal friends. They will constantly arise in this volume as a cloud of witnesses. I have undertaken many ventures and when, on one occasion, my friend James L. Barton humorously referred to this characteristic as audacity, I asked to substitute the words "faith" and "intuition" and added that, in my judgment, the world had lost more by hesitation than by adventure.

So, once more, life began at twenty-six.

CHAPTER III

LUX ET VERITAS AT YALE, 1894-1900

SHERWOOD EDDY¹ tells us that at Yale University, Union Seminary and Princeton Seminary he was not only "robbed of an education," but also "miseducated." Well, I who was almost a student contemporary of his, have always supposed that I had quite the opposite experience and feel that Eddy himself is a refutation of his own prodigal judgments.

In my pastoral service in East Boston, to be described in a later chapter, my limitations were soon realized. I had something of the instincts of a scholar. Meanwhile my health began to break again, under work far too heavy for one so unprepared. Once more came the mood of deliberation. While nothing had been said to Dr. Horr about my reactions, he sent for me, after about six months, and said, "Charlie, you are so good a preacher and so faithful a pastor that you ought to be a better one." The decision was made at once. Dr. Horr prepared a letter to Dr. George B. Stevens of Yale Divinity School, I went to New Haven and arranged to enter Yale the next September, 1894.

Meanwhile I immediately took up—perhaps I may say resumed—the study of Hebrew and Greek with my friend, Herbert S. Manley, of Newton Theological Institution, and began an intensive reading in the subjects to be pursued. We sold considerably more of our furniture, my mother, sister

¹ *A Pilgrimage of Ideas*, Farrar & Rinehart, 1934.

and step-father moved into a smaller apartment, and I settled down in New Haven. Again my life began, at twenty-seven.

I had not been inside a schoolroom for ten years. I think it could have been only Dr. Horr's persuasiveness that led to my acceptance by the Yale faculty. As it was, I was not received as a candidate for a degree. While far less equipped than my classmates, I was older than many of them and perhaps more mature. I ranked fairly well, and received, during the first year, one of the Fogg scholarships, which went to the first ten men in the class. Several graduate courses in the academic department of the university were added, and I studied French, Latin and German in the evening with Dr. Harry W. Dunning, an instructor in Biblical Literature. One of the volumes practiced upon in German was Schleiermacher's *Reden über die Religion*, of which evidence appears in some of my books. Colani's *Jésus-Christ et les Croyances messianiques de Son Temps* was used for reading in French and influenced me in the selection of a thesis, afterward published.²

The opportunity for outdoor exercise and faithful attendance at the gymnasium restored my health. I served as correspondent and subscription agent for the *Congregationalist*, the *Outlook* and the *Independent*, and secured an increasing continuity of preaching engagements. Breakfast was usually by or before seven o'clock, and it was often midnight when Dr. Dunning left my room.

My main interest was in Biblical Theology, Semitic languages and Biblical Literature. A graduate seminar in philosophy, with Professor George T. Ladd, was one of the luxuries. I was admitted as a candidate for a degree, graduating from the Divinity School in 1897. Meanwhile I had been engaged as acting pastor of the Congregational Church in Bethany in 1896. I cultivated many interests, representing

² *Jesus and the Prophets.*

Yale in intercollegiate debates, notably with Harvard at Cambridge in 1897 and later being associated with Professor—afterward President—Arthur T. Hadley in coaching the debating teams.

The contest at Harvard in 1897 aroused unusual interest, the subject being one which is today paramount in international economics, and which at that time was the national issue on which William Jennings Bryan had been defeated: "Resolved, that the United States should adopt definitively the single gold standard and should decline to enter a bi-metallic league even if Great Britain, France and Germany should be willing to enter such a league." Yale had the negative and won the decision, which was made by Judge Edgar A. Aldrich, Professor Davis R. Dewey and Professor Franklin H. Giddings. The other members of the Yale team were Charles Upson Clark, later a professor at Yale, and Charles H. Studin, who afterward was an Assistant District Attorney of New York. The alternates were Edward H. Hume, so long associated with Yale-in-China, and Francis Patrick Garvan, former Alien Property Custodian.

Interest in debating was increasing at that time, but it was also the subject that packed Sanders Theater. I recall my sense of timidity on seeing Thomas Wentworth Higginson in the second row of seats and not far away Professor Frank W. Taussig of Harvard. Partly, I suppose, for moral effect, but also because he was a noted economist, I used quotations from Professor Taussig's books, which his own students were not able to dispose of, much to his disappointment, as he observed to me later in the evening. Clark, Studin and I were invited to take the stump for the Democratic party, as the issue was still current and Mr. Bryan was again in line for a renomination, but we wisely declined and resumed our studies.

Personal conference with the lecturers who came to Yale

was gained by reporting their lectures for the *Outlook*, *Congregationalist*, and *Independent*. They included George Adam Smith, John Brown of Bedford, George A. Gordon, Karl Budde and Thomas K. Cheyne. I greatly profited by knowing such men as these, and my acquaintance with several of them developed into friendship. I recall with amusement my first meeting with George Adam Smith. He expressed a preference for a walk, and as soon as we were out of sight of his host's home, he took out a pipe, and opened his heart to me. His entertainer was not a smoker and had neglected to open the way for him. He agreed to my suggestion that I mediate the question, and the problem was readily solved.

I was the initiator of the Leonard Bacon Club, to cultivate debating, and under its auspices arranged student lecture courses. It was felt that we needed more concrete touches with reality, which might come from the outside world of active life. A course was arranged which included the following men: Bishop Henry C. Potter, William S. Rainsford, Lyman Abbott, Edward Everett Hale, Charles L. Thompson, who about ten years after was one of my professional associates, George A. Gordon, Alexander McKenzie, John Henry Barrows, William Newton Clarke, and others then occupying places of leadership, with many of whom I developed lasting personal relations.

My first approach to Bishop Potter is recalled with a sense of humor. He received me with as little concern as though I had been a telegraph messenger, accepted the invitation and said good-day. He came and I took him to dinner, during which he exhibited no desire for conversation and I decided that I could keep as mum as he could. He went to my room where he took out his pipe, I joined him with a five-cent cigar, he opened up and before we got to the lecture he was calling me "Mac." I learned afterward that he was subject to moods of abstraction. We were friends for many years.

Acquaintance with lecturers from Europe led to later associations with them abroad, as well as with professors whose names were often referred to in class, including Adolf Deissmann, my intimate friend for over twenty years, Baldensperger, Budde, Lietzmann, Titius, Sabatier and others. About five years ago, when lecturing at the University of Berlin, I was introduced to a faculty gathering by Hans Lietzmann. I suddenly recalled the morning when I had reported to Professor Porter a textual discovery that I had made independently, and he had handed me Lietzmann's *Der Menschensohn*, remarking that Lietzmann, then also a student, had made an identical finding relating to the use of "Son of Man." One of my deepest satisfactions, in later visits to European universities, has been to meet men who, without knowing it, had been my early teachers.

The evening of the day when we posted the name of Edward Everett Hale as one of our lecturers, Professor George P. Fisher came to my room in a high state of excitement, to ask how it happened that Dr. Hale was to lecture. We had submitted the names to the faculty and the list containing Dr. Hale's name had come back to me, through Professor Brastow, approved. Professor Fisher, perhaps a little sleepy at faculty meeting, had not noted the inclusion of Dr. Hale. He reminded me that no Unitarian had ever been invited to the school. I replied that in that case perhaps it was time one should be. Dr. Fisher asked me if I did not think there was some way to eliminate Dr. Hale. I told him that the only method by which his desire could be accomplished would be for the faculty to refuse the use of Marquand Chapel, in which case the students would simply move down to Center Church and have the meeting there. Dr. Hale came and gave a lecture which brought a fine touch of human life into our course. Some years later I had the privilege of preaching in his Boston pulpit.

It was all so new to me that I was unduly precipitate. I had at once joined the Political Science Club and accepted the invitation to read a paper. In it I flayed the capitalistic system, arousing the dissent, if not the ire, of Professor Hadley. The Semitic Club was faithfully attended and I served as its secretary. I took myself altogether too seriously, and felt an unhallowed satisfaction in what I will call unconventionalism. I preached a trial sermon, on honesty in religious thinking, which one shocked student declared ought never to have been permitted. Well, that student was later disqualified by his bishop for recalcitrance and the sermon was printed in full, shortly after its deliverance in the *Church Union*.

In this connection I am tempted to quote from a Class "Poem," composed by Rev. Shepherd Knapp, until recently the distinguished pastor of Central Congregational Church, Worcester, Massachusetts. The "poet," recounting a dream, is describing the Leonard Bacon Club and myself as its president:

*He was a hunter from his youth,
An earnest seeker after truth.
I trow their chance is very slim,
Who care to disagree with him.
He hunts them down without compassion,
Does them up in thorough fashion.
His the altruistic function
To belabor each transgressor,
Which he does with special unction,
If this be some poor professor.
There! at last he makes a pause
Hear the thundering applause.
You can well imagine how
He sits down and wipes his brow.*

Indeed, I was foolishly disputatious in some classes, notably those of Professors Fisher and Brastow, both of whom were also temperamentally argumentative. One of our classmates, in a reminiscent mood, not long ago declared that Professor Brastow and I shook our fists at one another, that I declared him to be a polytheist, while he intimated that I was a monist. The class took the steamer to New York that night, to make a study of social conditions and the member who made the arrangements put Professor Brastow and me in the same stateroom, while he listened outside, hoping that we would have it out, in which desire he was disappointed. Not long after Professor Brastow preached my ordination sermon. I took these discussions so seriously that I once went to Boston and presented the issue to George A. Gordon, who, while taking my advanced views, showed me more clearly what Professor Brastow really meant than the professor himself had done.

The theological professor of that day inspired no little awe. There was a dignity and serious demeanor which made its impression and was perhaps as valuable as the somewhat lighter camaraderie which characterizes those of today. We supplied the needed touch of facetiousness, in some instances. Professor Day was usually "Papa" and Professor Fisher was "Pope." Professor Porter was "Frankie"—when they were out of hearing.

Had I gotten little more than what came to me through their personalities, I should have been repaid, more especially those of Professors Curtis, Harris, Stevens and Brastow. Samuel Harris, in his lectures, based on his *Philosophical Basis of Theism*, and *Self Revelation of God*, gave me my first real glimpses of philosophy and theology. We had no need of Barthians to impress us with the transcendence of God. My classmates coming from Professor Charles E. Garman of Amherst were generally so committed to Gar-

man's philosophy that I think they lost much which Harris might have contributed to their thinking. My own mind was so unclouded in its immaturity, that what I got were great flashes of truth, out of lectures that were far beyond me. Professor Curtis made the greatest contribution to my life by the fineness of his Christian spirit and sympathetic heart. Later on, when I became an adviser to the faculty, he misunderstood my motives, and almost broke friendship with me, because of my unwisely expressed criticism. Soon, however, I received a letter in which he said, "I confess frankly that I did misjudge you. If there is any man who has proved himself sincere, noble and generous, it is you and our debt to you for your interest in your theological *alma mater* is very great, and I hope that nothing will ever lessen the esteem and affection which you and I have for one another." This over-generous letter reveals the man, and from that day until his death, our friendship deepened into an unusual affection.

During the theological school course I cultivated the acquaintance of academic and graduate students of the University, partly because of a liking for them, but also to get their points of view. The after-dinner walks and talks with William R. Tuttle are remembered with gratitude. He is now retired, after twenty-five years in high-school and college service in Chicago. One of the "heelers" for the *Yale Daily News*, who came to me, day by day, for items, is now president Frederick E. Williamson of the New York Central Railway, fulfilling an ambition the general nature of which he confided to me on his graduation, when I asked him what he was going to do.

Many are the gratifying personal recollections that come to me. To some extent I believe, on my advice, Ashley D. Leavitt, now pastor of the Harvard Congregational Church of Brookline, Massachusetts, came to Yale College to pre-

pare ultimately for the ministry. In his junior year he began to have doubts. Did the ministry offer a man a real opportunity and future? Was it worth while? I vividly recall an evening in his room, when I expressed my convictions as to the gospel ministry and I remember saying—"I can understand how any man can doubt whether he is big enough for the ministry, but I cannot comprehend how anyone can think that the ministry is not big enough for him." I have rejoiced in Leavitt's ever-enlarging usefulness. Another man, then in the Divinity School, who began to dally somewhat with much the same questions, and with whom I had a similar conversation, was the late Jay T. Stocking, moderator of the National Council of Congregational and Christian Churches. No, I never lost my boyhood sense of the greatness of the pastor and preacher.

Of my companions at Yale, those whose friendship remained close and enduring, were Frederick Lynch, William H. Short and William B. Stelle, all of whom have recently passed away. In their several ways they made great records. Harris Franklin Rall of Garrett Biblical Institute was, and is, the scholar of the class.

As the present secretary, I have prepared a class record which includes the following interesting information. Of the twenty-eight graduates, seventeen are living. Pastorates held, 72; administrative positions, 27; educational positions, 13; foreign missionary, 1; physician, 1. The youngest living member is now sixty-three, and the oldest seventy-three. The class has produced about thirty-five volumes as authors, and thirty or more as joint authors, editors or contributors. One of the volumes was written in German, one translated into German and two into French. Books of poetry are included and one member has written several hymns. Two doctors' degrees for advanced study have been received and there are at least fifteen honorary degrees. The class is represented in *Who's*

Who in America seven times. Three members have served as lecturers at Yale Divinity School. At the commencement exercises in 1932, I presented the following message:

A Message to the Faculty

The Class of 1897, observing the thirty-fifth year of its graduation, desires to express its deep sympathy, its warm gratification and its continued pride, in the institution which has had so large a place in our life as ministers of Christ.

Perhaps we can best express our feelings today by reminding ourselves and you of what we and you owe to the men who informed and guided and inspired us, recorded in our anniversary report, as we call the roll:

Lewis O. Brastow, who taught us to have some exactitude and to preach with ordered thinking; *Edward L. Curtis*, whose personal charm and Christian spirit touched and softened all our hearts; *George E. Day*, whose foreign mission fervor was contagious; *Timothy Dwight*, who inspired our respect and reverence; *George P. Fisher*, the greatest historian of his time; *Samuel Harris*, whose profounder truths have long outlived the system of his day; *George B. Stevens*, a Christian gentleman who could impart knowledge with clearness; others with whom our contacts were less, but who contributed their lives to the school, one of whom, *Benjamin W. Bacon*, grew after our day, to large proportions as both scholar and interpreter of religion, and finally *Frank C. Porter*, who won both our love and admiration, as he taught us to realize the finer spiritual values of the New Testament, through patient critical study and whom we rejoice to have still with us.

The following extracts summarize our replies to the question "What did Yale do for you in preparation?"

"It cultivated intellectual freedom; provided a wonderful fellowship which has continued by contact between classmates through the years; guided one into a liberal theology; developed trust in truth rather than in authority; guarded us against over-intellectualism in religion; gave us inspiration through great teachers and visiting lecturers; induced a spirit of intelligent idealism and a sense of reverence; taught us how to acquire knowledge and how to keep on thinking; gave a new outlook on life in an

age of transition; afforded a technique which has stood the test of both practical life and sound thinking, teaching us both how to acquire and how to use knowledge in practical service."

Thus have you entered upon a great heritage and we rejoice in the largeness of your use of it, in its adaptation to the changing needs of your day and generation, with heartfelt gratitude for our teachers and for you, as we look backward with grateful hearts and forward with confidence and faith.

I entered the graduate department of the university for the degree of doctor of philosophy in Biblical Literature and Semitic languages, read Hebrew in the unpointed text with Professor Curtis, and studied Aramaic with Dr. Dunning. The required study was completed and the thesis prepared within two years. When, however, I came up for my degree, some members of the graduate faculty became quite excited when they learned that the candidate had no B.A. degree and had been in the graduate department but two years. They would have held me over for a year, had it not been for the persuasive intervention of Professor Arthur T. Hadley, newly elected president, who took the ground that Yale needed a few "unusual" and "unconventional" men.

In selecting a theme for the thesis, I asked Professor Porter to give me a subject on which no one in the United States had written. He suggested Jesus' use of prophecy. And thus my volume, *Jesus and the Prophets*, was, so far as I know, the first book written in English presenting the subject from a modern viewpoint. In 1898 I presented it in a paper before the American Society of Biblical Literature and Exegesis, receiving a violent castigation from Professor Charles A. Briggs of Union Seminary.

I felt quite sure that I was on the way to permanent academic life and accepted an appointment as assistant to Professor Frank K. Sanders, in Biblical Literature. During the summer of 1898, with borrowed money, I had gone

New Haven January 2. 1902

Rev. Charles F. Knapp

My dear Mr. Knapp

Your letter of December 21st

inclosing check in payment of balance
on loan made to you in June 1899 has
been received. Please accept my thanks.

I inclose the note which you gave me
when the loan was made. I am glad that
the money has been helpful to you.

Please accept my best wishes for the
New Year, and my acknowledgments of your
kind words of friendly regard.

Very truly yours

Timothy Dwight

abroad, visited and attended lectures at several of the universities, met their professors and caught a good deal of their scholastic spirit. I especially recall the cordial reception given a young student by Professor Cheyne at Oxford, Dr. James Stalker and Dr. Robert F. Horton, with the latter of whom I resumed relations many years after. On this trip, and at later times, I have taken delight in visiting the places associated with Cromwell and Luther, as a sort of pilgrimage. In preparation of the thesis I had corresponded with professors in Germany, including Heinrich Holtzmann and Adolf Harnack. I thought that my future was determined.

Having remained at Yale longer than I had anticipated, money was borrowed, some of it at twelve per cent interest, and when the time came for me to receive my doctor's degree I went to President Timothy Dwight and secured enough to meet my board bill at Commons in order to qualify for a diploma. His personal loan brought my indebtedness up to twelve hundred dollars.

Meanwhile I had continued the pastorate in Bethany. Some of my sermons were published in the *Christian World Pulpit* of London. The editor was not informed of my student status and it may be that he thought they were printing the sermons of a Yale professor. A few years ago, when I called this to the attention of Harry Jeffs, the editor, he replied, with a humorous smile, that it substantiated the policy of that paper to print sermons on their merit rather than on the names of the preachers.

One Sunday evening, upon my return to New Haven after a sermon of unusual earnestness, the reflective mood returned upon me. Would I be permanently content with a secluded life? Did I not want the larger human relations of the pastorate? The remembrance of my mother's consecration of me to the gospel ministry came back to me. Above all, was not the gospel ministry in need of preachers who had gained

modern conceptions of religious thought and life? The result was that I decided to seek a pastorate. I had resigned at Bethany, was preaching each Sunday in various Connecticut churches, and being considered by the committee of one of them. Meanwhile, one of the women of the Bethany Church had a visiting friend from Malden, Massachusetts, and, as a result of their conference, I received an invitation to preach at the Maplewood Congregational Church in Malden, and in February, 1900, became the pastor of that church at a salary of one thousand dollars a year, two hundred dollars less than in my first pastorate in East Boston.

Once more, life began, at thirty-three.

I have always kept close to Yale University and Divinity School, not only because their interests and my own have been so largely identical, but in large measure, by my sense of gratitude. Later relations, as occasional lecturer and frequent visitor, are among my most satisfying gratifications. Yale has always had a spirit of its own. I never realized how fortunate I had been until, later on, I came into contact with other seminaries. I gave one of the alumni addresses at a commencement convocation in 1905. It aroused discussion, but without excitement. The next year, when given at another seminary, one of the professors was so indignant that he literally stamped out of the room. I have never known of a professor at Yale having theological hysterics, as they sometimes did and do in other quarters. In our day there was a constant serenity, due, I think, to the sense of reliance upon the search for truth. In these latter days, I have derived no little sense of satisfaction and pride, in appointments to represent the University and Divinity School on academic occasions in other institutions. For me, Yale means, in all reality, *Lux et Veritas*.

CHAPTER IV

THE LURE OF THE GOSPEL MINISTRY

"WHAT the ideal pastor sees in every member of his congregation is . . . a soul that is given him by Christ." "His people are ever in the pastor's heart." "He claims identity with them in their joy and sorrow and endless vicissitudes of life."¹

*Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt, at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.²*

My pastoral service has had wide range, in a city home mission, a rural community, a suburb of a metropolis and an industrial city.

A CITY HOME MISSION, EAST BOSTON

I retrace the steps of my story because, though my pastorates were not continuous, they blend in my imagination and so

¹ *The Cure of Souls*, Yale Lectures, by Ian Maclaren, 1896.

² Oliver Goldsmith: "The Deserted Village."

our narrative now returns to East Boston. My congregation was composed of the "common people," and it was a wonderful experience to enter into their lives.

I was in the home of my boyhood. The congregation of the rather aristocratic Maverick Church included several of my school teachers and many of my schoolmates. There were others of the latter in the constituency of the branch chapel which I served. In the congregation of the Chapel was a truant officer who had, on one occasion only, been called upon to deal with me.

I have often wondered at the courage of Dr. Horr in placing me in a pastorate, with such an environment, and still more at my own temerity in accepting it. Evidently, however, almost everybody forgot my early boyhood and only remembered me as a young layman in the Saratoga Street Methodist Church, and my presidency of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Union of that section of Boston. Former school teachers were deeply sympathetic. Schoolmates came out to the Chapel to assist me. For a time the superintendent of the Sunday school was Melvin R. Marquand, my former associate in business. The newspaper company, for which I had worked as a boy, left a complimentary copy at my door every day. My business associates in Boston and New York were intensely interested and I was made the subject of editorials in the commercial papers.

Our Sunday services were held only in the evening. Within about three months, I had a religious awakening on my hands. It had always been assumed that such movements must be carried on by professional leaders. I therefore went hastily to the New England Evangelistic Association, asked for an evangelist, and was referred to Lawrence Greenwood, well-known for his success both as evangelistic preacher and gospel singer. I announced services to be held every night, and on Sunday evening Mr. Greenwood took charge of the meeting.

Although I regarded his appeal as persuasive, the responses to his invitation at the close were almost negligible.

About half an hour after I returned home, I was waited upon by a group of the congregation. They talked with the customary frankness of such people, and said in substance, "We want a revival and the people here want to be converted, but they want to be converted by you and not by this good man from the outside." They were very positive. The next morning I went to the home of Mr. Greenwood and informed him of the situation. His immediate reply was that the people were undoubtedly right, and that he approved their attitude. I continued the services, and at the next communion in Maverick Church about fifty new members were received on confession of faith, the ages varying from twelve to fifty. I have always been glad of this experience. The evangelistic spirit never left me. Later on, under a different environment, it was not often expressed through special services at any given time, but by constant persuasion, in personal conference, and by the process of education and nurture.

The Congregational authorities in Boston supplied our chapel with a woman missionary, for service to the needy people. My mother and sister served, to all intents and purposes, as deaconesses and were deeply and widely beloved. The younger people in the churches invited me to become again the president of the local union of young people's societies. Throughout my entire pastorate in East Boston, I never discovered that my early life was any embarrassment to my pastoral service; on the contrary it was a help through the sympathetic interest of old friends and companions. It was well that I had just such a test before taking a theological course. I had, during this year and a half, a wonderful training in what I will call human contacts. The main feature of the Chapel being its Sunday school, I learned early, the value of cultivating the child life of the church.

My education up to this time, besides reading, had been secured through the lecture courses in which Boston abounded. During my two pastorates in Greater Boston I absorbed no little from such men as George Herbert Palmer, Edward Howard Griggs and Josiah Royce. I also had the opportunity of hearing such preachers as Brooks, Gordon, Minot Savage, Jefferson and other stimulating men.

Not long after I left for Yale, the Chapel was organized into the Baker Congregational Church. In recent years the Maverick Church was merged into it and it is now Baker-Maverick Church, its edifice being in the locality of the old chapel. The former Maverick Church building is occupied as an independent social settlement. Dr. Horr resigned while I was there and I was "mentioned" by one or two members only, I judge, as his possible successor. I gave it no heed, for I had discovered my deficiencies and went to Yale with a sense of confidence.

A RURAL COMMUNITY—BETHANY, CONNECTICUT

In the pastorate at Bethany, I did little more than pour out upon the people the new truths that I was discovering each week in the seminary. I served there, for three years, through the eight months of the academic year. It was a small congregation, although I think that practically all of the normal constituency came to church regularly. Bethany was a town of about five hundred, with three churches. The Methodist church, however, had no morning service and was closed during part of my pastorate. The Protestant Episcopal church had a settled rector. The Congregationalist was composed of men and women of unusual intelligence and thoughtfulness, who were capable of grasping the meaning of the newer ideas which I brought to them from the Divinity School. Among the distinguished pastors and acting

pastors who had preceded me were: Stephen Hawley, the first pastor, who served from 1763 to 1804, and Nathaniel W. Taylor, noted as a theologian, in 1831-2. Dr. Taylor was then professor of dogmatic theology at Yale, author and defender of the so-called "New Haven Theology." My almost immediate successor was Shirley J. Case, now Dean of Theology in the University of Chicago.

I have to this day maintained the friendships of those days and have, upon two occasions of note, been called back to Bethany. A few years ago I responded to the invitation to preach the Old Home Week sermon, and in 1932 the sermon in connection with exercises commemorating the hundredth anniversary of the independent incorporation of the town. On the latter occasion the pastor, Rev. Edgar L. Bell, presented me with a beautiful water color of the church and its surroundings. The next year I gave the charge to the pastor on the occasion of his installation at Norwich.

Bethany is beautifully located among the hills, about ten miles from New Haven. With very few exceptions, I walked from Westville, about eight miles, and, although sometimes the snow drifts were hampering, I never missed a Sunday.

The tendency today to pass over so lightly the ordination of pastors, and to omit altogether their formal installation, is to be deprecated. The examination of candidates by ecclesiastical councils had great value, in giving a note of seriousness to the pastoral office, and in calling upon those who were assuming it to put their own thinking in order.

In the little hillside church of Bethany I was ordained November 3, 1897. I prepared for it with no little seriousness.

Not long ago my associate, Dr. Adolf Keller, of Geneva, in reading the proof of one of my books, in which I made reference to Schleiermacher and Ritschl, said, "They are not now highly regarded in Europe." My rejoinder was, "So much the worse for Europe."

My classmate, Frank Rall, in a recent autobiographical sketch, while recognizing that these theologians had limitations (as do all systematic theologians), tells us that he is no little indebted to them. Professor Rall, who is a philosopher as I am not, may have gained by the more intellectual processes, what I discovered rather by intuition. My paper before the ordaining council reveals it. My definitions of the Infinite, His modes of revelation; the reactions of man to the divine persuasion; the sonship of Jesus and its pledge of immortality, bear the marks of these two great thinkers. No Anglican whom I know could have said more to exalt the church and the sacredness of the ministry. I began with these words, which characterize the spirit of the entire paper:

That which I present to you this morning is not intended as the statement of a system of theology. My purpose is only to present those larger truths which are fundamental, and to which all subordinate truths received must be adjusted. They are truths which are necessary to the conversion and salvation of men. They are truths which, in their present form, have become vital to me as the result of five years of what I have tried to make earnest and reverent thought and life with the conviction ever present that

*Belief or Unbelief
Bears upon life, determines
its whole course.*

If I were to speak of what I shall present here, as a confession of faith, I should use that term in its larger, religious sense, distinguishing it from opinion, or belief which is founded on reason alone. It involves belief founded on the affections and includes as well the co-operation of will. The "faith" of which I speak involves all, intellect, emotions and will. Any statement of religious belief which I could make, could not be one of intellectual assent only, but would be the result as well of the experiences of the soul and the experiences of life.

Some of these truths were taught me at my mother's knee, and with some of them I have not gone so very far beyond that teach-

ing. Some are the result of later teachers and of the thought inspired by men and books. Others are the teachings of daily life.³

There were several quotations from Robert Browning. I have always found, in the poets, relief from intellectual distraction. Such were the ideals with which I entered the first pastorate to follow my preparation at Yale, making a new beginning in life.

The council was predominantly conservative. One member observed that he needed time to meditate on my theology, but liked the spirit of it. At the ordination service, the sermon was preached by Professor Brastow, the prayer offered by Professor Curtis and the charge to the candidate was given by Professor George B. Stevens, who had first welcomed me to Yale.

A METROPOLITAN SUBURB, MALDEN, MASSACHUSETTS

The Maplewood Congregational Church at Malden is situated about halfway between Melrose, where I had served with the Young Men's Christian Association, and East Boston, where my first pastorate was located. I was again back among friends and former companions.

Maplewood was a limited section of the city of Malden, and the Maplewood Church would not have been regarded as a particularly promising field. It included, however, a considerable nucleus of gifted people. Here again the educational impulse persisted, and I began, almost immediately, a long series of sermons on "Old Truths in New Lights." I had classes in the theory of evolution, in Old Testament and New Testament criticism, ethical theories, the teachings of Jesus and other like subjects.⁴ Lecture courses brought in

³ The substance of my statement of faith appears in *The Spirit Christlike, The Infinite Affection* and at points in *Contemporary Christian Thought*.

⁴ A pageant presented in 1934, on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the church, included a representation of one of my classes seated about me.

several theological professors from Andover, Harvard and Boston University, including J. Winthrop Platner, James Hardy Ropes and Marcus D. Buell.

I sought to develop the evangelistic spirit, and the additions to the church, especially among the young people, were constant and normal. I discovered an outlying section which seemed to be almost entirely without church contacts. We secured the use of an abandoned chapel, and by the good offices of one of my dearest friends, Rev. Frederick E. Emrich, home missionary secretary, we were supplied with a student from the School of Theology of Boston University, as my assistant, to care for this community under the name of the Maplewood Congregational Chapel.

I soon became seized with two ruling ideas, one relating to the children of the church and the other to its doctrinal forms. Within the first year I found expression for these ideals. The baptized children were definitely related to the Church, and the so-called Portland Confession of Faith was set aside and a very simple credal expression adopted by the Church. These provisions were as follows:

Children baptized by the Church shall be enrolled as members, with the understanding that such relation shall be continued until they indicate a desire, either for a formal acceptance, or a dissolution of the relation.

To the article defining the duties of the church committee the following clause was subjoined:

In the case of those received by baptism in infancy, the committee shall confer with them, at a suitable time, with regard to their formal acceptance of the relation assumed.

In place of the old clause, charging the church committee with the "examination" of candidates, another was inserted

which enjoined the "duty of conferring with them, acquainting them with the significance of church membership, and obtaining their assent to the obligation involved." It was understood that "all 'examination' of the candidates shall be private and in the hands of the pastor." In place of the former somewhat detailed theological confession of faith, a simple religious expression was incorporated into the form of admission, which was as follows:

Dearly beloved, you are here before God and these witnesses, to publicly acknowledge the yielding of yourselves to the religious guidance of Jesus Christ, by uniting yourselves to the Church that bears His name. This being your purpose, do you hereby assent to this confession of your Faith?

I believe in God, the loving Father of the race.

I believe in the universal brotherhood of man, as taught by Jesus Christ.

I believe in Jesus Christ as the supreme Revealer of divine character, as the moral and religious Teacher, the spiritual Guide, and the Redeemer of men.

The constitution declared, with regard to the doctrinal basis of the church, that "its understanding of Christian truth is in fundamental and essential accord with the belief of the Congregational churches of the United States." These changes were the subject of thoughtful consideration and conference, and adopted with absolute unanimity and heartiness.

Preceding these actions, I preached systematically on Christian nurture, and on what I believed to be the fundamental and essential faiths of Christianity, inaugurated catechetical groups, and classes for the training of Sunday-school teachers. During that entire year, I held weekly conferences on the teachings of Jesus. A Sunday afternoon preaching service for children was held.

These innovations became the subject of both common conversation and criticism outside. The pastor of the Baptist

Church was a man of extreme conservatism, and deacons of that church interviewed Albert D. Crombie, the senior deacon of ours, to ask what it all meant. A sign in front of the Baptist Church read, "We stand by the Bible at this Church." Officers of the neighboring Congregational Church in Malden were also disturbed and interviewed some of our members. It was felt that my sermons would undermine Christian faith—by people who did not hear them.

To the credit of the deacons of the Maplewood Church, some of whom had not been altogether without hesitation as to my procedure, they stood by loyally. The Baptist deacons were invited to come to our church for a Sunday or two to hear for themselves. One series of sermons, which had been the cause of a good deal of comment, was printed and circulated by the church. These criticisms resulted in little other than an enlarged attendance at Sunday morning services.

Christian education was furthered by the preparation of reading courses for church members and the establishment of a church library. Conferences were occasionally held with the public school principals in the interest of co-ordinated education. Meanwhile I was giving a lecture course at the Young Men's Christian Association on the Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief, and conducting a class in current events. During this pastorate I wrote *The Spirit Christlike*: a series of Sunday evening devotional sermons.

I was given from two to three months vacation each year, that I might go abroad to escape hay fever. The cultural value of this experience has added no little to the enjoyment of life. I saw the "Passion Play" in 1900 and the "School of the Cross" in 1905 at Oberammergau, the "Passion Play" at Selzach in 1901, and attended the Wagner festival at Bayreuth on three occasions.⁵

⁵ In order to meet my debts and other obligations, I organized the "Travel Club," and directed European travel, on an increasing scale, for four years. See Page 320.

I had been less than a year out of the seminary, and should not have deemed it proper to seek pulpit supplies abroad, had it not been suggested by a friend, who recommended me to the Secretary of the Congregational Union in London. The first effort was a Sunday morning at Allen Street Congregational Chapel, Kensington, of which the noted Sylvester Horne was the pastor. After the service I went into the vestry, where the deacons were counting the collection, waited a short time for some gesture from them, and, not receiving any attention, took a cab back to my hotel. While I might do very well for Malden, I was out of my element in a prominent London pulpit. The next morning I went to Rev. Andrew Mearns, Secretary of the Congregational Union, with the intention of asking him to cancel further appointments. As I entered, he remarked that one of the Kensington deacons had been in ahead of me, and I felt hurt that he should have been in such a hurry to convey his disapproval. But Mr. Mearns added, "He came in to see if you might be secured for several successive Sundays during Mr. Horne's vacation."

The English customs were quite novel. The first time I was invited to meet a group of men was "at tea" at the National Liberal Club. I had always regarded teas as a feminine prerogative. I was often equally interesting to the British friends. Once when lecturing on the American school system, at Highgate, I had described the different races and nationalities likely to compose a baseball team. Sir John Glover, in a rather quizzical way, asked if I would be so good as to define an American. I replied by reciting my own Scotch, Swedish, English and French lineage and added, "Therefore I am an American."

I learned later to understand that English reserve and seeming indifference were not to be taken too seriously. During my six years in Malden I supplied Allen Street, Kensing-

ton, each year, and at various times Anerley; Highbury Quadrant; Union, Islington; Crouch Hill and other large churches, forming deep and warm friendships which lasted for many years.

Twice I was approached by committees of churches then vacant, and in one case came very near intimating that I would accept the call if extended. I recalled, on second thought, how few American pastors had made permanent successes in British pulpits, and decided that I had better at least get my pastoral experience for a while at home. It was a great joy, however, to preach, especially to the large Sunday evening congregations in England, at a time when Sunday evening attendance in the United States was already getting very slim.

I came to have a warm and lasting respect for the British churches and preachers. At that time, while they were fully as modern in theological views as our own churches and pastors, they seemed to retain more of the evangelical spirit and evangelistic fervor. It was also heartening to have a choir for the purpose of leading the congregation, rather than as a substitute for congregational singing.

During one of these visits, in 1905, an incident occurred with relation to which I was both severely criticized and warmly commended, among Christian leaders at home. I was waited upon by a group of the British brethren, who told me that Dr. Reuben A. Torrey, who was then conducting evangelistic services, was advising members of churches, whose pastors disagreed with him on theology, to leave their churches, and that he was proving a seriously divisive and embarrassing person. I made enough inquiry to substantiate their testimony and issued a statement in the *Congregationalist*, urging our churches to refrain from supporting his forthcoming campaign in the United States. Dr. Torrey, while uttering severe words of condemnation of me, never

denied what I reported and I was told that it really resulted in the modification of his methods.

In 1903 I was the bearer of exchange messages between the mayors of Maldon, England, and its American namesake, being received in Maldon with considerable pomp and ceremony.

In the third year of my pastorate, a new family moved into the Church, the man being a printer and a member of the Typographical Union of Boston. He was a plain, simple man, but of unusual mental grasp, and about a year after he came, he requested a leisurely interview with me. We spent the next evening together. His observations were earnest and impressive. He deeply appreciated the educational aspects of my ministry, the devotional touch of my preaching, and the faithfulness of my personal pastoral service. He then proceeded to call to my attention the great body of laboring men, largely detached from the churches, and the seeming lack of interest, on the part of ministers of the gospel, in their material and moral welfare. He closed saying, "I most earnestly wish that my pastor might direct some of his talent toward this problem." I sat thinking over what he had said until the early morning hours. We had had little at Yale Divinity School to lead our minds in this direction, and I had simply permitted other interests and objectives to determine my course.

That evening's conversation with Bayard E. Harrison changed again the course of my future life and interests. I asked him how and where I should begin. His response was ready. "I will ask the Boston Typographical Union to invite you to be present and speak at its next educational Sunday afternoon, on the subject of the church and labor." I accepted the invitation, but not without fear and trembling. It was, I believe, the first occasion on which a minister had even been known to attend a labor meeting in Boston. It was a

large gathering of men of unusual intelligence. The presiding officer was none too gracious in his introduction, and the assembly had an air of indifference. I had, however, been prepared for it; therefore I shot out near the very beginning with some rhetorical and sharply punctuated sentences. I soon had an alert gathering, and at the close, expressions of warm appreciation. The secretary of the Union, Henry Sterling, the veteran labor leader who afterward, through my arrangement, became a lecturer at Yale Divinity School, observed that he feared I should not find my views very popular with my fellow clergymen.

The press paid large attention to the event, and one labor union leader wrote a letter to one of the Boston papers, observing that here was a minister who would very soon lose his job. When I entered the bookroom of the Congregational House Monday morning, one of the preachers greeted me with the salutation, "I see you are truckling to the labor unions." Thus far were many ministers removed from human life in that day.

I soon felt the desire for a pastorate in an industrial community. The Jews, meanwhile, had entered our section of Malden and my own people began to vacate rapidly, three deacons out of five moving away within about a year. I had done all that I could do for the Maplewood Church, and when I had decided that matter in my own mind, my resignation followed, to take effect a few months later, my intention being to go abroad for several months and then seek another pastorate.

As I think back over those six years I recall, one after the other, the choice spirits in that little Church. The generosity of their loyalty during my pastorate was without let or hindrance. I met Dr. Malcolm Dana of Exeter, New Hampshire, one day. He was all smiles, as he told me of a member of my congregation who had come to him the Sunday before,

told him that she had been very much interested in his text, and added "I'd like to hear my pastor preach from that text."

I was to have preached the sermon on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of the church in June, 1934, but was prevented by illness. In June, 1935, however, I was given a dinner, at which a considerable number of my former parishioners were present. The next day I made pastoral calls on some of those who were prevented from being present, either by age or distance. It was especially gratifying to meet men and women whom I had held in my arms as children, now active in the church life, and to see their children.

In the text of a pageant, written and presented by Rev. and Mrs. Ray Evan Butterfield, for the sixtieth anniversary, representing me with one of the classes, I find these words, referring to the new teaching:

The older women were very much troubled about it, but they had already discovered that the heart of their young minister was in the right place, and because they had learned to love him, they were willing to learn the new ways of thinking that he brought to them; and they in turn by their love and understanding of the young minister helped him to appreciate and preach the deeper things that helped the hearts of people as well as their heads.

Who could not fulfill a reasonably helpful ministry, under relationships such as those words reveal?

AN INDUSTRIAL CITY, SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

Within a week or two after my resignation at Malden, through the suggestion of Rev. Paul M. Strayer, a former classmate at Yale, I was invited to spend a Sunday at South Norwalk, Connecticut. An invitation for a second Sunday followed; the committee met me in the afternoon and asked me if I would consider a call. It was just the kind of pas-



At 15



At 65



At 40
Pastor at South Norwalk, Conn.



South Norwalk, 1910

torate I wanted and I went back to Malden to await the summons. A few days later I received a letter from John B. Lawrence, a member of the South Norwalk committee, who had himself formerly been a Congregational minister, stating that, from some sources in or around the Congregational House in Boston, word had come that my chief occupation was tearing the Bible to pieces, when I was not engaged with destructiveness in the area of theology. I replied that my sermons had been extensively printed, that the outlines of my lecture courses were all available, reminded him that I had made no request of the South Norwalk Church, but thanked him for conveying the information. I dismissed South Norwalk from my mind.

The next week, to my surprise, Mr. Lawrence appeared at our door, stating that he had been making inquiries at the home base. The week after I received a telegram from Deacon Edward Beard, brother of Rev. Augustus F. Beard of the American Missionary Association, conveying a unanimous call. I went to South Norwalk in May, 1906. The summer was spent in Europe and we returned in September, full of hope and vigor. The people in the meantime had secured a parsonage and made many provisions for what they believed would be a day of promise.

The church contained many men and women of intellectual strength and community influence. There was a considerable number of the industrial leaders and a reasonable constituency of manual workers in the membership. South Norwalk was large enough to be animating, but not too extensive to be covered in its entirety.

I received the usual printed form from the Fairfield Con-sociation, requesting me to submit myself for examination, by an ecclesiastical council. The substance of it was that I should come prepared with a complete statement of my theological faith. I decided to take the brethren at their word.

I had been delivering my message as it came to me, from week to week, without taking much account of the larger implications. I felt that it would be a good thing for me to set my intellectual house in shape. I therefore prepared statements on the major points of theology and read them to the Council.⁶

The paper was about two hours and a half in length, and seriously delayed the installation supper. It used theological and philosophical formulas with considerable freedom and amplitude. At its close, only one member ventured a question.

The Bethany Church sent Mrs. Harry F. Peck, and the Maplewood Church, Lucius C. Smith to the council. One of the preachers asked Mr. Smith: "Does he preach with all that ponderous vocabulary?" My former parishioner was able to answer that I did not. I must confess, however, that in earlier days, I cultivated an all too heavy style. On the inside cover of Henry Sloane Coffin's *The Creed of Jesus* I find pasted, a letter from him, dated November 29, 1907, acknowledging a book I had sent him. After words of warm commendation, he says, "My one suggestion would be that if you want to be understood by the plain people you must eschew the language of the academic." It was good advice and I hope it was heeded.

At the Installation Service November 6, 1906, the sermon was preached by my classmate, Frederick Lynch, and the installing prayer was offered by Edward L. Curtis, who had rendered that service at my ordination, nine years previous.

True to form, the upsetting process was resumed. Deaconesses were added with the same standing as Deacons. The pew-renting system was abolished. A paid choir had been engaged for my special benefit, but I asked that it be released so that we might increase our contributions to missions.

The pastorate in South Norwalk, in its educational aspects,

⁶ See *The Infinite Affection*.

was not altogether unlike that in Malden. While, as will be noted later in this volume, I gave myself to a multitude of social and community problems, I maintained the pulpit, with occasional exceptions, for presentation of deeply spiritual truths, mainly directed to individual life, but at times applied to the social duties of Christian men and women. I sought to get as close to the people as possible, and I think I can say that I knew every child in the Sunday school by name.

It was well that these intimate contacts and relationships were developed, for it was not long before I was conscientiously obligated to enter into many procedures which some of the men and women in the Church did not altogether approve, or at least matters which they earnestly wished I would let alone. During those five years at South Norwalk, however, I cannot recall that I ever lost a man, woman or child to the Church, as an expression of dissatisfaction. To be sure, my wife had a good deal to do with the unshakability of my position, but that is a matter to which I shall refer in another place. No one could have had a happier pastorate, and I could not have had a finer preparation for the twenty years of service which was to follow it.

For several years I sent sermons frequently for the supplements of the *Brooklyn Eagle* and *Springfield Republican*, as well as to the *Christian World Pulpit* in London, and thus secured them for distribution to the members of the Church. In all these pastorates I violated one principle taught us in the class in Homiletics at Yale, namely the injunction to request isolation during the sacred hours for study. Our church calendar announced that the pastor could be called upon at "any time of day or night."⁷

While writing this chapter I received an invitation from my present successor, Rev. Victor M. Rhein, which I accepted with joy, to preach on May 17, the sermon for the

⁷ See Page 306.

one hundredth anniversary of the South Norwalk church, and to take as my subject: "Thought and Life in the Christian World during the Century." It was an occasion of none but happy memories.

Let not the reader be illusioned as he reads my later life. Were I to live it over again, I do not believe that any opportunity, much less any ambition, would tempt me to substitute anything for the pastorate. The faithful pastor has a place in human life that is above any honor this world can bestow. Those sixteen years are the high places, the deepest and the most sacred and enduring memories of my life, as I look back across the years. I rejoice that

*Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.*⁸

⁸ Dryden: "Imitation of Horace."

CHAPTER V

EXPANDING HORIZONS

"ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN"

WHILE a pastor is shaping the mind and method of a church, his own character should be equally in training by his church and its environment. My sixteen years of pastoral service were marked by both growth and change. I do not think I have had what is termed a one-track mind, but have been able to take in one thing without giving up others. As I look over articles which I wrote constantly, for the *Evangelist*, *Christian Work*, *Homiletic Review*, *Congregationalist*, *Outlook* and *Independent*, I find a remarkable variety. In an issue of the *Evangelist* of 1902 is a contribution entitled, "The Significance of the New Theology in Character and Life," concerning which a Presbyterian pastor wrote to the editor, Louise Seymour Houghton, "My spirit cries out in agony." For a time I wrote the commentaries on the Sunday-school lessons, for the *Evangelist*, in the light of modern criticism. During the same period, articles in other magazines are entitled, "A Plea for Evangelism," and "The Evangelism for Today." A labor paper has one on "The Labor Union and the Church." At the time that I was proclaiming social and industrial ideals at Malden, I was also conducting Lenten services in several of the Massachusetts churches. Dr. J. C. Massee once observed, when we were rooming together in

a "Men and Religion" campaign: "Macfarland, your views and your prayers are wide apart."

I am sorry to say, however, that I rather enjoyed controversy and was immodest and incautious in selecting adversaries. In 1905, President Henry S. Pritchett came out with the assertion that the day of religious authority had gone, and had given way to science. In an address before the Religious Education Association, I promptly entered the lists against the distinguished educator, with the abandon of a d'Artagnan. As to polemics, I got all I wanted. The older Congregational paper, *Advance*, frequently made me the mark for shafts which its editor could launch with no little vigor, not to say acrimony. Other similar organs of what is now known as "fundamentalism," conducted a barrage and it may be fortunate that the church members in Malden did not see such periodicals.

I must have sometimes neglected the Malden people, when going about over New England, endeavoring to enlighten the world on my discoveries. One of the subjects was "The New Evangelism," on which I quite anticipated the principles later formulated in the Federal Council, for pastoral evangelism. At the time when the brethren of the Woburn Conference were disturbed over my alleged antinomianism, I addressed the conference on "Do the Doctrines of Puritanism need to be Affirmed?" answering the question with a sense of certitude that was puzzling to many of them.

Nothing in the community was devoid of interest. A recent invitation to attend an anniversary observance of The New Century Woman's Club of Malden reminded me that this organization was an offspring of one of my women's church classes. For several years I served as an examiner of candidates for West Point and Annapolis. The local school was visited and an annual sermon preached to its graduates. Physicians were my partners and I have lasting gratitude for

their unfailing human sympathy and unselfishness. I was nominated for the Malden School Board, but withdrew when I found that it meant involvement in partisan politics. In South Norwalk I became chaplain of the lodge of Masons.

Lost causes were discovered. In South Norwalk the post of the Grand Army had become bankrupt. It was revived, a headquarters was provided and a silk flag secured by public subscription. A citizens' committee was organized to help the old and disabled veterans on Memorial Day. Douglas Fowler Post, No. 48, gave me an elaborate diploma testifying to "grateful remembrance."

The press was used freely, to let the people know of our desire to serve them. Sermons were frequently reported in full. When an occasion called for it, I wrote editorials. None was ever declined. I discovered atrocious conditions in our detention jail in South Norwalk, disclosed the situation one Sunday evening, had the sermon printed in Monday's paper and wrote an editorial backing myself up. The conditions were speedily improved. My relations with the working people in South Norwalk were such as to call for all kinds of service. On one occasion, when I was calling on a tuberculosis victim, he expressed the feeling that his partners were fleecing him. I secured power of attorney, and attended the next meeting of the corporation, much to the annoyance of the majority stock holder, whose duplicity I discovered. In the course of argument he asked, at one point, just what business a minister had to go into such matters, whereupon he had to listen to a rather lengthy sermon on the spot.

The study of occupational diseases was pursued. One summer, in London, I visited a hospital where *phosphronecrosis*, commonly known as "phossy jaw" was being treated by a new process. On my return home I found that Congress was considering a bill to prohibit the manufacture of phosphorus matches, which were the cause of this awful malady. I at-

tended a hearing at which my own congressman declared that there was no such disease and I corrected him with no little severity. The bill was passed, against the strong opposition of some of the match manufacturers.

Among the pleasant memories of the town of Norwalk is service as chairman of the high-school committee and of the commission which decorated the new high-school building. In the caucus my nomination for the committee was made by a Catholic and seconded by a Jew. I presented a plan for a civic center for South Norwalk, which was, in some measure, carried out several years after. In recent years the cities of Norwalk and South Norwalk have united and it may not be inappropriate to observe that on November 29, 1908, I preached a sermon, which was widely distributed, entitled, "The Art of Living Together," in which such a union was urged.

One of my chief joys was that of intermingling with the several foreign populations in South Norwalk, more especially the Hungarian, Italian and German. I familiarized myself with Kossuth and Garibaldi for national occasions. Contact with many of these people came through being called upon for funerals, weddings and baptisms, sometimes conducted in German. Our church maintained a chapel in a section where a considerable foreign population dwelt.

There was little use in attempting to secure attendance at a formal preaching service on Sunday evenings. Therefore a Sunday Evening Institute was opened up during the latter part of my pastorate, for which the service of outstanding men was secured, from time to time, including: Graham Taylor, Rabbi Charles Fleischer, Charles Edward Stowe, Ballington Booth, Owen R. Lovejoy, Florence Kelley, Stephen S. Wise, Booker T. Washington, Evangeline Booth, John Haynes Holmes, Robert Hunter, John Mitchell, and W. E. B. Dubois. The evening Holmes spoke, one of the leading

men of the church came to me at the close of the meeting and said: "If you ever again have that man, or any other like him, speak in this church, I will leave it." I replied that I was sorry I did not have another like him to bring on at the earliest possible time. That really was not so bold as it sounds, for I knew the hold I had on that man's home and on his own heart. I always felt that the church had the right to hear others besides myself. This was one of the first occasions on which Stephen Wise spoke from a Christian pulpit. The congregation was a popular one in about every sense of the word. The advertisements were printed in Italian and German as well as in English.

One Christmas morning the firemen all gathered in one of the fire-houses, and listened to the Christmas Sunday prayer, which had been printed by request of the local newspaper. In it I remembered every community group and interest. A few days after, I noticed this prayer lying near a bedside in the hospital, and I have seen it on the wall in the homes of working people. I always gave as much thought to pulpit prayers as to the sermon.

When the Russian Church declined to give a mass for Tolstoy, we got together a large chorus choir and rendered a mass for him in our church. I have never hesitated to adapt means to ends, and my study of Jesus constantly reveals his constant purposefulness.

I suffered occasional jolts, indicating the reactions to my unconventionalism in other places. In 1908, I addressed the Congregational Club of Portland, on the duty of the church to embrace the sinful rather than to hug the pious. It brought down wrath on my head. Only one member stood up for me, and he rather feebly. I overheard one woman say apologetically, to her evidently incensed husband, "You must remember that he is probably a pastor in the slums." Inasmuch as my church considered itself rather aristocratic, I took pains

to repeat this observation at our next prayer meeting. The Portland morning paper headlined me a "socialist," a word often used when no other can be thought of. I was occasionally invited to run up to Boston to speak at the educational sessions of the Central Labor Union and other similar meetings.

WAR ON THE SALOON

During my East Boston pastorate the Young People's Christian Union, of which I was the president, led a vigorous campaign for no license, and issued a newspaper which I edited, called *The Public Good*. Indeed, had it been possible, under the laws, to secure independent local option for East Boston, it is altogether probable that the young life which gave itself to this campaign would have swept the saloon off the island.

Near the close of my Malden pastorate I discovered that the mayor had, to use a current term, doublecrossed me, in the effort to get rid of a gambling and drinking establishment. Two Sunday evenings before election, I made a frank statement of the case, giving this and other reasons why he should not be re-elected. The campaign became animated. One of the political leaders designated me as the "Burchard"¹ of Malden, and prophesied that my intervention would bring about the election of the mayor. He said he had interviewed the other pastors of Malden, and that none of them supported my position. The mayor was decidedly defeated and I was invited to address the post-election banquet, which was an annual non-partisan affair of the Malden Deliberative Assembly. On the program, under my name, the following observation was printed: "There is frequently a marked difference between a buttinsky and one who interposes."

¹ Referring to the preacher whose support defeated James G. Blaine.

Within a week or two after beginning the pastorate at South Norwalk, I was invited to meet three of the ministers, Rev. George D. Egbert, Rev. Hugh B. Carpenter, and Rev. W. Wofford T. Duncan. They outlined the saloon problem with which they felt we must deal vigorously. The situation was obvious. Astonishingly atrocious conditions prevailed. Saloons and pseudo hotels were ruining the lives of the young people. We agreed that each and every one of us would support any majority decision of our group.

A leading official of my own church was on the bond of the hotel-keeper who was conducting the worst place in the city. I requested him to meet me, after church the next Sunday morning. I asked him whether he ought to withdraw his moral support of the saloon-keeper, or I from the campaign against him. It was an *argumentum ad hominem* and he graciously accepted it. Not long after we began our attack, the chairman of the standing committee of our church, who was a cigar manufacturer, was informed by certain saloon keepers that they would boycott his cigars if he did not restrain my reckless course, to which, as he once told me, he responded that he preferred to let them try to stop it.

For five years Mr. Egbert, Mr. Carpenter and I, with occasional help from one of the other pastors, pursued a constant policy of aggression. We were known in saloon centers as "the big three." Mr. Duncan had meanwhile gone to another city. Other pastors were either indifferent or hostile. One of the Episcopal ministers censured us, and another, when we invited him to condemn the saloons, wrote us that he would make it a subject of prayer at his eight o'clock Sunday morning service. We soon discovered that we had no easy task. Lawyers of both Norwalk and South Norwalk were found to be tied up with the saloon interests; some of the banks, whose officials were members of our churches, were the financial backers of the liquor men; and the Connecticut

Brewing Company, which financed many of the saloons, was ready to render legal assistance.

Under the guise of clubs, dances for young people were being held, at which liquor was sold without license. One Saturday at midnight, Mr. Egbert, Mr. Carpenter and I went to one of these dance halls, found a policeman standing outside the door and, much to his disconcertion, requested him to escort us inside. When we were half way up the stairs, two young men brought down another, dead drunk. He was the sixteen-year-old son of one of the mothers in my parish. We found the barroom running full blast, with a large gathering of the young people of our factories surrounding it. Of course this visit made a sensation. There was nothing to do but to prosecute these cases legally, as they came up, but they raised a problem, as the defendants had no difficulty in securing legal talent.

We decided that we too must have counsel, although we had no money. I doubt if we could have secured any substantial amount, our community was so connected in financial and business ways with the saloon element. I went immediately from our consultation to the home of one of my closest friends, Hon. John H. Light, who had formerly been a district judge. The case was laid before him. I reminded him that if he should prosecute these cases, he would need to burn his bridges of political ambition behind him. He accepted the proposal without hesitation, and from that time on we were able to proceed wisely as well as courageously. Many licenses were revoked, and, so far as I can recall, we never lost a case. The worst offender was driven out of the city.

We were frequently threatened. A leading lawyer sent out word that he was entering suits against us for libel. The saloon-keepers had an amount of support that was unbelievable. One lawyer went so far in their behalf that we urged

his disbarment for violating legal ethics. He was let off, however, with an admonition.

The control of the saloons was largely in the hands of the county commissioners in Bridgeport, and it was evident that one of them was obstructing us. Our policy was one of direct action. I went to Bridgeport and interviewed a saloon-keeper, starting out by telling him who I was. He responded alertly that he had heard of me, and in such manner that I thought I had the right man. I asked him in a sudden, startling way, "How much a month are you now paying Mr. ——?" naming the suspected commissioner. I think he was either taken off his guard, or perhaps thought he had to take his choice between the commissioner and the Norwalk Ministers' Association, as we called ourselves, and he gave me the figure. I called up the Congregational pastor in the town where the commissioner lived, and asked him when he might have some occasion on which he could request me to come up and speak. He said his men's club was having a dinner the next evening and that he would be glad to invite me. At this meeting I told something about the campaign and added that it was of considerable interest to them as a community, inasmuch as we were going to see to it that the county commissioner living among them was defeated for reappointment by the legislature. Late that evening I was called on the telephone by the pastor, who said that the suspected commissioner would like very much to see me. The nomination was to be made by the controlling Republican caucus at Hartford the next noon. I met the commissioner at the rear end of the train for Hartford the next morning. The pastors had agreed on the program. I informed him that we should prevent his renomination, by exposing his duplicity and dishonesty. He replied that he had a wife and children—ought not I, as a minister, to have some concern for them? I answered that we were prepared to protect them, whereupon I handed him

a statement, in which he agreed to withdraw, and promised that he would never again be a candidate for public office without consulting us. He signed the document and conveyed sufficient information to the caucus to insure the selection of a different type of man. As far as I know, he became an honest man from that time on.

The association of Judge Light with us, his courage and skill, the bold attitude that we took, and our success in legal cases, gradually brought us a popular support which made it fairly easy to dispose of the saloons which had been most seriously corrupting our young people. The nature of this five-year campaign may be indicated by one day's newspaper headlines, as follows:

SALOON KEEPERS WARNED THAT
LAWS WILL BE ENFORCED

SOME STRIKING UTTERANCES LAST NIGHT BY DR. MACFARLAND
REPRESENTING THE MINISTERS' ASSOCIATION

I understand there is objection to our work. Yes, the law-breaking saloons object to it.

Things are just about bad enough now to insure the fact that they are going to be better.

There are just two sides to this issue as it now stands, and every man within the next two weeks will be absolutely obliged to take one side or the other.

The ministers have their program. They know what they are about and they are moving right on.

If you should listen to some people you might get the impression that we were a body of wicked and ungodly ministers persecuting another body of God-fearing, pure-minded, guileless saloon-keepers.

I have always been in favor, in a city like ours, of the policy of high license. Now, however, I am prepared to say that if we cannot regulate these saloons according to law, I am in favor of sweeping this town for no-license. We can do it if necessary.

I hereby, on behalf of my brethren, submit our program.

ATTORNEY ——— MAY SUE
THE NORWALK MINISTERS

Libel, Slander, Conspiracy and
Malicious Persecution Charges

The libel suit was dropped, perhaps because a large body of our men was mobilized and marched into this meeting to the strain of "Onward Christian Soldiers."

The movement spread in various other cities in the state. Our contest with the State Excise Committee at Hartford opened up some of the legislative relations of the Connecticut Brewing Company; we carried through a measure prohibiting "side rooms" in saloons and succeeded in arousing state-wide public opinion.

I am happy to add that John H. Light's fearlessness did not lead to his political demise. Not long after, I had the privilege of addressing a banquet in his honor, when he became attorney general of Connecticut.

INDUSTRIAL CONFLICT

I had been in South Norwalk but a short time when C. W. Post issued one of his newspaper diatribes against organized labor. I answered it in our local paper and my open letter was carried by the Associated Press. The right and necessity of the workers to organize for collective bargaining was the main theme. In my church were the presidents, secretaries and directors of several of the manufacturing corporations, some, if not most, of which were so-called "open shops." Some of these men were disturbed and one of them interviewed me at once, pressing the danger of making the working men "discontented." He was a large manufacturer, a man of splendidly humane sympathies, who provided high

wages and fine conditions of labor, but was a thorough believer in the claim: "This is *my* business." As a sort of last resort, when he saw that he was not getting very far, he observed that it was too bad for a man of such high literary qualities, and capacity for fine thinking and preaching, to give himself to these tumultuous discussions. Such subtle hints as this were not infrequent.

Not long after this came the famous case of the Buck Stove & Range Company, and the sentencing of Samuel Gompers, John Mitchell and Frank Morrison for violating an injunction. Almost simultaneously the Danbury hatters' strike, which included a large establishment in South Norwalk, occurred. Those were days of stress and strain. I met at times with the labor unions, and, while always urging patience, was of course forced to say frankly that my sympathies were with them upon the principle of the right to organize for collective bargaining. I constantly condemned violence and on one occasion was called upon by the Mayor and Chief of Police to assist in preventing mob action. I persuaded an ex-mayor of the city, a man of wide influence, to accompany me, and we waited upon the employers. Seldom have I met men so apparently without any warm human touch as were these men, although one of them, to be sure, twenty years before that time, had himself been a leader of a strike. The examples of callousness that one can find under such situations are amazing. I was soon invited to attend a meeting of the employers in New York, but the request was couched in such qualifying terms that I was obliged to decline it, saying that I should be glad to see them, if they cared to come to my home.

I was placed in a somewhat difficult position when the Central Labor Union of South Norwalk, during this intense industrial agitation, invited me to address a mass meeting to protest against the sentences of Gompers, Mitchell and Mor-

rison. I knew, of course, that the meeting was partly arranged to bring direct support to bear in behalf of the striking hatters in South Norwalk and Danbury. I told the president of the union that I would make a study of the moral issues of the case, and would ask Judge Light to look into the legal aspects. If I found I was justified, I would address the meeting. Judge Light and I agreed that the case warranted condemnation of the sentences. Here was an occasion where substantial backing was essential. I therefore interviewed three of our strongest men, laid the case before them, and told them they must either show me that such a protest was unjustified, or else they must agree with me and act as members of a committee sponsoring the meeting. It was putting up to them a more difficult proposal than the one that I had faced. They knew that they would incur the criticism of their fellow business men, and indeed that they would be regarded as traitors. I am happy and proud to say that not one of these men stalled. The result was that the mass meeting was presided over by the mayor of the city, and among the vice chairmen were my own leading deacon, the chairman of my standing committee, and several other officials of our church. I also insisted that if I were to present the moral protest, Judge Light must present the legal case, which he did. The effect of this incident was salutary in every way. It opened the eyes of some of our own men to the obligations I was under.

When, however, the manufacturer to whom I referred previously,² saw the announcement, he went immediately to confer with these very men, to ask their assistance in restraining me. One can imagine his amazement when he found that they were to be officials of the meeting. He asked the chairman of our standing committee if he would not at least endeavor to get me to be very restrained in my speech, to which

² See Page 73.

the chairman replied that he had much rather this gentleman would undertake that job himself. He came to me the next evening, and unfortunately, lost control of himself. After laying out all of his positions, to which I listened quietly (I could always be perfectly composed when the other fellow got heated), he began to intimate some of the personal consequences, if I were going to continue this line of action. He was requested to hold up for a moment and I began to count slowly. After I had enumerated to about twenty-five I noted his restlessness, and informed him that, before replying, I was going to continue up to fifty. Meanwhile I was heartened by the extent to which the perspiration began to drop from his forehead. After I had finished, I went across the room, took his hat and coat, handed them to him, and requested him to retire. He then broke down, as he urged me to understand that he was moved by his friendship for me. I replied that, in order that our relations should continue, I must ask him to leave, which he did, a chastened man. I never lost his personal loyalty, although there were many other occasions when I was distressing to him.

In fact, I was obliged to add injury to injury. On Sunday, March 14, 1909, I addressed a gathering which packed Faneuil Hall in Boston, with a crowd outside estimated at twenty-five to thirty thousand, eleven thousand of whom were in an organized parade. I made practically the same speech as in South Norwalk, on the same subject. The Boston Central Labor Union had a seat of honor on the platform for my mother, who doubtless did not forget her prophecy.³ And it really was always a sort of once-in-a-lifetime thrill to speak in the "Cradle of Liberty." Among other occasions were the celebration of the printers' eight-hour day and another labor gathering, the nature of which I cannot recall.

³ See Page 8.

With the help of Judge Light, I had made a study of labor injunctions, both in theory and as practiced. About twenty years after my address in Faneuil Hall, the Department of Research of the Federal Council made a similar inquiry, the conclusions of which, on comparison, were found to be identical with my own.

LECTURES AT YALE

While in South Norwalk I developed a deep interest in theological seminary education. As I looked back upon my own training I could see that it lacked in preparation for such concrete problems as I was facing. In 1908, I was the initiator of the course at Yale, in "Pastoral Functions," for the purpose of bringing men who were in the active work of the ministry, to supplement the more academic teaching of the professors. The introduction to a volume ⁴ which I edited at that time, sets forth an ideal for Yale which has never been fully carried out anywhere, as I hoped and anticipated.

The Divinity School was at that time at a low ebb in enrollment, and there seemed to be need of reorganization of the curriculum. The faculty appointed an alumni advisory committee consisting of Rev. Charles A. Dinsmore, Rev. Jason N. Pierce and myself. We took the job seriously and perhaps took ourselves too much so. We formulated a ponderous program, involving both changes and innovations. So far as I know, no seminary has ever quite caught up with it. Probably none ever will and perhaps none ought to. It included conversational courses in several modern languages, to prepare the students for work among foreign-speaking peoples. Every student was to be placed in charge of a New Haven pastor for practical work. Outside lecturers were to be

⁴ *The Christian Ministry and the Social Order.*

multiplied. A theological magazine was proposed. The present Convocation Week, much as now constituted, was included in our plan.

In our zeal we were over-critical and some ill feeling resulted, but this subsided and although, obviously, not all that we proposed could be done, the school did take on new life. The course in "Pastoral Functions" ⁵ aroused general interest. While voluntary for other than the senior class, the lectures were often attended by a large proportion of the entire school. Social and industrial relations figured largely. I brought my old friends, Henry Sterling of the Typographical Union in Boston and John Mitchell of the United Mine Workers, into the course, to supplement my lectures. The press considered the innovation as having news value. Not long after, President Hadley was waited upon by some industrial magnates, who protested against these dangerously subversive lectures and lecturers, and while the courses were continued for several years, there was more caution in the choice of lecturers. We were ahead of the times. We urged the establishment of a chair in social and industrial relations. I was deeply disappointed when word came that this was to be done under the designation of "Practical Philanthropy," as that was just the thing we wanted to get away from. I also felt that such a department should be independent of the academic professors in Social Science.

I was approached about this time, by some of the more recent alumni, who desired to nominate me for the chair of Homiletics. My answer was that I was completely committed to the pastorate, and that their suggestion was not likely to be taken seriously. This proposal was merely evidence that some of my ideals of theological education were approved by the younger men.

Our committee conducted a campaign among the gradu-

⁵ See *The Christian Ministry and the Social Order*.

ates, sending some of them to visit colleges. Alumni meetings were held in several cities. I felt deeply the need of bringing the stronger young men of our colleges into the ministry in general, and I may add, to Yale Divinity School in particular. For several successive years, in exchange with Rev. Frank L. Janeway, pastor of the Church of Christ at Dartmouth College, I went to Hanover to supply the pulpit, and remained several days each time, for personal conference with students regarding the ministry. Some of the students with whom I conferred were President Robbins W. Barstow of Hartford Seminary, John R. Scotford of *Advance*, Hollis M. Bartlett, Philip M. Rose, Everett E. Bachelder, whose ordination sermon I had the privilege of preaching, and John C. Varney who became my assistant and is now a university professor. Karl Skinner, the secretary of the Dartmouth Christian Association, came to Yale Divinity School and later became a pastor. In one of his annual reports he characterized my consultations as "unusual" and "remarkably effective in their personal influence."

President William J. Tucker, reacting from the Andover controversy, was taking an attitude which tended to discourage students from looking toward the pastorate. I spent a very solemn evening with him on the subject, and as I was leaving he said, "Well, perhaps things are changing more than I had realized. Go ahead and do what you can."

All these activities may seem somewhat centrifugal, but I was not without very definite policies. The minister who takes part in civic affairs, and especially in social and industrial issues, must conserve his fundamental interests. He should not be just a reformer. First of all, he ought to keep his Sunday morning service and sermon for the spiritual uplift of his people and not submerge it with economic discussions. I recall one occasion, when there had been a week

of bitter industrial controversy in which I was involved. The next Sunday noon my assistant, Theodore R. Faville, said: "I was afraid you might lose some of your men this time, but you have them fast after this morning's sermon." The title of it was "Pilate before Christ," reversing their rôles in the light of moral judgment. During all this time, the same methods of education were followed in the South Norwalk church that have been described in connection with the Malden pastorate. In the militancy of our campaign against the saloon, however, we relied too much on legal and legislative methods, neglecting more fundamental measures for the education of our people.⁶

One thing is clear. Rarely should a minister seek political office. A little group of personal friends who were in civic life in South Norwalk, once called to ask if I would be a candidate for mayor. One of them was an influential labor official who intimated that the vote of the workingmen could be delivered. Fortunately I summoned common sense enough for that temptation.

Before entering upon any course of action which is likely to arouse dissent, a minister should take counsel with his leading men and give them a full explanation of what he proposes to do and why he proposes to do it. He should tell them frankly that, unless they can show him that he is wrong, they should give him their unqualified support. Above all, he must not neglect the pastoral office. He is first of all a shepherd to the flock. He must know his people, his men and women and his children. It is a calamity for a man to develop a kind of wholesale social interest in humanity, while he loses the intensity of his interest in human beings.

Other and varied interests were cultivated. I would attend an Evangelical Alliance meeting in New York Monday morning and then lunch with the Liberal Ministers' Club

⁶ See Pages 179-181.

and hear "Tom" Slicer expatiate on the culpability of orthodoxy. On the receipt, a while ago, of a charming letter from Henry A. Stimson, I recalled his distress at my theological views thirty years ago, when I read a paper to the Congregational Ministers' Association.

I find letters from church members in Malden and South Norwalk characterizing my ministry in such terms as these; pastoral and pulpit fidelity; "removing class, racial and religious prejudice from church and community"; leading "all sorts and conditions of men to find the solution of social problems in the Gospels" and to feel the sense of "the divine immanence in the world and in mankind"; creating a new sympathy for the church on the part of the common people; "a more sympathetic attitude between employers and workers"; getting church officials to take their task seriously; developing a new community sense of civic and social responsibility. However much these friends may overestimate, there is deep satisfaction in discovering that they realized what I was trying to do.

Shortly after my election as secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service of the Federal Council, a member of the nominating committee showed me a letter which he received from one of the business men in South Norwalk in which he wrote: "We allowed him to do a multitude of things which we wished he would not do, but from which we could not dissent because, whatever we said or thought, we knew perfectly well, down in our deeper consciousness, that he was right." One large employer of labor who was greatly distressed by my labor views, many years later, on his death-bed, requested that I return to conduct the services at his funeral, which I did.

I did not realize where all these experiences were leading, or the extent to which I was concentrating upon the interests of the social order. In 1908, in the lectures to the students of

Yale, I was really finding myself. At a Congregational conference in New Haven, about that time, I delivered an address in which some very frank and direct observations were made regarding the president of the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, and his policy of control. It was taken up by the press in Connecticut, some of the papers commending me, but others, including the *Hartford Courant*, holding me up to ridicule. I may observe, however, that not long afterward, exposures fully justified all my assertions. Meanwhile, I had been made the chairman of the Committee on Industry, of the State Congregational Association and a member of the Committee on Industry of the Congregational National Council. When, in 1910, the Federal Council report of the inquiry into the steel strike at South Bethlehem appeared, I made it the subject of study with my men in South Norwalk. A letter from Graham Taylor stated that he had nominated me for membership on the Commission on the Church and Social Service. Thus gradually the scope of these interests was enlarging, and, although I did not neglect my duties as pastor or preacher, it was evident that life was finding its way into a very definite channel.

It was a great privilege, in Malden and South Norwalk, to have the association of young men with me as assistants, and a joy to watch their growth. I cannot now locate all of them, but I especially remember in Malden, Rev. Amos M. Bruce, a lovable man, who afterward rendered long and faithful pastoral service in the Methodist Church, until his retirement through ill health and Rev. James Elvin, who distinguished himself in France during the war, and served in far western pastorates up to the time of his death a few years ago. Dr. Theodore R. Faville, my assistant for a time in South Norwalk, is now Superintendent of the Wisconsin Congregational Conference; and John C. Varney is on the

faculty of New York University. Indeed, one of my chief satisfactions has always been my relationship with younger men in theological seminaries and in connection with my several pastorates. For several years, largely through articles which I wrote for the magazines, I was engaged in constant correspondence with young pastors who were seeking both light and sympathy. I have continued to cultivate such contacts to this day, much to the advantage of my own growth.⁷

But, the pastor may ask: Did you never share those periods of despondency so common to most of us? In answer, I wish that I could find my letter to which the following, covering six pages written by hand, January 29, 1903, from one of my loved professors, Edward L. Curtis, was the reply, in part:

Your letter finds a responsive answer in my thought. . . . The cry of your heart has gone up from many a preacher. . . .

This condition can be looked at from two points of view:

First from the point of view of ourselves. Have we kept in touch with the Master? Have we labored in a disinterested manner? Have we had that spirit of humility—He must increase and I must decrease? Has the spirit of worldly ambition crept into our hearts and paralyzed our efforts? . . .

We may not see the results we expect and desire in our efforts. We may appeal to hearts of stone; but we should not be discouraged, only more steadfast and persevering. . . . The love of men is not won quickly, but fidelity, industry and consecration and humility will effect results and you may be doing far more than you imagine. I know you are.

And now secondly, the other side. People are not moved to go to church or join the church as readily as they were once.

I wish I might do more to give our young men the impulse which you describe. I am glad that you have written to me about the matter. It will encourage me.

Don't underrate your own efforts. Be patient! Continue! You

⁷ See *Contemporary Christian Thought*.

are a growing man. Your Christmas meditation was beautiful. Your sermon on Discipleship was also of a high order. I am not the only one who has been struck with the quality of your recent productions. Professors Sanders and Porter have remarked the same. . . .

I am with you heart and soul in the thought of your letter—but don't allow yourself to be discouraged.

I feel you are right about the need in our Seminary and you may be sure that I shall do all I can to meet that need. I believe we stand heart to heart and soul to soul about the matter and that our views on the great requirement in the ministry are one. . . . When I see how ready people are to meet and respond to a genuine man who moves among them as one who will serve, and commands their respect from his ability, and their love from his kindly manner, his thoughtful appreciation of their circumstances, when I see a real shepherd devoted to the care of his flock, then I consider the ministry the most glorious calling that can open to a young man and I often wish I were in such an active service.

I can feel at this moment the heartening effect of this letter. Yes, more than once have I felt almost ready to give up. But such occasions do their work of grace, as we are led to realize our weakness and to see ourselves small, if we but keep our consciousness of God. Any true and sensitive preacher has been, at times, very much of a Barthian. I should have been less than I am had I not thus been thrown back upon the Infinite and upon such fellowmen as Edward L. Curtis and others of whom I shall give testimony later on.

About four years after this occurrence, when I was spending the night at the home of Professor Curtis, we had a talk which put new life into my ministry. I could write a series of volumes, each of which would confine itself to what some one man has done for me.

As I look over these years I see many errors of both judgment and action, some of which seem inexplicable and inexcusable. Although they appear to have been generously over-

looked and obliterated, I should do many things differently if I were to live my life over again. But while I find myself, in these latter days, in a confessional mood, I will reserve its expression for the end of the story.

I am still of the judgment, however, that the largeness of a pastor's life is in proportion to his effort to be "all things to all men," that he may "by all means save some."

CHAPTER VI

PIONEERING FOR CHRISTIAN UNITY

PHILLIPS BROOKS once preached a sermon, the thesis being that God, in His wisdom, often permitted our difficulties to be unforeseen, and suffered us to approach them gradually, rather than to enter upon a course of action with the encumbrance of foreboding, or to be dissuaded by the sense of our weakness. I have always been temperamentally inclined to foresee accomplishable results, instead of weighing the obstacles, but had I realized what a task the administration of the Federal Council was to be, I do not feel sure that I should have had the courage to undertake it.

From the very beginning of my thinking on the subject, I conceived of unity in a federal rather than an organic form; therefore it was not a sectarian spirit which led me, while in South Norwalk, to disapprove the proposal for the merging of the Congregational churches with the Church of the United Brethren, which was episcopally organized. I debated this question with William Hayes Ward at a Congregational gathering in New Haven, taking the negative side, on the ground that these bodies were not sufficiently homogeneous for organic union, a position, however, which I should not take now.

During my pastorate in Malden, my reaction to the reports of the Interchurch Conference on Federation at Carnegie Hall in 1905, was one of deep interest. Previously, while at

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Yale, I became acquainted with Dr. Elias B. Sanford and wrote articles for his magazine, *The Open Church*. I also contributed to *The Church Union*, edited by Dr. Samuel T. Carter. When Frederick Lynch and I learned, in 1896, that Dr. Carter was to give up the paper, we conceived the idea of taking it over. We interviewed Dr. Carter and learned that it had cost him personally about \$1,800 a year to carry it on. We relinquished the idea with sadness and regretted the expenditure of our railroad fare to New York.

I had followed the development of the Federal Council in 1908, while I was in South Norwalk. I have never yet, however, fully understood just how I ever came to devote the best years of my life to administrative service. During my pastorates I had not been interested in ecclesiastical issues, and seldom attended meetings of that nature, with the exception of the inspirational period, or when I was called upon to give an address.

I was invited to attend the meeting of the executive committee of the Federal Council at Washington in December, 1910, for the purpose of supporting the proposal that the Commission on the Church and Social Service should be adequately administered.

For nearly two years a search had been made for a general secretary. Inasmuch as the Commission on the Church and Social Service was the only active department of the new Council, it was decided to appoint first a secretary to that body. One day, after a meeting of the commission, one of its members observed to me: "I think that is a work you ought to undertake." That was the first thought I had had as to any such possible relationship. Later on, I learned that the nominating committee was giving some consideration to both Frank Mason North and myself. The choice of Dr. North was so obvious that I immediately communicated with the chairman, asking that my name be eliminated and urging

that Dr. North be named. Unfortunately he did not feel able to consider it, and within a short time the commission invited me to become its first secretary. To accept meant another complete change. Nearly all my advisers felt it to be altogether too precarious a movement. One man, who later became the chairman of one of our important commissions, said he would give the Council but two years to live. There were two men who actually advised me to undertake the task. One was Dr. Augustus F. Beard and the other was Mrs. Macfarland's father, Dr. James G. Merrill, president of Fisk University. It was Dr. Merrill's attitude that removed doubt, although I think that in any case my profound interest in the undertaking would have led me to dismiss all fears as to the outcome. I told my wife frankly what it would mean to our home life. Her characteristically serene answer was that we must not let that enter into the decision, as whoever might undertake the work would have that problem.

Thus life began, again, at forty-five.

I came to New York in May, 1911, and renewed the friendship of student days with Dr. Sanford. Administratively speaking, the institution consisted of little more than a constitution, a small office and a typewriter. As to what I was going to do I had very little idea. A fraternal letter from Dr. F. B. Meyer expressed the hope that I might visit him, and I spent that summer in London, studying the Free Church Council, also going to Berlin, by request of some of the German brethren, for consultation on a proposal which resulted, on my return, in the organization of the Commission on Peace and Arbitration.¹

Before going to England, I attempted to establish relations in the field of social organizations. Their executives, some of whom had previously been ministers, and not a few of whom had dissociated themselves from organized religion,

¹ See Page 97.

had long been expressing disappointment in the lethargy of the church. I wrote personal letters to a large number of them, stating that we now had a body prepared to be useful in their interests; what could it do? Only two or three replies were constructively helpful, most of the writers confessing that they did not know, and at least one said that he did not believe the church ever could or would do anything. So my first venture seemed a failure.

It is hardly necessary for this volume to tell the story of the progress of the Federal Council, as it has already been recorded, impersonally, in several books.² I was but the instrument of many minds of many men. To tell how much of it was personal, would be both profitless and impossible. There are, however, some matters of interest which were not appropriate to previous volumes, partly because of their distinctively personal nature. The problem of a secretary for the general administration of the Council still remained. Dr. Sanford was not primarily an administrator, and moreover, at this point, his health began to fail. It was evident that someone should immediately assume executive responsibility for the entire body, and at the meeting of the executive committee in Pittsburgh in 1911, I was elected acting executive secretary of the Council, in addition to my duties as secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service.

Had I made more intimate inquiries as to the financial support of the new movement I might have lost heart. When I first came to the office I asked the beloved treasurer, Alfred R. Kimball, for a check to meet my moving expenses. I shall never forget his look of distress as he informed me of the financial situation. The best he could do would be to give me his note for the \$300 involved. I still possess that note, which I never attempted to redeem.

² More particularly in *The Progress of Church Federation and Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy*.

At the end of the first month I made a timid suggestion as to salary, the result being that I went uptown to a former parishioner³ and borrowed, not only that month's salary, but later on, funds to meet other obligations of the Council. The previous budget of \$15,000 had been enlarged to \$25,000, but it was not long before the deficit was about equal to the original budget.

The denominations were paying only a little over \$10,000, and the movement had not yet secured the cognizance of more than a few individuals. Dr. Sanford and I spent many heartrending hours over it. Mr. Kimball secured \$10,000 from our bank. But the bank called for early payment—so there we were. I was not personally acquainted with a single man or woman of wealth in New York and I did not know a banker. I visited nearly twenty of the New York banks, asking for a loan. Presidents and other officers listened kindly, agreed that the Federal Council was a charming proposition, but all concluded by saying, "It is not a banking proposition" or using words to that effect. One leading churchman looked at me quizzically, in evident doubt as to whether I was joking or mentally unbalanced. Mr. Kimball took it up again with one of these banks and its president⁴ invited me to another interview. When I entered the bank, I discovered that the former president⁵ was a Baptist deacon whom I had known intimately at South Norwalk. He expressed the dubious judgment that whatever I undertook would be done. I went out with \$10,000 borrowed capital, with no security but an idea plus personal confidence.

The question still remained of finding popular support. The men who composed the administrative committee were nearly all denominational executives, carrying heavy financial burdens. One of them came to me very sympathetically after

³ Hon. Mortimer M. Lee, former mayor of South Norwalk.

⁴ Fifth National Bank, Edward E. Watts, President.

⁵ Andrew Thompson.

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a meeting, and putting his hand on my shoulder, said, "My boy, I think I ought to tell you frankly, it is up to you."

I took a list of about fifty churchmen of wealth, largely downtown, called upon them in one week and came back with one contribution of \$25. The first returns were secured from letters to a list of perhaps 1,500 people, who had been invited to our wedding, and included every living personal friend of my wife and myself, with some of her relatives. By the end of the first year we reduced the deficit to \$7,000 and at the time of the quadrennial meeting at Chicago, in 1912, it was within manageable limits. As fast as the movement became known, and justified itself in practical terms, friends appeared and the budget gradually assumed large proportions. Nevertheless, those first four or five years constituted a period of trial and faith. I went out every Sunday and at other times, preaching and speaking, for compensation which was turned into the treasury of the Council, amounting to about \$3,500. Meanwhile I had borrowed about \$4,000 personally to meet family needs.

I even discovered that, outside the prophetic group responsible for the initiation of the movement, few church leaders were taking it seriously. There are men who, since then, have been and now are, among the most earnest and useful members, but who were then cold or benevolently neutral. I was courteously received at the denominational assemblies, but little time was given to the discussion of co-operative interests, other than to debate as to whether or not the body in question should contribute a few hundred dollars to the support of the Council. Indeed, one denomination appointed a committee to consider whether or not it was worth while to continue its contribution (amounting to \$750 that year from all the sources). Several cut their contributions, because others were not living up to their apportionment.

The genuine enthusiasm of faith which had characterized the Carnegie Hall Conference in 1905, and the organization of the Council at Philadelphia in 1908, had considerably evaporated, especially when it was discovered that it was going to cost something.

The emphasis on the social gospel did not kindle the hearts and minds of some denominational leaders. Indeed, my young friends who are now bitterly lamenting the alleged lack of social progress, need to study history to more effect.⁶

But we had a few men of great faith. There was my beloved predecessor, Dr. Sanford. Some day I hope to write personal sketches of the men who composed the administrative committee. I think I shall entitle the series: "there were giants in the earth in those days." President George W. Richards recently referred to a slightly earlier epoch as "the days of small things and big men." Perhaps there are as many giants among us now, but of course I cannot help going back to those men, in those days when there was little in the way of assets except faith. Whether the men of today would have equalled them—well, I am not sure. For what was accomplished in those first three or four years the tribute should be paid to them. The men of today exercise concurrent thought and action. They were men of co-operative faith in things which were unseen and eternal.

It was fortunate that, in days of experimentation, the Council was not tied so closely as now to the denominational machinery and that members of the several departments were selected because of their capacity for service and their commitment to an ideal. I felt that the more official identity should come gradually. I am not sure that the Council would then have survived denominational direction. Such movements have to begin with at least partially detached groups. As it was, the Council was a going concern, with sufficient

⁶ See *Contemporary Christian Thought*.

momentum, before the denominations took it in hand. The tide could not be resisted. Occasionally now, I find men in the Federal Council whose aim seems to be to hold the Council back to the level of the denomination, rather than to lead the churches up to the aims of the Council.

We had another asset and we owe that to those earlier men. The Federal Council had, and by the grace of God still has, a constitution. There have been several times during these years, when that charter has been threatened, and there never has been a time when I would not have given my all to defend and maintain it. The men of those days built upon a rock. They gave us a document that embodied their sublime faith and that was adequately resilient for adaptation to larger ventures.

The effort to sectionalize the country in the interest of state and local federations had proved premature and impracticable, and, in view of the financial situation, it was necessary to discontinue the sectional offices. Just at this time, however, Fred B. Smith and Roy B. Guild projected the so-called Men and Religion Forward Movement. I have always regarded it as distinctively providential. To be sure, Mr. Smith was far from seeing the situation in perspective. He gave vent to his sometimes critical spirit in his characterization of the local federations of churches, some of which had had a more or less nominal existence for several years. His observations, occasionally, in letters to me, were far from heartening. They were sometimes disrespectful to the Federal Council. It was too small an affair. I felt that the best thing to do was to get in touch with the life of the Men and Religion Movement. So far as I know, the only person to realize the importance of such a course was Dr. Guild. Through his intervention, I participated in the campaigns in Williamsport, Hazleton, Mahanoy City, and Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania; Greensboro, North Carolina; Poughkeepsie,

New York, and other places, serving as the director of the social service end of the program, and in some instances acting as the dean of the corps of so-called "experts." I have always been profoundly grateful to Dr. Guild, because this experience gave me an insight into many of the problems with which the new Council was to deal. Later on, to my great joy, and to the furtherance of progress, both Mr. Smith and Dr. Guild became associated with the Council. Perhaps I may observe that forward movements of this kind are of great value when they realize their significance, but more so when their promoters do not take either their movement or themselves too seriously, to the detriment of permanent, slower-going, but more constructively organized bodies.

All through these trying periods and experiences, wending its way among the various voluntary organizations which have sometimes challenged its authority, the Federal Council has been characterized by its building upon solid foundations, by preserving an impregnable constitution, but by dealing with the social problems of today, with a courage that has again and again been commandingly audacious. It has never flinched before the most vicious attacks of reactionists; has seldom, if ever, turned away from a problem or an available opportunity, but has attempted to move with sufficient care and caution, persuasion and education, to carry enough of its constituency along with it to gain its ends. During all these years there has seldom been an action of significance which has not been, first of all, the result of many weeks of co-operative thinking, and on which the decision has not been practically unanimous. It was self-evident that a body whose mission was to unite, must not, within itself, be divided, and it never has been. I was unconcerned about defining its authority, realizing that this was based upon its moral power, the wisdom of its course, and its appeal to the common sense and conscience of mankind. It has sought to be prophetic and

has taken the position that it was expected to exercise leadership and not simply to await denominational initiative. Any other assumption would have been abortive.

When we came to the quadrennial meeting of 1912, Dr. Sanford had broken down completely and I was elected, first as Acting Corresponding Secretary, and at a later session as Secretary of the Council. I simply went ahead and did the best I could and at the meeting of the executive committee in Baltimore in 1913, my title was changed to that of General Secretary. Until 1917 I also continued as Secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service.

During these earlier years I traveled excessively, over the entire country, reviving or initiating local federations, served year after year as fraternal delegate to the American Federation of Labor and addressed the Southern Sociological Congress at Nashville 1912, Atlanta 1913, Memphis 1914, Houston 1915 and Nashville 1918. In 1913 I was called upon to go across the continent to initiate the Committee of One Hundred for Religious Activities in connection with the Panama Pacific International Exposition, visiting and instituting local church federations en route.

Industrial relations were then the main concern of social workers and in 1912, when President Taft was considering appointments to the Industrial Commission which had been ordered by Congress, I was nominated for membership on it by a large group, including R. Fulton Cutting, Washington Gladden, President Arthur T. Hadley and Bishop William Lawrence, as well as by the secretaries of the denominational departments. I really wanted the appointment and felt that I might bring to the commission a point of view not then common to such bodies. President Taft, however, sent me word, through the committee that waited upon him, that it did not seem wise to name a Protestant clergyman, unless

he could also include a Catholic priest and a Jewish rabbi, which did not seem possible.

The opportunities to present the ideals of the Council were almost unlimited, not only on the part of the denominational assemblies, nearly all of which I attended, but also before social and civic organizations, including the American Academy of Political and Social Science, colleges, seminaries and summer assemblies at Silver Bay and elsewhere. As occasional preacher at colleges, I got the ear of youth. Vacations were spent giving lecture courses ⁷ at summer theological schools, including Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas; Vanderbilt University, Nashville; and Central College, Fayette, Missouri.⁸ Three volumes, dealing with our ideals, were written, in addition to the annual and quadrennial volumes.

Such were the incidentals or by-products of the main task. To be sure they were a relief from the administrative machine, but the cost to my home was the price that had to be paid. Gradually, however, departments were developed, associates were placed by my side, our ideals rapidly took substantial form and, in the providence of God, the Federal Council was a reality when world calamity came.

⁷ See *Christian Service and the Modern World*.

⁸ In 1914 over one hundred gatherings were addressed and service was rendered on twenty-six committees in addition to those of the Council.

CHAPTER VII

DREAMS OF PEACE ARE SHATTERED, 1914-1916

DURING my pastorates, Memorial Sunday had been given to national issues and what amounted to an *apologia* for war, as a more or less normal transaction in human life. This attitude, which was general among preachers, was largely due to the influence of our Civil War; it had freed slaves and had settled a great constitutional question. The man who opened my eyes and mind to a real sense of human brotherhood was Frederick Lynch.

While with Dr. Meyer, in London in 1911, I had learned that serious apprehension prevailed, among thoughtful Englishmen and Germans, regarding Anglo-German relations, and I went to Berlin for a conference with Dr. F. A. Spiecker and with Friedrich Siegmund-Schultze, then assistant court pastor at Potsdam. It was decided to invite the Federal Council to unite in a meeting, the next year, with English and German pastors. A few weeks after my return, I received a letter from Berlin, stating that all consideration of the conference must be indefinitely postponed, because of an unfortunate address which had been made by a British political leader. It was my first intimation of the delicacy existing in European political relationships. From this time on, I was obliged to exercise no little initiative in making decisions and taking personal action. Not many of my associates were

familiar with foreign affairs. It was fortunate that I knew Europe pretty well.

Meanwhile, Andrew Carnegie had become interested in the churches as a means of inculcating peace and goodwill, and I had co-operated with Dr. Lynch in the organization of the Church Peace Union, of which I was one of the trustees. Dr. Lynch and I began preparations at once, for the world peace conference which was held at Constance, Germany, in August, 1914. We started for Constance with high hopes. Even when we heard, in London, of the political event in Serbia, it was considered as more or less local and incidental. I can perhaps best present our early experiences as recorded in the report of Dr. Lynch.

On Saturday morning, August first, at three o'clock, Dr. Macfarland and I were sleeping soundly in one of the compartments of the International Sleeping Car Company, when we were suddenly seized by the shoulders and shaken out of our deep slumbers. "Get out as fast as you can," said the conductor. "The Germans have blown up the track on the frontier and seized three French engines, and the quicker we get out of this the better." This was our first taste of war.

Not altogether our first personal touch with it, though. For in Paris we had observed conditions on the streets and in the cafés. The most pathetic scene of all was that in the *Gare de l'Est*. The German Government had sent out an order that day for every German to get out of Paris immediately. The whole place was packed with a mob of poor fleeing Germans. One could hardly pick his way through the confused mass of men, women, children and baggage.

It was a fine sight to see Dr. Macfarland lugging little fat screaming German babies under his arms and dumping them through car windows into their mothers' laps. The French porters and guards showed every kindness to these fleeing Germans.

The cause of our being on the train from Paris to Basel was the Conference of the Churches of the United States and Europe, to

be held at Constance, Germany, to consider how the churches might together help on the cause of international goodwill.

We made our way to Constance, against the advice of friends and railroad officials, and on the very day that war broke, the first world gathering of the churches in the interest of peace, was held. We remained in session until Monday, August third, when we took what was said to be the last train through Germany to Holland. Our letters of credit could not be cashed, so we all deposited what money we had in a hat, and when divided among about eighty men and women, who were leaving Germany, there was just about enough to get us to London and our other several destinations.

The sights all the way were heartrending; wives, mothers and children seeing husbands, sons and fathers herded into cars. We were obliged, on a hot August day, to keep windows closed. Food was unobtainable and water hard to get. The train was destined only as far as Cologne. But Dr. Siegmund-Schultze, assistant court pastor and a friend of the Kaiser, had accompanied us, and after much discussion, secured our transportation to the Dutch border town of Goch.

On the way from Cologne to Flushing, reports reached us that Germany had decided to invade Belgium. Our English friends knew that, if the rumors were correct, Great Britain would declare war against Germany. Our train that night passed through Liége, where, about two days later, the first great battle was fought.

Soldiers and guns had sprung from the ground all the way. Airplanes circled overhead. Before we were out of sight of Flushing, the advance of the German fleet was reported. When, on August fourth, we were piloted amid the mines of the channel into the Thames, we learned that England, which I had left only a few days before, was on the path to war.

Upon arrival in London, I spent several days trying to locate Dr. Rivington D. Lord and Dr. Walter Laidlaw, who, at last accounts, had been placed in a military prison in Germany. After exhausting every possible channel, I left the matter in care of Hon. Oscar Straus, who was engaged in looking after stranded Americans. Dr. Lynch, Dr. Sidney L. Gulick and I secured a third-class room and sailed for home.

Such were the circumstances under which the world movement of the churches for peace had been initiated. While Frenchmen, Germans and Englishmen were kneeling together in prayer in Constance, their governments were calling them to kill one another.¹

The American people were far from neutral. It seemed clear that the one Christian thing for the churches to do was to bring relief to the innocent sufferers of all the nations. Meanwhile representatives of the French and Belgian Protestant churches had come seeking aid for their institutions. That this should be responded to was obvious. The Federal Council, therefore, took up the war relief movement, in association with the general volunteer movements for all the nations. To help in the administration of this task I secured the voluntary services of Dr. Howard B. Grose, who for a time, to all intents and purposes, acted as an associated secretary.

Germany was, of course, considered the belligerent and while I had no thought of going there, I attempted to induce a group of German-Americans, including Dr. George U. Wenner, to go to Berlin on a friendly mission. The court preacher in Berlin, Dr. Dryander, wrote me that they would be warmly welcomed. But the proposed group took much the same ground as that expressed by Dr. John R. Mott, who had just been in Germany, that "the air is charged with elec-

¹ I made an analysis entitled "Some Sidelights on the Collapse of European Policies" which describes a situation very much like that of the present time, in Europe. See *Through Europe on the Eve of War*, by Frederick Lynch, 1914.

tricity over there" and for that reason we had better keep away. I thought that all the more reason for action, but the idea of a mission was dropped, for a short time. Through personal contacts, in both Great Britain and the Continent, I kept fairly well informed, by correspondence. I went to San Francisco in October, 1915, to address the American Peace Congress, where I found ample support for the proposal that some kind of friendly approach ought to be made to the peoples of the warring nations.

VISIT TO THE WARRING NATIONS, 1915-1916

At the annual meeting of the Federal Council's executive committee in Columbus in December, 1915, the business committee diagnosed the situation. A season of prayer was held, after which it was unanimously decided to recommend that I should go immediately, on a mission of fraternity and goodwill to the churches and Christians of the belligerent nations. That evening President Woodrow Wilson addressed a meeting of the Council and I conferred with him. He gave his hearty approval, with some wise counsel, advising that I should keep my mission distinctively to its own purpose, as a representative of a church body. While it would be both necessary and wise to have conversations with political leaders, he urged great caution in this connection. He had received proposals from certain foreign offices of neutral nations, urging a conference of the neutral nations. He said he would be interested in any information that I might be able to give him as to the attitude of the Christian men in the belligerent countries towards such a plan. Letters of introduction were secured from the officials of all the Federal Council's constituent bodies, and from the Department of State, and I sailed on the *Nieuw Amsterdam* December 14th.

A blizzard the night before had disrupted all train service to my home in Mountain Lakes, but an engine and car were

sent for me, to Boonton, two miles away. I ploughed through at least three feet of snow most of the way, with the assistance of my nephew, Charles M. Fernald, as I had two suit cases. The leaving of my home and little children over Christmas did not contribute any buoyancy to the adventure. When I had put it up to my wife, she remarked with her usual simplicity, "Of course you will go."

After a delay of two days at Plymouth, one in the English Channel, and another half day, caused by running ashore on the Goodwin Sands, we landed at Rotterdam December 28th.

The representative from Scotland Yard, who examined us at Plymouth, was very suspicious of me. He could not understand just what the churches had to do with the matter. He released me, however, when I gave him the names of several eminent Englishmen, including the Archbishop of Canterbury, and advised him to telephone them.

At the Hague the German Ambassador, Baron von Kuhlmann, conveyed all my documents to Berlin. Minister Henry Van Dyke, at the Hague, Ambassador James W. Gerard in Berlin and Minister Pleasant Stovall in Berne, rendered ready assistance. Arrangements had been made by cable and wireless for small, quiet, but representative conferences.

At the Hague a small gathering was arranged by Professor J. A. Cramer. An understanding was entered into by which Dr. Cramer, with the assistance of Professor J. W. Pont (Lutheran), of the University of Amsterdam, would be ready to secure co-operation with any movements on the part of the Federal Council. The want of any appreciable spirit of unity among the churches, and the general attitude of doubt and hesitancy, and suspicion, created a situation of extreme difficulty.

I interviewed several members of Parliament and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Dr. Loudon. The Foreign Minister, who was feeling his way towards the proposed conference of

neutral nations, invited me to obtain any information at Berlin and Paris which would help him to determine his course.²

I went on to Berlin December 31st, and found Professor Adolf Deissmann at the station, waiting to take me to the New Year midnight assembly at the Dom, at which the court preacher, Dr. Dryander, preached a sermon, full of courage, but without any bitterness, at a deeply impressive service.

My visit culminated in a conference January 5, 1916, with about fifteen representative Christian leaders, of all the Protestant denominations, at which Professor Julius Richter presided. I stated my mission as threefold—for information and understanding, to preserve and maintain closely our relationships with the churches; and as looking forward to the help our American churches might give in the ultimate process of reconstruction. Might we not, even in the midst of war, rise into a higher atmosphere, and thus find, for the nations, their lost way? Should we not, even now, look forward to the task of spiritual reconstruction and do it in a spirit of reconciliation?

I listened thoughtfully to the earnest presentation of their point of view, but there was no discussion of disputed political questions, although I frankly stated the views of the American people. A deep spirit of prayer prevailed to the end, when Professor Deissmann expressed, with the assent of the others, a full sympathy with all that I had said, and assured me that I might convey to their Christian brethren of all nations their sense of Christian love and brotherhood. This was quite different from some previous pronouncements by German Christians.

My welcome to Berlin and my treatment, not only by Christian leaders, but by civilians and political leaders, was

² I was obliged to write Dr. Loudon, on my arrival in London that I found no sympathy for his proposal in France and indeed that it would be resented. In England it was deemed both inadvisable and impossible at the time.

warm and cordial, without a single exception, from the inspectors on the frontier at Bentheim until I passed the other boundary to Switzerland.

I had conferences January third, with von Jagow, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Under-Secretary Zimmermann, just as they were preparing a *Lusitania* memorandum, which if I remember correctly, was sent to Ambassador von Bernstorff the next day.³

Von Jagow was clearly desirous to get reactions on the *Lusitania* case and the general problem involved, in view of the more recent sinking of the *Arabic*, and of the *Persia* three days previous. He permitted me to read what were evidently pending documents. He called attention to Ambassador von Bernstorff's communication to Secretary Lansing in September, stating that "liners will not be sunk by our submarines without warning and without safety of the lives of noncombatants, provided that the liners do not try to escape or offer resistance." I expressed the feeling that the conditioning clause left no inconsiderable margin, to which the minister made no response.

The general attitude of Herr von Jagow was such, and the papers he showed me had such a slant as to be clearly foreboding.⁴ My last observation was that, were the policy such as I sensed it to be, my next visit to Europe was likely to be in the uniform of the United States army.⁵ Herr Zimmermann shook his head and expressed the hope and feeling that the United States would never prolong this awful, inexplicable *verbrecherisch Blutbad*. I countered by telling him that he probably had that decision in his own hands, in a tone making it clear that I thought he was on the wrong track.

Throughout these conversations, one could detect a sense

³ It was handed to Lansing by von Bernstorff, January seventh.

⁴ I was correct in telling them that, in my judgment, they would be regarded as far from satisfactory. See *War Memoirs of Robert Lansing*.

⁵ This prophecy was fulfilled.

of uneasiness on the part of all three participants, due to the frankness with which we spoke. Zimmermann was eloquent in his plea for peace. Von Jagow used up several sheets of paper with what appeared to be hieroglyphics. When we parted I had the feeling that both were inwardly wishing I had been a bearer of better tidings. When Mr. Gerard had urged that I make a call upon them he remarked, "They are tremendously anxious to make peace." He also observed that he should like to have me tell them frankly regarding the American state of mind because, although he had done so, they undoubtedly felt that he, being a diplomat, might be lying, whereas they would believe that I was attempting to tell the truth.⁶ He introduced me with this understanding.

As in Holland, so in Switzerland, there was a tendency to evade anything even remotely construed as a peace movement. The Swiss Christians were divided in their sympathies.

In Berne I was joined by Rev. Ernest W. Bysshe, of Grenoble, Superintendent of Methodist Episcopal Missions and we arrived in Paris January 8th, where I was met by M. A. Juncker, the Vice-President of the French Protestant Federation, in place of the President, M. E. Gruner, who was in service. At a representative conference I gave, in general substance, the same message as in Germany. Here again, I listened to the statements of reasons why these men so loyally supported their nation.

This meeting can hardly be described. The fact that I had been to Germany first, told against me. They were in no mood whatever to receive the message which I brought to them from Berlin. The presiding officer, M. Jules Pfender, a fiery Alsatian, read the correspondence which had taken place between Pastor Babut and Court Preacher Dryander. The former, who had been a student of Dr. Dryander, had

⁶ Professor Deissmann under the date of January 15, 1916, gave an account of my visit in his "Protestant Weekly Letter," in which he characterized my diplomacy as "no diplomacy at all." Gerard evidently regarded peace as then possible.

written a very fraternal letter at the beginning of the war. The court preacher had replied, unfortunately, in about as aggressive German as I ever heard.

They were unwilling to consider any thought of reconciliation while the enemy was on their soil. They expressed earnest appreciation of my visit, and asked me to convey their sense of fellowship and gratitude to the American churches. My return again would be warmly welcomed, but nothing except the immediate demands of conscience could receive their protracted thought at the present moment. They had no confidence in any word that came from the enemy, and were not likely to be prepared for any mutual service with Christians of the enemies' lands for several months after the war was over. Their overtures at the beginning of the war had been so grievously rejected as to call for some admission of wrong by the German brethren. My observation that Christians ought not to declare a moratorium of Christianity was received in silence. Later in the day, however, several members of the conference met me privately and expressed sympathy with my spirit and attitude.

A good deal of harm had been done by the manifesto issued in August, 1914, by German churchmen, which contained several unfortunate phrases: the German "sword is bright and keen;" the war was a "terrible crime" for which Germany disclaimed responsibility. As I told Deissmann when in Berlin, it was not a Christian document.

That peace was a long way off was made all the more evident in my conversation with State Counsellor André Weiss,⁷ the right hand man of Foreign Minister Aristide Briand. M. Ribot, Minister of Finance, dispelled all lingering doubt.

In London, the evening of January 11, 1916, at eleven o'clock, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Honorary Secretary of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, and Hon. J.

⁷ Later Vice-President of the World Court.

Allen Baker, M.P., were patiently waiting for me. The next day I met Dr. Meyer and the friend of my student days, Rev. Robert F. Horton in conference, and lunched with Mr. Baker, Chairman, and Rt. Hon. W. H. Dickinson, M.P., Secretary of the World Alliance, attending the Conscription Bill debate in the House of Commons in the evening.

I met the Committee of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, including Mr. Baker, Mr. Dickinson, Dr. Henry T. Hodgkin, Very Rev. W. M. Ede, Dean of Worcester, and Rev. J. H. Rushbrooke.

A representative luncheon conference, numbering about twenty-five men, was held at the St. Ermins Hotel, Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., President of the Free Church Council, presiding, attended by the officers of the Free Church Council, and the presidents or other representatives of Free Church Theological Colleges.

I held many other personal conferences, several with Dr. Meyer, and had a long talk with the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace. The Archbishop expressed hearty satisfaction in learning of the sympathetic attitude of American Christians. He said, "I was afraid you were going to isolate yourselves." His whole manner was irenic. He had been in correspondence with Deissmann. In fact, I found several men in London favorable to peace at that time. One cannot be sure now that a better peace might not have been made then than that which ultimately eventuated.

I left for Falmouth January 17th and sailed on the *Rotterdam*. On the voyage I had the valuable opportunity of further conference with Dr. Henry Van Dyke, Minister at the Hague.

Some of my conclusions, as reported to the Federal Council, were as follows:

The present moment is not the time for any definite, concrete, political or semi-political or even non-political overtures for peace.

A mistaken movement, at just this time, might work incalculable harm and delay.⁸

In Germany they are frankly ready for peace, not yet on terms which would be at all acceptable to their foes, and especially to France, and yet with far greater concessions than the world supposes, especially as regards annexation.

Christian leaders honestly believe that the war was forced upon them, and that they are defending their lives.

France is invaded territory; the high spirit of her people is thoroughly aroused; it has for the time reached at least dangerously near the sentiment of *revanche*, which she believes to be righteous justice and retribution. Her immediate mood would impose preliminary conditions which preclude even the idea of conference. The suggestion of anything of the kind is offensive, and she resents it. French Christians feel that an admission of German guilt and injustice must be made, before they can consider any thought of reconciliation with German Christians.

England comes nearer seeing the whole field. She would ask guarantees of a very strong and guarded kind from Germany, but would be less exacting than France.

Meanwhile, the internal situations are subject to fluctuation. German leaders believe that England means practically to own Belgium, and to take Calais as her recompense for service to France, and it is even rumored that some such feeling lurks in France.

I found men of official standing in Great Britain, as well as thoughtful citizens, who admit that the blame and responsibility may ultimately be distributed more widely among the nations involved, and especially among their diplomatic leaders, than is now assumed.⁹ How far have Germany's natural complaints been ignored and left to rankle? How far has vacillation or evasion been misconstrued as perfidy and hostility?

The period of onset is over; the nations are now in the grip of war. Shall they go on and enter the third stage, the drag of war, which might perhaps be almost interminable, and which might more or less deplete the nations to the verge of economic and moral bankruptcy?

⁸ I had declined an invitation to join the Ford expedition and a French diplomat advised me to wear a placard stating that I was not connected with it.

⁹ These Englishmen were surely prophetic.

This much may, I think, be affirmed: There is a disposition towards two truths—that economic justice or economic growth cannot be gained by military means and force, and that militarism cannot be put out of existence by military methods.

As our part in this coming consummation, I made the following suggestions:

We should restrain the impatience of our various organizations for the immediate present, and we should, ourselves, act quietly and unofficially.

We should continue, through conference, to cultivate the situation, which has been initiated by my visit, and prepare to make this work of reconciliation and reconstruction our largest effort for the immediate future, and prepare our minds and activities for it.

The one thing which has been our strongest asset of influence has been our relief work. Indeed, our most serious weakness is due to the reproach in which we are held because of the allegation that we are utilizing the war for our economic and commercial gain.

Some such World or Americo-European Conference of the Evangelical Churches as we have been for some time considering may be found ultimately advisable.

Christian churches in all lands, and especially in our own, which has less excuse, have as yet failed to rise to the great occasion and opportunity before them, have lost sight of their distinctive spiritual mission, and have themselves been drawn into the vortex of a seething civilization. Christian leaders are drawing new maps of Europe instead of seeking to realize an international kingdom of the spirit. They are still dealing with the terms of international diplomacy which have wrought the very disaster from which they seek to escape. The churches of the neutral nations have all assumed a simulated and impotent neutrality, and in our own land been content with individual and limited judgments, losing sight of their task to save the world through the reconciling of men to one another in Jesus Christ.

We may, without intruding upon men's consciences, and in the spirit of the publican, find ways of suggesting that peace and justice will both be approached by the churches, rising above the conflict (even though led in it by conscience) into a higher spiritual

atmosphere. Several of my interviewers have recommended a small, quiet conference of representative Christian leaders, of both neutral and belligerent nations, at the earliest moment when it would be assured of full participation.

Future events, as they will be recorded later, indicate the value of such "direct action" as was pursued in this instance and I may add that, in general, my major prophecies were fulfilled.

The press in the several countries gave considerable attention to the visit. I will quote in part from the *Free Church Chronicle* of Great Britain, which expressed the general feeling of the church representatives:

In Time of War, Prepare for Peace

In the present hour of peril, there will be few who are prepared to devote time and attention to a consideration of the relations of the churches in the belligerent countries. Nevertheless there are those who are far-seeing enough to understand that these relations will be one of the cardinal factors in the reconstruction that must inevitably follow the war. The leaders of the churches in America are solicitous regarding the post-war period, and they feel that it will be the mission of the churches in the combatant countries to sow the seeds of fellowship and goodwill which are so necessary to international dealings. Consequently the Rev. Charles S. Macfarland, D.D., the General Secretary of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, recently visited Germany, Holland, Switzerland, France and England as the representative of neutral Christians who were anxious to find the common basis on which the churches could coöperate in the future reconstruction that must necessarily take place. . . . Dr. Macfarland's mission will have the prayerful sympathy of the Free Churches of England and Wales. He has left a very pleasant memory of a broad-minded and large-hearted American.

In the *Living Age* of September, 1918, a German leader, Martin Rada, had an article entitled "A German Interpreta-

tion of 'the American Soul,' " in which he uses my visit in 1915-1916 as an illustration of the genuine Christian spirit of the American churchmen.

I had many disagreeable experiences. One of the problems was to explain to subordinate officials just what a "general secretary" might be, how the Federal Council could represent all these different denominations, and why it should be interested in the war. Was I a bishop or an archbishop? It was fortunate that I had worn a clerical vest. The effort to explain became so difficult that to avoid discussion, I finally allowed one or two of them to pass me along registered as a bishop, but I noted one instance in which the functionary was so impressed by my letterhead that he took the responsibility of designating me *Erzbischof*.

Boundaries were widely stretched and getting through "no man's land" from train to train, with long lines of passengers waiting for examination, was confusing; bread-cards in Germany produced strange compounds and coffee was characterized by density; railroad carriages were deficient in heat. One could but admire the fortitude of the people of Germany. On my return, my first gray hairs were observable.

While I could not feel, at the time, that my visit had been very constructive, I can now see its value better than I did then. First of all, personal contacts were made which later on helped in significant developments. I learned the state of mind of the peoples on the Continent, without which knowledge mistaken procedures on the part of the Federal Council would probably have been taken. As it was, I had the privilege of convening, at Geneva, in 1920, the preparatory meeting which initiated the world conference which I had proposed.

After a few days at home, I sailed again, for the Congress on Work in Latin America, at Panama, after which, on my

return, preparations were begun for the quadrennial meeting of 1916.¹⁰

THE PROPOSAL OF WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

One of the most interesting personal experiences, during the year 1916, was in connection with proposals from Hon. William Jennings Bryan, who had resigned as Secretary of State in June, 1915. Mr. Bryan and I had been friends for a long time. In December, 1915, I had a letter from him stating that he might go to the Hague on a peace mission, and asking if I could arrange for Shailer Mathews, then President of the Council, to go with him. Dr. Mathews declined the invitation.

Early in 1916 Mr. Bryan wrote me several letters urging that the Federal Council take measures looking towards peace-making, and on two occasions, when I met him in Washington, hinted or suggested that we were not acting up to our responsibility. He was invited to the quadrennial meeting of the Council at St. Louis in December, to give an address on his favorite topic of temperance. Shortly after his arrival, he asked me for a quiet talk and proposed that the Federal Council should credentialize him as its representative, to visit the warring countries, for the purpose of getting them to negotiate peace. He was deeply in earnest, as a man convinced of his mission from God. He felt that the Council was missing its opportunity, urged the validity of his profound belief in moral and spiritual influences and felt that, could he carry a message to the political leaders in Europe, from a body representing the Christian churches of America, he could induce them to recall their armies. I told him of my visit and of the attitude of mind that I had found, but he

¹⁰ See *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy*.

urged all that as a reason why he should be sent. He could follow up the opening I had made.

I was obliged to tell Mr. Bryan that responsible leaders felt his proposal to be impractical at the time. Even had it been deemed wise to send such a messenger, no one would have felt that one of our political leaders could be used for that purpose.¹¹ With trembling voice and tears in his eyes he said, "Macfarland, this is the bitterest disappointment of my life. To think that a great Christian body like this is not ready and willing to send an ambassador of peace to a warring world!" I went with him to the train and could see that he left with a heavy heart.

A few days later he wrote, regarding the resolutions passed by the Council: "They are very satisfactory as far as they go." He assumed that they were meant to "authorize action whenever the Executive Committee thinks it best to act," indicating a hope that his proposal might yet be accepted.

Mr. Bryan continued his efforts¹² as recorded by Professor Curti, of Smith College.

I informed Mr. Bryan later, of wireless communication which I had had through the Ambassador,¹³ with the German Chancellor. I suggested that he might urge upon Germany the framing of "a self-respecting but conciliatory reply committing them to disarmament and a world court as an earnest of their specific intentions." He wrote me, December 24, 1916, that he had simply expressed to the German Ambassador the hope that his government would state terms so reasonable as to lead to negotiations.

¹¹ I learned afterward that Ambassador Page, in London, was much disturbed, on hearing of Bryan's desire.

¹² See *Bryan and World Peace* by Merle Eugene Curti, Smith College, Studies in History, April-July, 1931.

¹³ See Page 117ff.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR

In the latter part of 1916, former President William H. Taft, the President of the League to Enforce Peace, was desirous of getting a response from all the big powers, as to what their attitude would be towards a league of nations. Knowing of my meetings with diplomats in Berlin, President Taft requested me to secure a reply from Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg. I conferred with Ambassador von Bernstorff, and he agreed to send the inquiry to the chancellor on my behalf, by wireless, although he expressed doubt as to whether the chancellor would respond, on account of "Sir Edward Grey's 'war to extermination' speech." The responses, including that of the chancellor, were presented at a large dinner of the League to Enforce Peace in New York.

Perhaps this matter is of sufficient historical importance to make some of the correspondence worthy of record:

Washington, D. C. Nov. 16, 1916.

GERMAN EMBASSY

Washington, D. C.

Rev. Charles S. Macfarland,
105 East 22nd Street,
New York City

My dear Dr. Macfarland:

In your favor of October 24, you kindly informed me that you had been requested by the Executive Committee of the League to Enforce Peace to use your good offices in securing such a statement as might be made by His Excellency Herr von Jagow, or by the Chancellor, either as representing the German Government or as expressing their own feeling or the feeling of the German people, relative to a League of Nations, such as is purposed by the League to Enforce Peace.

I am glad to be able to inform you that the Chancellor of the

German Empire has authorized me to transmit to you the following extracts of the speech which His Excellency delivered on the 9th inst. before the Committee on Ways and Means of the German Parliament:

"We have never concealed our doubts with regard to the question whether peace could be permanently guaranteed by such international organizations as Arbitration Courts. I shall, however, at this place not discuss the theoretical aspects of the problem, but we must now and at the time of the conclusion of peace from the point of view of facts define our position with regard to this question. When at and after the end of the war the world will become fully conscious of its horrifying destruction of life and property, then through the whole of mankind will ring a cry for peaceful arrangements and understandings which, as far as lies in human power, shall avoid the return of such a monstrous catastrophe. This cry will be so powerful and so justified that it must lead to some result. Germany will honestly coöperate in the examination of every endeavor to find a practical solution of the question and will collaborate to make its realization possible. This all the more, if the war, as we expect and trust, will create political conditions, which do full justice to the free development of all nations, the small ones as well as the great nations. Then it will be possible to realize the principles of justice and free development on land and of the freedom of the seas. The first condition for evolution of international relations by way of arbitration and peaceful compromise of conflicting interests should be that no more aggressive coalitions are formed in future. Germany will at all times be ready to enter a league for the purpose of restraining the disturbers of the peace."¹⁴

The above official declaration of the German Government is so explicit that I would only spoil its effect by adding anything to it on my own part, with the exception of the wish that the hopes of the Imperial Chancellor soon may be realized.

I remain, my dear Dr. Macfarland, with kindest regards,

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) J. BERNSTORFF.

¹⁴ I was told, long after, in Berlin, that this address was the direct result of my message.

The ambassador, on my behalf, also sent a wireless message of similar nature to Professor Adolf Deissmann, who replied by wireless as follows:¹⁵

To Dr. Charles S. Macfarland:

I gladly answer your important inquiry. The question raised by Lord Bryce whether after the close of this most destructive war, arrangements could be made by which peace-loving nations should pledge themselves to desist from any attack with arms and submit all matters of dispute to a court of arbitration, is one of the great burning questions of the future, which concern not only a group of nations but all mankind. Although history teaches us that the road leading to the goal is not easy, yet I venture to say that in our country the idea of arbitration is gaining ground constantly. We do not speak of it in superlatives or in terms of apocalyptic enthusiasm, for we are wedged in between most powerful states whose imperialistic tendencies have led to all-absorbing and all-controlling militarism and navalism. We face the problem with that reserve and soberness which faith in God and His universal Government and unerring guidance of human affairs imposes upon us.

Of course, if attempts to form an international alliance for maintaining lasting conditions of peace are to be practically realized, the mental and spiritual atmosphere within the great powers must change. The gangrenous ulcer of hate which poisons international relations, must be burned out and the intellectual heads of nations, above all the Christian leaders, must under full recognition of the *bona fides* of their opponents, be ready to forgive one another's thoughts as well as words and deeds, whereby they have hurt and wounded each other. Then they could be able to succeed in fully entering into the problem of re-construction. In creating this atmosphere, which is pre-requisite to every step towards a better mutual understanding, neutral Christians have a great mission. Without pharisaism and by the proper attitude which avoids everything that might pour oil into the flame of war, they should regard combatants as suffering brethren, nurse their wounds and reconsider the attitude of their hearts and minds.

(Signed) ADOLF DEISSMANN.

When on December 18, 1916, President Wilson made his proposal that the warring nations should make known their

¹⁵ This message was, of course, sent with the approval of the German Government.

war aims, and "make an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded," I called upon the ambassador and asked him to tell me very frankly whether or not Germany was desirous of peace. His reply was that he believed his government to be earnestly desirous of making an "honorable" peace. His Excellency listened, with bowed head, as I told him frankly that the German peace proposals of the previous week, with boastings and threats, were as bad as anything could be.

I asked him whether or not, in view of my friendly relations with the church leaders in Berlin, it would be appropriate for me to send a message to the Foreign Office and to the chancellor, stating the grounds on which I felt that a peace, honorable to all concerned, might be secured. He said that he would be very glad to send such a message by wireless, and he added, "You must remember, however, that the Government has the popular sentiment of the people to deal with." I feel sure von Bernstorff hoped that his government would make some such reply as I had outlined to him. He nodded assent as I read it.

Recognizing the delicacy of the situation, we decided that I ought not to send such a communication without the knowledge of my own government. I took the proposed message to William Phillips, Assistant Secretary of State. He conferred with Secretary Robert Lansing for some time and returned saying that the Secretary felt that he should not express any judgment in the matter. It thus appeared evident that Mr. Lansing had no objections.¹⁶

I returned for lunch with Herr von Bernstorff and the

¹⁶ In his volume *Bryan and World Peace*, Professor Curti calls attention to the fact that an effort was made to prove Mr. Bryan a violator of the Logan Act for a somewhat similar procedure. This act forbids, to a private citizen, "negotiation" with a foreign power unless by the authority of his own government. Professor Curti intimates that had Mr. Bryan taken a similar course to my own he would have been open to the charge of violating this act.

While, of course, my procedure was in no sense "negotiation," probably it was only the caution exercised in giving information to the State Department that saved me from the charge of having been at least practically vulnerable.

Countess. As a result of further conference the following wireless was sent to Dr. Zimmermann of the Foreign Office in Berlin and to Chancellor von Bethmann-Hollweg on December 18, 1916, it being made clear that it was entirely personal:

I would most earnestly urge that you reply to Allies' note as follows:

1. Omit all reference to causes and responsibility for the beginning of the war.
2. Omit all reference to victories.
3. Confine the statement to the following propositions:
 - a. Germany is willing to leave all matters relating to territory and indemnities to be decided by conference, either of the warring nations, or in conference with the United States and other neutral nations.
 - b. Germany proposes to enter such conference for the purpose of providing for general disarmament, a league of nations, a world court or other provisions which will insure eternal peace between all nations.

If Germany can issue a statement like this, free from all references which would tend to aggravate the situation, I am sure all our moral and religious agencies and forces would immediately urge upon the peoples of all the nations an immediate cessation of the war. The statement should be frank, unqualified and without conditions other than those I have named.

I profoundly believe that Germany has an opportunity to render a service to the world, such as no other nation ever had. It will be worth all it costs. Even if it fails, you will have done your duty.

Please consult with Deissmann and Siegmund-Schultze.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

The following wireless message was sent also to Professor Adolf Deissmann and Rev. F. Siegmund-Schultze:

Please consult immediately, if appropriate, with church leaders in Germany, also with Zimmermann and von Bethmann-Hollweg

concerning message which I have just sent through Count von Bernstorff.

If you think it wise please send me a message giving your views regarding my proposals.

If something of this kind can be done immediately I believe we can arouse the enthusiasm of the American people through the churches so that peace may be brought about.

CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

In 1919, at the World Alliance meeting in Oude Wasse-naer, Holland, in a conversation with Dr. Deissmann, lasting well into the morning hours, he expressed deep regret that the religious leaders in the United States had not made adequate efforts to secure peace before declaring war. He was amazed when I informed him of our many efforts. The wireless communications to himself and Dr. Siegmund-Schultze had never been delivered to them. As he wrote me later, he went to the Foreign Office and found these messages. In a volume published some time after this, Dr. Deissmann expresses the warmest appreciation of this effort to avoid further conflict and find the way to peace. Not a few of the religious leaders in Germany have expressed the judgment that, had some such course as I urged been followed, Germany might have at least mitigated the disaster which ultimately overwhelmed her.

Perhaps I ought to add that on November 6, 1916, I had also informed President Wilson of my interviews with Ambassador von Bernstorff. Mr. Wilson remarked that that was entirely appropriate, and that all our moral forces should be utilized, but he added, with a good deal of significance, "Do not trust von Bernstorff too much." This conversation took place at the so-called summer White House, Shadow Lawn, New Jersey, on the occasion of a visit to the President, at the request of Mr. Ignace Paderewski, who had requested

me to go with him to present proposals connected with relief in Poland. Further reference will be made to this interview. Later on, January 31, 1917, I wrote President Wilson informing him of the effort I had made, although I presume Secretary Lansing may have already done so.

The question arises: was von Bernstorff acting in honesty? My feeling is that, in this instance at least, he was. He saw things more objectively than the Foreign Office in Berlin. He knew that the entrance of the United States into the war would spell defeat, and he was well aware of the growing sentiment. He pinned his hopes, both for the preclusion of our going to war and for negotiations leading to early peace, on the re-election of Wilson. I saw him the morning of the day when it was thought that Hughes had been elected. He was in a tremor of excitement and said: "Let us hope that California will turn the scale," as he sat at the long-distance telephone. When it was learned that Wilson had been elected he told me that he believed our hopes might now be realized.

I have been interested recently to find that my judgments regarding von Bernstorff have important support. Robert Lansing, in his memoirs, says that the German government did not heed von Bernstorff's good advice at the time he delivered the German note on submarine warfare. At the same time he says that von Bernstorff was sly.

Willis J. Abbott¹⁷ writes that he met the German ambassador at this time and says, "I am convinced that had there been as much intelligence, friendliness and real diplomacy in the Wilhelmstrasse as von Bernstorff manifested, the United States might have been left out," and "when his own government pushed the United States into war, he incurred the displeasure of his Foreign Office for not having averted that action." Some years after, also, a member of the German cabinet gave me the same view, adding some very forceful

¹⁷ *Watching the World Go By*, by Willis J. Abbott, Little, Brown & Co., 1933.

judgments regarding the ineptitude of von Jagow and the blundering of Zimmermann.

In the early part of 1917, when von Bernstorff was leaving by way of Canada, his trunks were seized by United States government officials. A friend of mine learned, through one of the secret service agents, that my correspondence was among his effects, and expressed the judgment that if the press should get their hands upon these documents, they might be used in such a way as to create misunderstanding so far as I was concerned. I telephoned the State Department and was assured that they were entirely understood and would not be given to the press. I should have had no objection whatever to such publicity, had it not been for the danger of misrepresentation by the sensational papers.

On December 28, 1916, Bishop Luther B. Wilson, Dr. Lynch and I waited upon Ambassador Cecil Spring Rice in Washington to sound him out as to the British attitude toward peace proposals. I shall never forget the manner in which Sir Arthur received me. There was fire in his eye and voice as he said, "Yes, sir, we know you, Dr. Macfarland, and we know all about your visit to Berlin. Yes, sir, we know all about you." Not having any difficulty in keeping quiet and calm if the other man will only get excited first, I replied, with exceeding urbanity, that I was not at all sure as to the completeness or accuracy of his information. I do not know to this day what his reception meant. I suspect, however, that the mere fact of a visit to Berlin created, in the mind of a diplomat, the idea that it must have had something to do with diplomacy. Moreover, churches were supposed by political leaders simply to follow the nation, in war or anything else.

The next day, however, I received a very pleasant handwritten letter from Sir Arthur, expressing contrition, indicat-

ing that he had spoken in the heat of the moment, saying that he wished I would keep him informed as to the feeling and action of the churches, and that he had reported my visit to his government. He graciously referred to my analysis of public opinion as coming from "an authoritative source."

In his conversation with us, it seemed clear that his main desire was the entrance of the United States into the war, and he feared we might be the means of delaying it.

Had peace been made at this time, it would not have been that of Versailles and might possibly have come nearer fulfilling the purposes of those who conceived the conflict as "a war to end war."

In January, 1917, I had further correspondence with Dr. Deissmann, who was, as I have learned, acting with the consent of the German Foreign Office. Germany and the Allies had responded to President Wilson's inquiry. The temper of the German government and people is clearly indicated by the following wireless message conveyed to me January 16th, through the German ambassador:

To Dr. Charles S. Macfarland:

The Evangelical churches in Germany, like the entire nation and the rest of mankind, are still standing under the deep impression made by the peace proposals which, independent of each other, were undertaken last month, first by our government, then by the neutrals with President Wilson in the lead. There was hardly a pulpit in the country from which, during the holidays, these far reaching and most noteworthy historic events were not referred to in some form or other. Everywhere throughout the whole land, the step of our government is regarded as an honest and loyal attempt to end this bloody conflict and therefore it should have our hearty sympathy and support. Made at a time of unusual military successes, this action we believe is a token of political as well as moral strength and greatness. It stands to reason that our government should answer President Wilson's note as well as those sent by Switzerland and the Scandinavian countries, with utmost rapidity, deeply respecting and heartily supporting their suggestions.

The long deliberations of our opponents on their answer is a symptom of the startling and perplexing effect the diplomatic step of Germany and neutral states had upon them.

That their answer was given in a repulsive way was not surprising, neither their renewed attempts to blame Germany for having begun war and thereby to stir up passions by reviving old and new atrocity tales. As a nation trained through experiences of the past, we are not in the least disturbed thereby, but will leave the final verdict on these questions to history. For the continuance of this murderous conflict, however, those must be held answerable who spurned the outstretched hand. We know that it will cost fresh streams of blood and that precious human lives will be lost, but in manly resolve and unswerving confidence we look forward and what, on account of the implacability of our enemies, could not be accomplished by peaceful negotiations, we are ready to bring to an end through deeds.

The spirit of our people is thereby sufficiently characterized: We are fully aware of the tragedy of the situation but are unshaken in our confidence.

In the Centennial of the Reformation 1917, we defy all enemies with Luther's words: *Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel waer* (and were this world all devils). The question as to any hopeful signs is also answered herewith: Germany's willingness to enter into peace negotiations, together with the efforts of President Wilson, Switzerland, and the Scandinavian countries, is the first signal-fire telling us after the long stormy night, "Land in sight." It is to be hoped that, through international relationship, Christianity will be essentially furthered through this effort toward peace and my express wish is that the bond of fellowship between Germany and the United States may be strengthened thereby, not only politically, but also spiritually.

May God bless your own sincere endeavors in behalf of international Christianity during this new year and may, from the efforts of Federal Council, a life and light-giving stream of love continue to flow into this dark world of ours.

ADOLF DEISSMANN.

My procedure, as recorded above, while entirely personal, was in accord with the attitude of the Federal Council. Very

few of the responsible church leaders were desirous of either prolonging the conflict or of plunging our nation into it. My mature judgment is that had the German government made some such reply to President Wilson as I urged, the response of the Allies would have been different. The United States would not have been dragged into the war. And this being so, Adolf Hitler would not now be the despot of Germany and a League of Nations would be guiding the destinies of Europe.

CHAPTER VIII

WAR AT CLOSE RANGE, 1917-1918

THE charge that Woodrow Wilson deceitfully led us into the war, for economic and commercial reasons, now being made by certain members of Congress, is, in my opinion, not worthy of any consideration. Neutrality became impossible, just as we are now finding it to be, in our efforts to frame legislation to meet the same situation.

It had become evident in January, 1917, that the President had about given up hope. Mr. Bryan told me at St. Louis, in December, that it was practically settled, and urged that as a reason why we should send him to Europe. On the thirty-first day of January, I wrote the President the kind of message that I had sent to him, from time to time on occasions of stress and strain, and received the following reply:

2 February, 1917.

THE WHITE HOUSE

Washington, D. C.

My dear Dr. Macfarland:

Your letter of the 31st has given me a great deal of cheer. Just now it looks as if the cause of peace were all but desperate, but words of encouragement such as you are generous enough to send help immensely in these dark hours.

Cordially and sincerely yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

When I saw him, not long after, his words of regret were uttered with a sadness and earnestness which could have come from none other than an honest heart.

The attitude of the Federal Council upon the occasion of the President's declaration of war, and its procedure during the war, have been fully recorded in several volumes.¹

Upon the occasion of a conference with President Wilson, regarding the appointment of chaplains, I asked him for personal advice, intimating that I was prepared to accept any task that might be the most useful. His answer was very explicit: "Dr. Macfarland, your service, and that of other men in similar positions, is to stand right by your posts."

I had, however, the duty of rendering some rather special war service. There were many difficulties to be surmounted in securing adequate moral and religious care of our soldiers. Arrangements were immediately made with the War Department, whereby the Federal Council should undertake responsibility for the Protestant bodies. Our main difficulties came from military bureaucracy. It took about two weeks to untangle the red tape and get the files from the War Department into our Washington office, and it required strenuous measures to accomplish it. After exasperating delay, I took a man over with me, went to Adjutant-General McCain and told him we were both able-bodied, that we were there prepared to take the files by force, and that we had a truck and truckman ready to do it. He smilingly acquiesced. At times we had four or five hundred pastors waiting to be appointed as chaplains. On one occasion, at a military luncheon in Washington, I said, "It seems to me extremely unfortunate that so important and delicate a matter as war has to be carried on by military men." At one time, when we needed more chaplains than the law provided, I discovered

¹ *The Progress of Church Federation, The Churches of Christ in Time of War, Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy.*

a measure authorizing the President to increase army officers in case of emergency. A call at the White House resulted in an immediate order by President Wilson, who was always quick to respond to such requests.

We immediately saw the need of a chaplains' school. Dr. Worth M. Tippy, with other associates, took it up with the War Department, and the school was finally authorized to be set up at Fort Monroe. I was invited to its opening in March, 1918, to give an address, in company with Father Lewis O'Herne of the Catholic chaplain agency. Upon arriving at Fort Monroe I discovered that, due to mutual hostility between the chaplain in charge of the school and his commanding officer, the school had been ordered to remove to Fort Screven, located somewhere off the coast of Georgia. I urged the commanding officer at Fort Monroe to permit the opening of the school there on Sunday. He finally agreed, but said it would be transferred to Fort Screven the next day. As soon as the school was opened, I repaired to Washington and asked Mr. Benedict Crowell, Acting Secretary of War, where Fort Screven was. He did not know, and had never heard of it. I replied, "Neither have I." I then told the whole story. Mr. Crowell said, "What procedure would you propose?" I expressed the judgment that the present session of the school should continue at Fort Monroe, and that meanwhile consideration should be given to a proper location. Mr. Crowell was unable to discover how on earth it happened that the school was ordered to Fort Screven, and it was continued at Fort Monroe for a month, much to the discomfiture of the commanding officer, who charged me with having "double-crossed" him. The school was later transferred to Camp Taylor.

This incident illustrates the kind of problems we were constantly facing in the War Department. On the other hand, the denominational agencies also made a good deal of trouble

for commanding officers, especially in connection with the influx of denominational camp pastors. A commanding officer once telegraphed asking me to "get them from under foot."

In 1917, the French government and the French Protestant Federation had sent Chaplains Georges Lauga and Victor Monod to the United States. These two chaplains, with whom I traveled widely, made a very fine impression on our churches and people, and it was through conference with them, that the relief work was so organized as to secure proper distribution of several million dollars, ultimately, for the rehabilitation of the French churches.

Among my duties outside the realm of constant secretarial administration, were visitations to the Chaplains' School and camps, and addresses early in 1918, under the auspices of the "Committee on the Moral Aims of the War," including mass meetings over the entire state of Florida, in company with Rev. Clarence A. Vincent. We gave constructive messages, mine setting forth the moral aims with which the United States entered the war, on which Dr. Vincent based his appeal for a League of Nations.

WITH THE ARMIES IN FRANCE

In April, I received a message from André Tardieu, French High Commissioner in Washington, conveying, in behalf of the French government, an invitation to visit France and the Franco-American front. The administrative committee voted that I should accept it: "To inquire into the situation regarding the Chaplains and the American Army; to confer with the workers of the American Red Cross; to look carefully into the conditions of the French churches."

Pastor André Monod, who was in charge of my mission, described the circumstances in these words: "It was one of the darkest hours, if not *the* darkest hour in the War. The

German armies were rapidly approaching the gates of Paris. The city was under bombardment by day and by night. The soldiers at the front were very weary. The French people, while maintaining their calmness and courage, were nerve-racked. The supreme question of the moment was: Will the American army arrive in time? . . .

"The German army had broken the Allied lines and made a new advance upon the Marne. A formidable German attack was in preparation on the Champagne front. When this Commissioner of tall stature, received with honors by the French government, appeared, and when we had had the chance of hearing him at Paris, at Verdun, in Lorraine, in Alsace, at the most distant points of the front, from the Sea to the Vosges, in the Huguenot Cevennes, France felt that the spirit of America had found its interpreter. . . . One felt in the acclamations of the crowd the passionate joy of the mothers, happy to feel that their sons would without doubt be spared in the last assaults, thanks to the influx of young troops from America. The moral aims of the war, defined in terms a little abstract by President Wilson, revealed themselves clearly in Dr. Macfarland's speeches."

The Secretary of War cabled my introduction to General Pershing. The Boy Scouts of America appointed me as a commissioner to the Boy Scouts of France and to General Pershing and the army.

I took passage on *L'Espagne*, June 11, 1918, the day after a large number of American ships had gone down off the Atlantic coast, under the attacks of a submarine. We zig-zagged our way, arriving at Bordeaux the twenty-first of June. I was met by Chaplain Victor Monod, M. Jacques Dumas, Attorney for the Government (representing the French Protestant Committee), the members of the Presbytery of Bordeaux, and representatives of other bodies. In Paris, June 22nd, I was welcomed by an official of the Foreign

Office, accompanied by several distinguished citizens. Headquarters were in a government suite at the Hotel de Crillon, the last American occupant of which had been Secretary Newton D. Baker. A military car was placed at my disposal.

Visits were first made to practically all the Protestant institutions and the historic churches. On June 25th, when reports indicated the presence of the last contingent of the first million soldiers of America, I was introduced to M. Clemenceau.

On June 27th, luncheon was arranged at the home of Jules Siegfried (Senior Member of the Chamber of Deputies), the windows of which had all been shattered by a bomb the night before. In the evening I was received by President Poincaré, to whom I presented the message to the French people. He noted some of its striking sentences and ordered it printed in the *Official Journal*. This is said to have been the first time the French Government had given official recognition to an ecclesiastical representative.

A luncheon by Ambassador William G. Sharp, a reception by Marshal Joffre and a visit to Generals Niox and Mallerterre at the Hotel des Invalides, closing with an address at the *Cercle Artistique et Littéraire*, was the next day's program.

On Sunday morning, June 30th, a service was held at the American Church, addressed by Ambassador Sharp, Chaplain Victor Monod, Rev. Wilfred Monod, Rev. Chauncey W. Goodrich, and myself. At the meeting in the afternoon, at the Church of the Oratoire, the edifice was packed, with hundreds outside. President Poincaré sent a member of his personal staff. At its close the Divinity Faculty conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity, this being the first occasion when the doctorate had ever been given in France, *honoris causa*. The day following I was received by the Boy Scouts of France under the presidency of General de Berckheim, and elected a Member of Honor.

On the fourth of July, I was with the throng that re-

viewed the American troops as they swung into the Place de la Concorde, and in the evening addressed a gathering of American soldiers at an aeroplane camp.

Among the events of the week was the meeting of representatives of all the Protestant organizations, at the French Protestant library.

Paris was raided by the German *avions* once or twice every night. I saw two bombs fall nearby, one in the Place Vendôme. Meanwhile, the great Bertha was booming and creating far more havoc than was reported in the newspapers. The Germans were getting close to Paris. I received word from the Foreign Office to keep my trunks packed, as the seat of government might be changed at any moment.

The government and War Department detailed Major Gérard DeGanay, Chaplain Victor Monod, and Professor John Vienot, to accompany me to the front. My designation was "volunteer chaplain." Two days were spent at the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces at Chaumont, with Senior Chaplain Charles H. Brent, and the Chaplains' School was visited. On Sunday, July 7th, I presented the messages of the churches and the Boy Scouts of America to General Pershing, and complied with his request to cable for more chaplains. A reception was tendered by General Ragueneau, and a service was held in which Chaplain Brent, General Ragueneau and other officers participated.

I recommended to the War Office the appointment of a liaison Protestant chaplain, and my suggestion resulted in the later appointment of Victor Monod.

On July 8th the "American Mission," as it came to be known, started for ruined Verdun. At Souilly a memorial service was held at the American graves there. On July 9th an impressive service was held, twenty feet underground within the Citadel at Verdun, which was attended by General Hirschauer and his staff, two generals of division, about a

dozen French chaplains, and a large gathering of officers and soldiers of the French Army. A group of Roman Catholic and Hebrew chaplains presented me with testimonials.

Movements on this occasion were accelerated somewhat, as the German gunners, who were shelling Fort Vaux, turned their fire on us several times between Fort Douaumont and Verdun. One evening at dinner, as the shells dropped on the mound over our heads, Colonel De Hay remarked "we are having quite a hail storm."

Our next objective was reconquered Alsace and the Vosges mountains. We were tendered receptions by the several division generals, at Toul, devastated Nancy, and Pont-à-Mousson, then under fire. We were soon in sight of the German lines, at Amance, then on to Luneville and Gerardmer. From the trench observatory at Hohneck I could see the German trenches by telescope. Religious services, attended by civilians and soldiers, were held at Nancy, Gerardmer and Wesseling, lunches and dinners were given by the French generals, at which American generals were also present. Conferences were held with American chaplains, their needs being telegraphed to headquarters.

At St. Amarin the entire population came out, headed by the mayor and council and the school children sang the Star Spangled Banner in English. A welcome was extended by the governor of Alsace, and at Moosch young girls in Alsatian costume presented flowers, proudly receiving the *accolade* in return. At Thann, within a mile of the German lines, then under bombardment, three hundred school children held exercises under the patronage of the mayor and council, after which service was held in the bombarded church. M. Scheurer, senator of Alsace, extended a welcome and Chaplain Henri Monnier read an address in the name of the Alsatians. The Roman Catholic curé of Thann also received the mission. After lunch with Commandant Poulet, Chief of the

Administration of Alsace, Rougemont was visited and a meeting was held with a large gathering of American chaplains of the division, at La Chapelle, resulting in more cables and telegrams concerning their lack of needed equipment.

Sunday morning, July 14th, the great French national day was fittingly observed in St. George's Temple, Montbeliard, by an overflowing audience. At Valentigney, an evening gathering, mainly of industrial workers, accorded a tumultuous reception, in both the hall and the streets.

Paris was reached on July 16th, just as word had come of the German retreat before the victorious counter-offensive of General Foch, which began that day. The city now awaited the final shock. On July 17th, at a luncheon given by André Tardieu at the *Cercle des Alliés*, many distinguished Frenchmen were met, including Jules Cambon, former ambassador to Germany, André Weiss (later judge of the International Court), and other representatives of the government. It was reported that my addresses were being broadcast over Europe, by wireless into Germany, and by airplanes among the German soldiers; that they had been translated into German and were being sent into Germany through Switzerland.

The capital was in a feverish state. The Germans were again attacking, the aviators were bombarding the city by night, and the Bertha by day. My chauffeur entered so heartily into my daily plans that he upset them by crashing into an American military car. He was jailed for the offense, and I went to see about getting him out, but learned from his wife that he regarded his incarceration as a sort of vacation. The evenings were spent in interviews and in visits to the French Y.W.C.A., and similar gatherings. Soldiers, both French and American, were visited daily in the hospitals. Conferences were held with M. Pichon, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and other government leaders.

Cables were sent urging more chaplains for both army and

Red Cross and other messages calculated to arouse speedy action on the American side of the water, in caring for those interests for which the churches were responsible.

Warm invitations had come from Nîmes and the Cevennes district that the representative of the American churches should come to that part of France which is still Huguenot *par excellence*, and on July 23rd, accompanied by Chaplain Victor Monod, I arrived at Nîmes and was met at the railroad station by the mayor and distinguished citizens and pastors. The first reception was at Aigues-Mortes, by the mayor and council, after which a service was held in the Church, and the famous Tower of Constance, where Huguenot women were imprisoned in the 18th century, was visited. At the Temple of the Oratoire in Nîmes, twenty-five hundred people were jammed inside and many hundreds were outside.

At St. Jean du Gard, the mayor, council, pastors and the Roman Catholic priests were the reception committee. The factories, shops and schools in the entire district had been closed; special permission had been given by the Roman Catholic authorities for their people to attend the various meetings. The service in the Temple was attended by over three thousand. An outdoor afternoon gathering was held in the famous Huguenot "Desert," to which the people had come from many miles around. One of the ancient portable pulpits had been carried out to the meeting place. Banners and French and American flags floated on all sides. The roads throughout the district were lined with people.

Perhaps the greatest meeting was the one at Anduze on the evening of July 25th. The large Temple was filled to suffocation, with crowds outside.

A graphic account of the visit to the Huguenot "Desert," by the Honorary Prefect, M. Hugues, is found in the Magazine of the Historical Society. I will quote from it as representing the spirit of this entire experience:

Since morning, from village, from hamlet, from all the neighboring churches, from cove and knoll and hillock, by all the roads, the crowd of the faithful had taken the well-known way to their Museum.

Inscriptions bore a welcome to the delegate from America: "Welcome to Dr. Macfarland, July 25th, 1918!" Acclamations resounded from all sides: "*Vive l'Amérique!*"

Clad in the khaki of the American army, very tall, with the breadth of shoulder characteristic of powerful speakers, voice well placed and carrying to the extremities of the grove, he expressed himself, now in French, and in his mother tongue, when he found that he could more easily give in the latter the development of his thought, his manner of speech quite unadorned, even in moments of inner emotion, not afraid to be humorous, Dr. Macfarland gave an address which held the whole assembly breathless with feeling. . . .

Resting his hand on the worn and yellowed old Bible of the great Calvinist leader Roland, he avowed:

"I take an oath of loyalty to Huguenot France. With my hand on this Bible, doubly sacred by its character and by the memories attached to it, I implore God to let me be His humble instrument in the work of spiritual coöperation between the French and American churches."

The increasing emotion of that multitude of listeners, the intensity of its attention, the thunder of its applause, the beauty of the setting, the associations connected with this valley and these mountains, only those who were present at this gathering can, by an effort of will, call up again and retain, or live over, the thrill of those unforgettable hours.

The next few days were spent in conferences and addresses at the various foyers in Paris, and included an animated forenoon with Maurice Barrès, of the French Academy, France's great literary interpreter of the war.

THE BELGIAN FRONT

Meanwhile a message had come from the Belgian government, inviting me to visit the seat of the Government, the

King, and the Belgian army. Chaplain-in-Chief Pierre Blommaert was appointed by the Belgian Secretary of War as escort, and we left for Havre on the 4th of August. After a visit to the American camp, official visits were made to Minister of State Count Goblet d'Alviella, Prime Minister Cooreman, Minister of Foreign Affairs Paul Hymans, Minister of Justice Carton de Wiart, and our own Brand Whitlock. The next day we started for the Belgian front, stopping at Etretat to pay a visit to General Leman, the hero of Liége, and also at St. Omer, the headquarters of the British army.

August 7th, the devastated regions were visited, after which we were received at general headquarters by the chief, Lieut. General Gillain. In the forenoon, at a memorable conference with King Albert, a message to the Belgian army and people was presented. The King responded with words of warm appreciation, urging me to spend as much time as possible among his brave soldiers, who had spent all these years away from their homes and families, in the trenches. The message was ordered printed in the *Official Journal*.

After a visit to the Minister of War, Lieut. General De Ceuninck, a meeting with his staff, and a conference with a group of Belgian chaplains, a visit was made to the general headquarters of the Fourth Division, where Lieut. General Michel was in waiting. Conducted by Commandant Goethals, the Dixmude Sector was visited, and we went through about five miles of trenches, meeting many of the Belgian soldiers with a cheery greeting, and often being within a few yards of the German outposts across the Yser. On one occasion the top of my helmet evidently revealed itself above the wall and a bullet was the greeting.

Ruined sections were again visited, and an interesting call was made upon Major Galet, the King's adjutant, at the King's home. The adjutant was a Protestant, of fundamentalist tendencies, and I found him there in the midst of shot and

shell, studying the Old Testament prophecies in their bearing on current events.

The return was made by way of Dunquerque and Calais (then under constant air bombardment), Boulogne, Abbéville and Dieppe.

The visit to the Belgian front was not without interest, as at many points there was considerable exchange of shell fire and every evening the German aviators were passing over the headquarters on their way to bombard Dunquerque or Calais. Indeed, I experienced a good deal of what actual warfare and trench life meant, and was with a detachment which was engaged in shelling Dixmude.

At Havre, I lunched with Paul Hymans, Minister of Foreign Affairs (afterward President of the League of Nations); Minister Whitlock, and other officials at the seat of the Belgian government. I arranged with the government for a return mission, by Chaplain Blommaert, to America, which eventuated shortly after. Brand Whitlock's stories of the German occupation were both tragic and humorous. He was loved by the Belgians and I was sadly disappointed in my efforts, later, to get President Harding to reappoint him. I corresponded with him until his death.

General Pershing had invited me to visit with the American soldiers, who were winning such laurels all along the front, and on Sunday, August 11th, I returned to Chaumont. The next few days were spent on the hottest part of the American front, along the Marne and between the Marne and the Vesle, visits being made with Senior Chaplain Brent to the American divisions quartered or fighting at Chateau Thierry, Serpy, Fère-en-Tardenois, Seringes and Fismes. Villages were passed in which not one wall was left standing. Lunch was taken with the sadly depleted forces of Colonel Frank McCoy of the 165th Regiment; and with General

George B. Duncan and Staff, of the 77th Division at Fère-en-Tardenois, in the Chateau just entered by General Duncan after its abandonment by General Ludendorff. A visit was paid to General Dickman, and several of the American chaplains. The American boys were just then at their best and I saw them, after being once repulsed by gas, making their way back into Fismes, the most northern point which they had reached at that time. At Chamery, with Chaplain Brent, and our chauffeur, service was held at the grave of Quentin Roosevelt.

A VISIT TO MARSHAL FOCH

In my first visit to M. Clemenceau, I had given him a message to convey to Marshal Foch, observing that undoubtedly the Marshal would be "too busy to receive visitors." On my return to the capital I found a message stating that Marshal Foch was "glad indeed to see the message, but would also very much like to see the messenger." Therefore, on Thursday, August 15th, accompanied by François Monod, a visit was made to the Marshal's unknown headquarters at Sarcus.

The commander-in-chief had just prepared the operations which were to culminate, in September, in the rupture of the Hindenburg line and the re-taking of positions held by the German army since 1914. At Sarcus on the 7th of August, the attack of St. Mihiel was worked out with General Pershing. Marshal Foch was in conference with Marshal Douglas Haig when we arrived, and we were involuntary listeners, on one of those occasions when there was temporary conflict with one of the associated commanders. And if we could judge by the countenance and bearing of the British commander, as he responded to our salute on the way out, he had not gained his point. That afternoon's controversy could hardly have been over any minor detail.

The Marshal was in a room containing no furniture other than some straw-bottomed chairs. On the table there was a large note-book. His face was serene; his eyes expressed gentleness, his almost embarrassed manner made the impression of timidity. I gave him the message of the Christians of America to the People of France. The general situation was discussed. He spoke of the effective collaboration between the commands of the Allied armies. "Everything is quiet for the moment," he said, "but we shall soon be resuming our activity!"

An invitation to tea was accepted and we joined General Weygand and Colonel (now General) Desticker, and another officer. The Marshal inquired as to what was going on in America. We talked mainly about the religious forces in the United States and their work during the war. M. Monod describes the farewell in these words: "The parting of the great general and the messenger of religion was deeply touching, not only to them, but to the surrounding staff, and ended with a simultaneous *Dieu vous bénisse* from both, as they clasped hands."

Marshal Foch expressed the wish that I should see ruined Montdidier. The road bore the marks of violent fighting; the city was literally reduced to fragments.

While we were at Clermont, several bombs fell on the village, and we were led down into a cave to wait until the danger was over. The return to Paris was made at great speed by way of St. Just, Creil and the forest of Chantilly. It was also the line followed by German *avions*. In the villages, people were on the steps, all lights extinguished, awaiting the usual raid. Our chauffeur, in order to get on more rapidly, put on the lights and tore by police stations. The inhabitants threw stones at us, fearing that the lights would attract bombs. German aviators kept us company a large part of the way, dropping an occasional bomb unpleasantly close.

CLOSING DAYS

August 18th, I went to Troyes where an impressive Franco-American demonstration was held in the temple, which was filled to overflowing.

I left Paris, August 21st, accompanied by André Monod, to visit the churches and institutions of the southwestern part of France. At the temple in Laforce, an address and message to be conveyed to President Wilson was presented. I sailed on the *Rochambeau* August 25th. I had covered about four thousand miles, largely in a heavy, solid-tired military car, over almost the entire front, from Switzerland to Belgium. I was prevented from having any fears of frequent neighborly shells, by my constant concern about the velocity of my car. My chauffeur, even on military roads filled with trucks and lorries, considered seventy miles an hour about normal. My stateroom was filled with enough relics, volumes and illuminated addresses to stock a museum. Later came the medals of Officer of the Legion of Honor and the Order of Leopold. The Huguenot Cross was presented, *in absentia*, to my wife and daughter.

But these did not leave the deepest impressions. I had been in the base and field hospitals, with their suffering humanity, the trenches and dug-outs, where the men had to live almost like the lower animals. Laying aside the ideals for which men fight, the fighting itself today has lost all its glory. In the battles of the air there is still sportsmanship, but this fades out when bombs are dropped upon defenceless people. How any man who actually saw it as I did, can for one moment justify war, as such, is beyond my comprehension.

To be sure, the mechanical genius and skill revealed, as Marshal Foch showed me his maps, located the various forces on them and pointed to the division whose distant guns we



AT VERDUN, JULY 9, 1918

Said General Hirschauer: "Our demolished cathedral and church are visible symbols of the moral and spiritual destructiveness of war." It was my pleasure to see the church rebuilt.

Center, General Hirschauer, Rev. Prof. John Vienot, the author.



Nancy, July 1918, with Professor Vienot, Pastor Cleisz and Chaplain Victor Monod
After witnessing one after another of the devastated churches along the front, I resolved to assume responsibility

heard at the moment, was impressive, until the Marshal, with evident genuine feeling, expressed his sorrow that so many of our American soldiers had been sacrificed, because of their courage and rashness in attack. He made it clear that he was not likely to sacrifice any lives when once the Germans were driven from the soil of France.

While my addresses to the French and Belgian people and to their soldiers at the front were at points severe, they were not, I feel sure, un-Christian. I occasionally hear ministers declare that they will never "bless" another war. Well, I am not called upon to make that pledge, for I never thought of blessing a war. Indeed, I remember one occasion when I had addressed a large gathering, which included both French and American officers and soldiers, on which the American commanding officer came to me at the close with two observations. First of all, he said, "You speak French a great deal better than these Frenchmen, for I can understand your French and I have great difficulty with theirs." He then expressed his gratification for an address appropriate to a Christian minister. He declared, with considerable earnestness, that they were tired of hearing ministers of the gospel rant and rave. He referred to one whom he had heard not long before, and said, "I left the meeting because he was so completely anti-Christian." The man he mentioned is today one of our most violent pacifists.

Julian de Narfon wrote in *La Revue Hebdomadaire*:

That which has brought the most astonishment to us, in the case of America, is, I believe, the profoundly religious character of its participation in the world war. A few weeks ago there came to France a man whom M. Maurice Prax has called "The Messenger of Souls." His visit was of great spiritual power. "Do nations have souls?" This was the question which he asked and answered, while with us. "The soul of the Nation": this was a familiar expression. It was dealt with in a profoundly religious sense in his discourse the 30th of June at the Church of the Oratoire. The

distinctively religious character of his mission naturally served its highest purpose in strengthening the bonds existing between Protestantism in America and France.

The *Echo de Paris* said:

One sentence, filled with truth, stands out from the midst of the beautiful message of the Christians of America to the people of France: "In this fellowship of the nations, which now unites our country, we feel beating the pulse of the Society of Nations, the object of our prayers."

I am not sorry to have had this experience. Through it I know something of the influences of war. Undoubtedly there were men, perhaps many men, in our armed forces, who had deeply spiritual experiences and who were made better men through them, but when we consider the effect of war on men and on women it is for the most part beastly. Codes of conduct and morals are largely thrown to the winds. I saw something of secret service methods, and of the absolute want of truth in issuing statements to the army and to the people. The sights of suffering which I witnessed were bad enough, the shrapnel-ridden and shell-shocked men in the improvised hospitals at the front, but all that is almost insignificant compared with the moral influence of an army at war. The service of our chaplains was on the whole highly commendable, and for the most part I think they were free from vitiating experiences and influences.

But would I pursue the same course again? That is not an easy question to answer, except to say that, under seemingly like circumstances, and with the same knowledge that we common people had then, I suspect I should do about the same, personally. That we all should now make distinctions as to the part that the church, as such, should assume, goes without saying. One thing is clear, we are far from having these questions dismissed from our minds, as we thought they

might be on November 11, 1918. And this leads to a word regarding diplomacy and diplomats. While some of the American ambassadors, ministers and subordinates whom I have seen before, during and since the war, have been men of high standing, our diplomatic service, taken as a whole, has not been at a high level of efficiency, due to the pernicious system of political rewards. It is now clear that there is no such thing as neutrality and we need to rely upon wise and consecrated diplomacy.

During all this time, my mind was on the future, in the effort to be ready, when the time should come, for the rebuilding of a shattered world, in which I coveted a part. Had more of the world's diplomats looked farther ahead, the ultimate issue would have been very different from what it has been.

I was struck by one remarkable contrast. I suppose I heard at least two hundred addresses and prayers by French Christian leaders. I cannot recall one which breathed violence. They were calm and, it is not too much to say, peaceful. I remember especially, at Verdun, Pastor Barraud, whose church and manse were in ashes, and Elie Gounelle, whose son had been killed. Both were restrained and sweet-spirited.

I fear that most of the fierceness let loose was contributed by some American clergymen.

CHAPTER IX

RELIGION AND RECONSTRUCTION, 1918-1931

WHATEVER may be said in criticism of the churches for their war-time attitude, they have not fallen down in their efforts for the restoration of a dismembered world.

Shortly after the armistice, I advocated a protest against the blockade which was causing so much innocent suffering in Germany, and one of the first movements projected was the institution of a committee to co-operate with General Henry T. Allen for the relief of German families and especially the children.

A large share of time and service was given to raising funds for the French churches, and in 1918 I was responsible for launching a campaign to rebuild those in the devastated areas, with the assistance of William Sloane Coffin, who gave himself to this work with earnestness and effectiveness. Practically all of the churches were rebuilt and a headquarters building secured in Paris for the French Protestant Federation. The church at St. Quentin, the cornerstone of which I laid July 18th, 1920, and the dedication sermon of which I preached in 1922, was, I believe, the first public building to be erected in the Aisne region. I had seen the churches at Verdun, Chateau Thierry and many other spots in ashes, in 1918, and it was gratifying, a few years after, to have a share in their restoration.

I had, in January, 1916, recommended provision for a world conference of the churches to follow the close of the war. Word came from the Swiss churches and from Archbishop Soederblom of Sweden in 1919, voicing the same hope. In September, 1919, at the meeting of the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, at Oude Wassenaer, Holland, these proposals were presented and a committee consisting of Archbishop Soederblom, Dean Herold of Switzerland and myself prepared the plan, the results of which are recorded in my previous volume.¹

I regarded the resulting privilege of convening the conference in Geneva in 1920, as the most significant service with which I have had any connection. From it developed the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work.

When Adolf Keller came to the Federal Council, representing the Swiss churches, in May, 1919, it became at once evident that he was the man we had been looking for, as a representative in Europe. With Dr. Keller's co-operation, the "Bethesda Conference" was held at Copenhagen in 1922 and the Central Bureau for Relief of the Churches of Europe came into being.

The world ecumenical movement is an illustration of the way in which personal contacts affect larger groups and bodies. I owe a great deal of my deepening interest and participation in this movement to the New Year's Eve, December 31, 1915, when, after attending services in the Cathedral, I walked back and forth in *Unter den Linden* with Adolf Deissmann for several hours, and to the other conferences with him on that visit. I know of no man in Europe who was more prophetic than Deissmann. Then there were the personal relations created through the relief work in France and Belgium. It was, I think, largely due to such similar associations between little groups of men that the Universal Christian

¹ *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy.*

Council for Life and Work was developed. Such enterprises have to be founded on faith, confidence, and trust and these always begin between individual souls and lives.

In 1920 I paid a visit to the Waldensian headquarters at Torre Pellici, Italy, preached a sermon in French (French rather predominates there over Italian), and visited the sacred places of Waldensian history. In 1921 I had several conferences and considerable correspondence with the Italian ambassador, V. Rolandi Ricci, in an endeavor to secure the appointment of a Waldensian as an attaché of his office. He took a sympathetic attitude, but never brought it to pass. I prize highly my honorary membership in *La Société d'Histoire Vaudoise*.

During the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament in 1922, I lived in Washington and Elihu Root observed one day that he thought I was the most faithful attendant. President Harding responded to my suggestion that the conference be opened with prayer.² At a tea given by the Dutch delegation, I took occasion to address a few friendly words to the delegation through its chairman Dr. Van Karnebeek, making special reference to his presidency of the League of Nations. In his response he observed, with mingled appreciation and bitterness, that I was the first person in the United States to recognize him in that capacity. That was at or near the time when our government was leaving the communications of the League unacknowledged.³

Following a meeting with Aristide Briand, in which he expressed appreciation of the interest taken in the conference by the Federal Council, I learned, from a member of the French delegation, of Briand's deep sense of humiliation, on

² The question was raised as to whether this would offend delegates from non-Christian nations. A few days later, Japanese and Chinese leaders told me that they regarded this as one of the finer touches on the part of our government.

³ See Page 268.

account of the ungracious manner in which the American and English delegates had evolved their plans without bringing him and others into consultation. Here was another gratuitous diplomatic blunder, which caused deep resentment in France.⁴ I have seen a good many such delicate situations in which ineptitude in diplomacy has wrought havoc. Some occurred at Versailles and I saw others at Geneva in 1933, of which mention may be made later.

During this discussion, I received a cable from my friend Paul Fuzier, Counsellor of State, which read: "I have just interviewed Marshal Foch and political leaders. All agree France ready to reduce armaments provided Germany accepts peace treaty and Allies undertake to protect France from ever threatening aggression." This indicates the situation, not only then, but as it still existed in March, 1936, when German troops were mobilized on the French boundary in the Rhineland.

One gets some sad reactions in witnessing diplomatic and legislative action. When the issue of United States adherence to the covenant of the League of Nations was still an open question, I happened to meet Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska, and asked him what he regarded as the one thing most necessary to be done in the expression of public opinion. He said, "You are a minister of the gospel; go and persuade Henry Cabot Lodge to set aside his dislike of Woodrow Wilson and you will settle the whole question." This is an illustration of the personal animosities which so often make our public servants, for the time and occasion, enemies of the public good.

In 1922, during the discussions between President Obregón and our government, the Federal Council sent Dr. Henry

⁴ See Page 283ff.

Goddard Leach and myself to Mexico City, on a mission of goodwill. Secretary Hughes, on being informed of our intention, intimated very broadly that he did not approve such visitations, evidently feeling that they encouraged the Mexican government in what he believed to be its contumaciousness. While in Mexico, it was easy to see that the difficulty lay largely in the inability of the Anglo-Saxon to understand the Latin mind and temperament. On my return I raised the question with Mr. Hughes as to why we had assigned our ablest men to the Court of St. James, where almost anybody with good manners would do, while to Mexico, where skill and sympathetic insight and the finest of diplomacy were needed, we simply sent someone to whom a party political office was deemed due. We ought to have a John Hay or an Elihu Root in Mexico. He replied that there were not enough John Hays and Elihu Roots to go around.

Our visit to Mexico bore some fruit later on, although we were not able to find the financial help needed to carry through our proposal for a Christian University in Mexico City, for which Sr. Vasconcelos, Secretary of Education, President Obregón and the coming president, Plutarco Elias Calles, had expressed warm approval.⁵

Later on, in September 1923, in response to a friendly letter President Obregón sent me this telegraph message:

Your message of yesterday gives me profound satisfaction. I think acts such as this are the ones that most efficaciously can harmonize the common interests of the sons of this continent. In the name of my people and the government of this country I offer you my sincere gratitude.

PRESIDENT OBREGÓN.

In 1922, while in Washington, my attention was called, by a representative of the Austrian embassy, to the measure in

⁵ See *Chaos in Mexico*.

Congress providing for a loan to Austria. The bill was finally discovered to be in the hands of the committee chairman. After several ineffectual attempts to get it brought to the floor, I asked the advice of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge. He smiled and said, "Pester the life out of him, go twice a day to see him and ask a report of progress." As the result of this counsel, I possess the pen handed me by President Harding when he signed the Senate joint resolution.

Another incidental task, in 1923, was the effort, by a committee of which Right Rev. William T. Manning and I were co-chairmen, to raise a fund for the Orthodox Church in Jerusalem to prevent the loss of the Holy Places. This I regret to say, met with little success.

I was invited by the University of Geneva to deliver an address on June 2, 1925, from John Calvin's pulpit, the subject being "The Contributions of John Calvin and Geneva to Church and State in America." At its close I was handed diplomas of honorary membership in the John Calvin Society and the degree of Doctor of Divinity from the University. In the interest of the Central Bureau for Relief of the Evangelical Churches of Europe I visited the needy countries that year; was given a luncheon by Regent Nikolaus Horthy de Nagybanya of Hungary; made careful inquiry into the alleged oppression of the Reformed Minorities in Transylvania; and visited President Masaryk, by invitation, at Carlsbad. I lectured at the University of Berlin, had pleasant meetings with Foreign Minister Gustav Stresemann, President von Hindenburg and Chief Justice and ad interim President Walter Simons. This long tour ended with the Stockholm Conference, of which I was a vice-president.

In 1928 I was called upon to make two visits to Europe. During the earlier, I lectured at the University of Geneva, the Waldensian Seminary at Rome, the Universities at

Athens, Bucharest and Vienna, the Theological Seminary at Prague, the Universities of Berlin and Strasbourg and the Theological Seminary in Paris. In Vienna my gracious hosts were Professor Karl Beth and his talented wife; in Prague, Senior Soucek and Professor Bednar; in Strasbourg, Professors Victor Monod and Fernand Ménégoz; in Paris, Dean Raoul Allier and André Monod; in Athens, Professor Hamilcar Alivisatos; in Rome, Professor Comba; in Geneva, Professor Eugène Choisy, and in Berlin, Professors Adolf Deissmann and Hans Leitzmann.

The deepest impressions came to me in Rome. One day the people listened to one of Mussolini's threatening invectives with seeming acquiescence. The next day I sat in the tribuna of the stadium, where their finer emotions responded to the beautiful music of thirty-six hundred instruments, led by Mascagni. It was an impressive contrast in what we call human nature.

Conferences discussing ecumenical interests were held with officials of the Eastern churches, including the Bishop of Corfu, the Archbishop of Athens, the Armenian Bishop, the Bishop of Corinth, the Patriarch of Constantinople, the Roumanian Patriarch, the Bishop of Sibiu and others. This visit was so arranged, by the skillful hand of Adolf Keller, that I had the privilege of meeting, not only the religious leaders, but also the President of Greece, who presented me with the diploma of Officer of the Order of Phoenix; Queen Marie of Roumania, and many other equal and lesser lights. I was at Corinth during the last tremors of the earthquake. The devastated city was a sad and depressing sight, lightened only by the courage of the people.

The interest in the minority question was so great that, at Sibiu, Transylvania, the mayor, members of Parliament and Roman Catholic officials attended the luncheon given by the Lutheran bishop. I learned afterward that in some places,

notably Cluj, I was more or less shadowed by the Roumanian police and my speeches taken down. Some of them were so reported in the papers as to misrepresent what I really said, always to the advantage of the Roumanian government. But likewise, in Hungary, at Budapest, an address to the Reformed Church Synod was twisted to convey an impression opposite to what was intended. This tour ended in London, with a luncheon tendered by the secretaries of the Federal Council of Evangelical Free Churches and the National Free Church Council, over which my friend of many years, Sir Murray Hyslop, presided.

Publicists and diplomats in Europe keep well posted regarding public opinion and the agencies of its expression in the United States. So far as men in public life are concerned they are, as a rule, far better informed than our own representatives. The Federal Council is for this reason, and because of its relief work, pretty well known in Europe. This is especially true among minority groups seeking to influence American sentiment. In May, 1928, I received word in Paris that the President and cabinet of the Republic of Georgia desired an interview, the honor of which I accepted. They were so courteous as to express the wish to wait upon me at my hotel.

They were a dignified and impressive body of men, in formal dress. The President, Noe Jordania, was a man of fine culture and bearing. They were seeking recognition of the republic by the government of the United States. Among them was a representative of the Georgian Church. They claimed that the Russian government was violating the terms of an agreement, by which the Georgian republic was to be autonomous. They therefore sought entrance for their people to the United States upon an independent quota basis.

Following a friendly and earnest conversation, lightened by the eloquence of my guests, they presented persuasive

documents, one from the president, of a personal nature; the other, setting forth the grievances of their people, signed by A. T. Tohenkeli, their minister to France.

While personally moved and deeply sympathetic, the best that I could do was to refer their case to the American Committee on Religious Rights and Minorities, of which I was one of the initiators. I fear, however, that as yet little or nothing has been accomplished in their behalf. The minorities problem is bound to make more havoc rather than less, in the future, but our government appears to take little interest in it.

I will close these somewhat rambling reminiscences with two historical narratives. As one of the initiators of the American Mayflower Committee, in 1920, for the celebration of the Pilgrim Tercentenary, it was my privilege to give the *Pilgrim-toespraak* (Pilgrim Sermon) at the church in Leyden, August 31, 1920, the other speaker of the evening being my old friend, Dr. Robert F. Horton of London, and the scripture lesson being read by another loved associate, Dr. F. B. Meyer. To preach in that pulpit gave the thrill of a lifetime. While in Leyden, my son and I were the guests of the son of Abraham Kuenen, the famous Old Testament scholar, with whose works I had been familiar in student days.

By my request the French government and French Protestant Federation sent General Robert Georges Nivelle, former commander-in-chief of the Allied armies, and Pastor André Monod to participate in the Mayflower exercises in the United States. I had the pleasure of being their host, during a part of the time they were here.

The Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary of 1924 restored a page that had been lost out of American history. This was

GEDACHTENISDIENST

IN DE

PIETERSKERK, LEIDEN, op Dinsdag 31 Augustus 1920.
's avonds 8 uur.

PSALM 100 ¹⁾ (Wijze Ps. 134 staande te zingen).

SCHRIFTLEZING en } Dr. F. B. MEYER, Londen.
GEBED }

PSALM 63, Hollandsch (Koor).

TOESPRAAK: Dr. D. PLOOIJ, Leiden.

LIED: "When wilt thou save?" (Koor).

PILGRIM-TOESPRAAK: Dr. CHARLES S. MACFARLAND,
New York.

GEZANG: "When that the Lord" (Koor).

TOESPRAAK: Dr. R. F. HORTON, Londen.

Collecte voor de restauratie van de Pieterskerk.

ORGELSPEL.

LIED: "For all the Saints" (staande te zingen).

GEBED: Dr. R. F. HORTON.

GEZANG 2: 5 ¹⁾ (met weglating van twee regels, staande te zingen).

ZEGENBEDE: Dr. R. F. HORTON.

¹⁾ Deze liederen worden door de Nederlanders in het Hollandsch, door de gasten in het Engelsch gezongen.

largely due to the historical sense of Dr. John Baer Stoudt. In 1922, I conveyed the invitation to King Albert of Belgium, Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, and, through Premier Poincaré, to President Millerand of France, to become joint chairmen of the commission. It was gratifying to renew, with King Albert, the friendly acquaintance begun during the war. The King expressed deep gratification at the proposal, and said that it was a page which had also dropped out of Belgian history. I presented to him a gold-plated facsimile of the ancient seal of New York on which it was designated *Nova Belgica*. He frankly confessed that he had never known that New York had once been called "New Belgium."

Access to the Queen of Holland is not so simple. The attaché at the United States legation at the Hague, Mr. Louis Sussdorff, Jr., was quite sure that it would be impossible on such short notice. He observed that it was sometimes several weeks or months before she received a foreign diplomat. As she is of Huguenot ancestry, I suggested conveying the information to her that I represented practically all of the Protestant churches in the United States. I also sent a telegram to Foreign Minister Van Karnebeek, who was in Switzerland, asking him to use his influence. While I was in Helsingborg, a telegram came from Mr. Sussdorff, stating that the Queen would be happy to receive me at the palace, *Het Loo*, on the date I had suggested. I went to Apeldoorn with fear and trembling. A king is one thing, but a queen is quite another.

I was, of course, received in state at the station, and on arrival at the palace, was welcomed by Count Bentinck, who was evidently my custodian. On being ushered to a room, I discovered, by a card lying on the table, that for the luncheon to me on that day, the costume would be as described on the card. As the only garments I had were those which I was

wearing, I requested the servant to summon Count Bentinck and was excused from the requirements of the day.

The Queen, when acting in her capacity as a queen, is queenly and majestic. I was received with formality and stated my mission. When she replied, I noted by the trembling of her hand, which held the paper from which she was reading, that she was just about as nervous as I was. Her reply to my invitation was as follows:

Dr. Macfarland:

Receive my thanks for the attention you had of presenting Me personally the message of the Huguenot-Walloon Commission.

Your visit procures Me the opportunity of testifying of the great interest I take in the commemorative celebration of the settlement of the Walloons in your country.

I thank you for the words you spoke about the indissoluble links which unite my country and the United States, links rooted in the principles of faith and liberty which the settlers brought with them from the Netherlands.

For these and many other reasons it would be of great interest to Me to find one day the opportunity of visiting your country.

Accept my very best wishes for the success of the commemorative festivities and for the Huguenot-Walloon societies especially.

William

The formalities being over, Count Bentinck was excused by a graceful wave of the Queen's hand, she invited me to be seated and have a chat with her, and put me immediately at ease. She was interested to learn that I had witnessed her

coronation in 1898. We talked about our church work and relations in the United States, of the proposal to celebrate the Huguenot settlement, and other matters of general interest. She spoke freely and naturally about her social and political problems, and said that they would probably prevent her from coming to the United States. After she had handed me autographed photographs for myself and daughter, her best wishes were again expressed and I withdrew, deeply impressed by her queenliness and her womanliness, and by the evident respect and love of her people, which one could feel as one met them. I received, later on, from Rydal Hall, Ambleside, England, an embossed message accepting the invitation, signed by the Queen.

I encountered a strange diplomatic difficulty in Paris. Ambassador Jusserand had disclaimed knowledge of so early a Huguenot settlement in the United States. Likewise, when the invitation was conveyed to President Millerand through Premier Poincaré, there was a similar lack of information. Word came from the Foreign Office that they were unable to find any indications of this early Huguenot invasion. The page had been lost from French history. I had the honor of restoring it. Finally, however, all three of these heads of government, together with President Coolidge, were duly installed as joint chairmen of the commission.

On my return home, information came from our Department of State regarding two international diplomatic difficulties. The Belgian press, in reporting my visit to the King, had referred to the presentation of the seal of New York, in such a manner as to indicate that I had conferred some sort of decoration on His Majesty. Evidently later on, at the time of the visit to the Queen, the press in Holland had made inquiry and learned that the Queen had not been the recipient of a similar distinction. What could such a slight mean? It had raised a real issue, in the public press, probably



DEDICATION OF THE MONUMENT AT AVESNES, FRANCE, AUGUST 22, 1924. THE MAYOR, COUNCIL, DIPLOMATIC REPRESENTATIVES OF FRANCE AND BELGIUM AND THE CATHOLIC PRIEST. AT THE EXTREME LEFT REV. WILLIAM W. LEFFE OF NEW HAVEN, CONN.



Ambassador Jusserand of France, Calvin Coolidge, the Author, Ambassador de Cartier of Belgium,
Minister de Graeff of Holland, John Baer Stoudt
President Coolidge, Honorary Chairman of the Huguenot-Walloon, New Netherlands Commission, 1924

due to the fact that relations between Holland and Belgium were not altogether satisfactory at that time. Moreover, Hollanders are not radiant with the sense of humor. I went immediately to Washington, saw the Dutch minister and explained that the "decoration" in question was simply a piece of brass which had been gilded over, and that it had been handed to King Albert at the request of the Belgian consul-general in New York, Hon. Pierre Mali. I was, however, equally, and even more ready, to convey anything whatever in the way of a distinction on the Queen of Holland. It was suggested that I send another of the seals to the Queen, and thus the matter was settled, and no permanent international complications between Holland, Belgium and the United States resulted. In order to compensate for my previous delinquency, I sent the Queen a specially bound copy of one of my books, which she received with an expression of warm appreciation.

But a further problem arose. Another letter came from Secretary Hughes, relative to the invitation conveyed to the Queen to be one of the chairmen of the commission. Her Majesty could accept it only in case her name headed the list. This diplomatic tangle was unraveled by an agreement with Mr. Hughes, that the names should be printed across the top of the letterhead, and that, while President Coolidge would naturally come first, the Queen's name might well come next, if for no other reason than that she was both a queen and a woman.

Leading Hollanders in New York were indignant at what they regarded as the intrusion of the Huguenots. The landing of the Walloons in New York, had also been overlooked in Dutch history. They had been asleep when the date of the Hendrik Hudson Tercentenary arrived and felt that the observance of the Huguenot occasion infringed upon the rights of the Hollanders as the settlers of New York. It was even

charged that I had misled the Queen, or had made undue emotional appeal to her Huguenot ancestry.

The Huguenot-Walloon New Netherlands Tercentenary was observed in 1924. I was the executive chairman of the commission, delivered the dedicatory address at the Ribaut monument in Mayport, Florida,⁵ the memorial addresses at Valley Forge and the College of the City of New York, the dedicatory address of the monument in Avesnes, France, and participated in exercises in Paris, Brussels and Mons.

In this chapter I have given what might be termed a cross-section of the more distinctly personal interests of these latter years. Meanwhile the Federal Council's administration was not neglected. Its development, however, became almost automatic. Of some of the more difficult post-war problems, I shall speak in a later chapter.

Among the most effective agencies for the proclamation of the gospel came the radio. I called a conference, in 1926, to consider the extension, into national areas, of the messages then given under local stations. Some of my associates were doubtful—would it not take people away from church? Most of them agreed, however, that the assets were far beyond the liabilities. Meanwhile, without my knowledge, the radio authorities were considering the same question, and letters from General James G. Harbord and Owen D. Young opened up the matter from that side. The result was that, during the last four years of active service, I had the privilege of being a member of the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company and was chairman, in association with Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien representing the Catholic bodies and Julius Rosenwald representing Jewish agencies, of its Department of Religious Activities. The wonderful growth

⁵ *The Huguenot-Walloon Tercentenary*, by Antonia Froendt, 1924.

of this program under the direction of Frank C. Goodman is among the highlights of religious progress.

On December 31, 1930, another life epoch closed, when I retired from the active administrative work of two decades, and joined the ranks of the *emeriti*.

CHAPTER X

A ROVING COMMISSION, 1931-1936

ASSUMING three score and five to be the regulation age at which gradual retirement should begin, somebody ought to write a book on *Life Begins at Sixty-Five*.

How often we see men stumbling along, to the embarrassment of their associates and the hindrance of the very progress they have helped to make! The ideal is to reverse the process of youth, when we advanced from strength to strength, and let the end come by a gradual process of cheerful modification, resignation and renunciation. I do not mean that we should seek pleasure and ease, or relinquish one jot or tittle of our interest in life. The dynamo runs down if not used. Let us share the achievements of our successors, and if we ourselves have wrought anything, see the travail of our souls and be satisfied.

As I said to the annual meeting of the Council when elected general secretary emeritus:

I am convinced that almost any man has given all that he has to give, in twenty years, to a position such as it has been my privilege to hold.

I may still have something in a voluntary, unobtrusive way to contribute to the churches and to our Council and I remain available for any services that may be requested, so long as I shall live.

I shall have two abiding possessions which cannot be taken away. I can look back upon privileges such as few men, even those much worthier than I, have had, and I can follow this Council,

my associates and my successors, with unceasing heartfelt prayer and deeply solicitous sympathy and joy, so long as life shall last.

Robert E. Speer caught the spirit of the occasion and in a lovely address, expressed it in these closing words:

We rejoice in the thought of Dr. Macfarland's graduation. I have listened to him with a great deal of envy in my heart. Many of us long for the day when we might make a farewell address such as he has made, as far as we could do so, and know that we were free from the close entanglements, and binding shackles of organizational relationships. He will be free now to reap the harvest of the years in the evening. It seems to me that one could not long for anything more than such an opportunity as this. With whatever health and strength he may be given and whatever opportunities, he goes on in the wide field of Christian service. He will not have now to go back and inquire how slow the slowest are or how fast the fastest,—he can set his own speed. Our prayers and affections will follow him.

In any event, so far as my work in the world is concerned, these five years have been the most satisfying of my life, as I have seen so many things done so much better than I could have done them. First of all, it has been a delight to revert to my custom when a pastor, of reading about four books a week, to bring my mind up to date. As book review editor of two periodicals, I have sought to make some contribution to the thinking of my colleagues in the ministry.¹ Some help has been rendered my friend Professor Cajus Fabricius of the University of Berlin, in his massive serial encyclopedia of the creeds, *Corpus Confessionum* and contributions have been made to another encyclopedia, *Die Religion in Geschichte und Gegenwart*. It has been an equal joy to preach again more frequently, when my fellow-ministers have been disabled. In fact, had I been younger, I might have

¹ See *Contemporary Christian Thought*.

sought a small, quiet pastorate. Members of a former parish intimated to me that they were ready to welcome me back. The preparation of a particularly needed volume² was an especial work of love.

Early in 1931, however, a group of my associates among the European churches and universities, invited me to visit them, and friends offered to meet the expense. So I made what I supposed to be a farewell visit.³ A dinner tendered by Professor Eugène Choisy at Geneva brought together a group of loved friends. A similar gathering, arranged by the theological faculty of the University of Berlin, participation as a representative of the League of Nations Association in the sessions of the Federation of League of Nations Associations at Budapest, lectures at several universities, a visit with Jacques Pannier, to the reconstructed house of John Calvin at Noyon, many conferences, closing with a dinner given by Counsellor of State Paul Fuzier in Paris, constituted what I supposed was a happy European finale. In Berlin I had forebodings of what has happened since. I was to lecture at the university and naturally was prepared to deal largely with world movements. Fortunately I sent my manuscript on in advance, from Geneva, and immediately received word from the Rector that it would have to be scrapped. I would need to avoid reference to international relations. The tendency towards German isolation had begun. It was a marked contrast to the last occasion, when Gustav Stresemann had outlined to me the policies which he and Briand were following together.

Repose was interrupted again, in the fall of 1933, by a group of internationally minded and generous men, who expressed the desire that I should attend the sessions of the

² *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy.*

³ *Federal Council Bulletin*, September, 1931. I have been to Europe on twenty-three occasions.

League of Nations and the Conference on Disarmament, to keep them informed.

I began my inquiry on the international situation at Paris. At *Quai d'Orsay* I found a disposition on the part of officials to be very frank and clear in expressing the French point of view.

The government was pacifist in its tendencies. The Foreign Minister, Paul-Boncour, was committed to a continuation of the Briand ideals. An official of the Foreign Office said without hesitation and with almost ominous emphasis: "If the Disarmament Conference fails, there will be a war, sooner or later." The air was charged with suspicion. As I sat at dinner with a member of the council of state, in St. Germain where the treaty with Austria was signed, he called my attention to that fact and observed: "And now Germany is arming, not only to regain what she lost in 1918, but also to swallow up Austria."

I found Geneva in a high state of excitement. In the Commission on Minorities the German representative, Dr. von Keller contended that Jews in Germany are not a "minority." The German delegates introduced a new definition and conception of nationalities as being "ethnic" in nature and scope. This appeared to mean that the German nation, for example, consists, not of citizens whose homes are in Germany, but of all who speak the German language and are ethnically German. In response to this, Mr. Rappard of Switzerland reminded Dr. von Keller that such a definition would leave Switzerland without nationals and that she would cease to be a nation. The German delegation was also asked—how about the United States?

In another Commission, upon the introduction of a proposed resolution from the Dutch delegation, which would include consideration of refugees from Germany, the German delegation also contended that the people thus to be cared

for were not "refugees," they were simply emigrants who had chosen to leave Germany. Here was an anomalous case, where the League proposed to provide protection and philanthropy for peoples alleged to be refugees from a nation which was a member of the League. It was hard to conceive of anything more confusing and contradictory.

Preparations were being made for the Disarmament Conference and I could discern restlessness among the Germans.

The German delegates handed me the following statement of their claims:

We insist upon Germany obtaining, from the very beginning of the convention which is to be concluded, and in accordance with the equality of status which we have obtained, those arms which are necessary for her defense and which the others refuse to abandon. The proportions of this claim depend entirely upon the extent to which the well-armed countries are willing to fulfill the existing obligations as to the giving up of war material. If Germany, as is implied in the English plan, has, according to statistics, an army of 200,000 men, it is evident that this army should receive both qualitatively and quantitatively in proportion to its needs. In this case it is therefore only natural that we should be allowed those arms which the others refuse to abandon in accordance with an international convention, in addition to those which are granted us according to the Treaty of Versailles. Our claim is so modest and moderate that no discussion whatever is possible about it. The destiny of the Disarmament Conference whether it can continue and whether a disarmament convention may be brought into existence, is now entirely in the hands of the well-armed countries. In German delegation circles the coming discussions are awaited with great tranquillity.

As I wrote afterward to my friends in the United States: "There is little doubt that Hitler will now make a frontal and direct attack on the Versailles Treaty on the ground that the whole people of Germany demand it. It was made pretty

clear to me in Germany that that was uppermost in the popular mind.”⁴

The Disarmament Conference was deferred, and while I was at the point of deciding whether to return or wait, a cordial letter came, on September 30th, from my warm friend, Dr. A. W. Schreiber, who for several years had charge of ecumenical relations, expressing the desire of the church officials, with the approval of the government, that I should make a study of the new German church, and that the preparation for my visit would be his last official act before retiring from the national office. Acceptance of so gracious a welcome could hardly be declined. Over three weeks in October and November were devoted to the study, mainly in Berlin. I also visited friends on the university faculties, including von Soden and Rudolf Otto in Marburg, and Wobbermin, Hirsch and Thomas C. Hall in Goettingen, and church leaders in Bielefeld and Frankfurt. Conferences were held, day and night, often well into the morning hours, with over sixty persons, mostly churchmen, but including state officials who, at that time or previously, had relations with the new church. Among them were National Bishop Ludwig Mueller; Dr. Wilhelm Frick, Minister of the Interior; Alfred Rosenberg, the National Socialist leader; former Bishop Friedrich von Bodelschwingh, Karl Barth and His Excellency Chancellor Adolf Hitler. This experience has been fully narrated in *The New Church and the New Germany*.

An hour with Chancellor Hitler afforded opportunity for an interesting study of the man. The world is dealing with a dynamic personality of tremendous will power. In conversation he is the same Hitler as in his book and on the rostrum. He wastes no time in exchange of compliments and

⁴ Hitler is doing just this at the time of writing.

says nothing about the weather, but goes directly into the subject to be discussed. Lacking in the sense of humor, he never seems to relax and is at every moment earnest, severe and grave. He takes everything very seriously, including himself. It is said that he reserves his smiles and pleasantries for little children.

My interview with him was mainly on church and state relationships. He asked for my frank and full reactions on the immediate situation. In his responses he was quick, vigorous and direct, sometimes dogmatic. When I informed him that the protesting elements among the pastors felt that they had not been able to get their case before him, he said at once, "Please tell them for me, to come and I will give them a full hearing."

One could easily see why and how Hitler dominates the German people. Of his devotion to them one can have no doubt; and that goes a long way with many of the people. He has persuaded them that he saved Germany from a ruthless and destructive communism. Again and again was this repeated to me and not infrequently with the addition, "He is a man sent of God." For domestic purposes and consumption his strategy is flawless—from the political point of view.

When, however, we turn to his foreign policy, he is a sad failure. He has at times been weak to the point of childishness. He knows Germany and Germans, but understands little of the rest of mankind.⁵ He has isolated Germany from the world of both nations and peoples. Take the Jewish situation. When he finds that the people of outside nations are protesting, he thinks to stop it by a boycott of the German Jews, which, of course, has simply intensified it. Just as the world was getting ready to demand revision of the Treaty

⁵ To my surprise he had never met the United States Ambassador and there is reason to believe that my visit brought about their first meeting. I declined to accept an invitation to meet the Chancellor, until it could be done by introduction of my Ambassador.

of Versailles, he turns its sympathies the other way. Men in Geneva told me that if he had waited until the Disarmament Conference met, instead of bolting beforehand, there was at least a chance of a sympathetic hearing. In any event, it would have been better diplomacy. He has no foreign policy; it is all negative. One wonders why, in the Jewish situation, he did not have consultation looking toward a positive and constructive solution. Hitler had a good case before the world regarding the Versailles Treaty, but he himself is partly, if not entirely, to blame for its loss. He has a one-track mind, which is the cause of both his success and his failure.

Certain observations of the Chancellor indicated that he was beginning to be worried over his isolation. He might well have learned something from Mussolini in foreign affairs. The duce was not long in discovering that the world was larger than Italy and Fascism.

There are still possibilities of Nazi downfall. "A man sent from God" is expected to work miracles. The German people may yet be disillusioned in the matter of economic recovery. Then also, whether all of Hitler's under-chiefs are inwardly loyal may be a question.

How much unexpressed resistance is there among the German people, against the absolute loss of freedom of press and speech? Thoughtful men said to me, "Well, we accept it (National Socialism) as the lesser of two evils" (referring to dreaded Bolshevism). One most intense German described the present government as being nothing short of Bolshevism turned around. No one can tell what fires may still be burning in unseen consciences.

Before accepting the Chancellor's invitation to call, I was warned that no one was permitted to even mention the Jewish issue to him. I said, "Well, it must be made clear that I am not going there to discuss Tennyson or Browning and I shall have to be permitted to choose my own subjects." Word

came later that His Excellency desired me to talk freely with him.

I told Herr Hitler that, in my judgment, the German Evangelical Church could not and would not yield itself to his politico-social theory, including his so-called Aryan laws, and that if it did, it would not only cut itself off from the Christian churches of the world, but would cease to be Christian. I reminded him that the Christian Church was *uebernatuerlich und steht ueber Nation und Rasse*. Advice that he find some way of releasing *Reichsbischof* Mueller was frankly given. The Chancellor had not picked what we call a "winner." I followed up this conversation after my return home, by sending him my book and by correspondence, from which I will quote. In one letter I said that the almost complete hostility of the American people is "not due to disapproval of the form of government nor to the fact that it was brought about by revolution. It is deeply ethical in its nature and cannot be reckoned with as a mere political disagreement." In my judgment it could be modified only by two processes:

1. A constructive measure of justice in dealing with the Jews in Germany, stopping all continuation of the boycott, conferring with leading Jews of high character, and, while still recognizing the social problem involved, endeavoring to secure needed readjustments by friendly measures and, above all, restoring neighborly good feeling between Jewish rabbis and Christian pastors and among Jews and non-Jews who live side by side.

2. A more definite statement establishing the freedom of the German Evangelical Church, from the State and from National Socialism. It is not enough now for the State to simply keep hands off. It needs to be made clear that the State desires the Church to maintain its own detached life. Whatever may be the justification for force in maintaining the State does not apply to the Church.

I also hope that, by a final settlement of the Jewish problem which will do full justice, this barrier between the German people and the peoples of the world may be removed.

In another letter I wrote:

It is deeply mortifying to me, as a friend of your people, to have a High Commissioner meeting with our church bodies (as took place yesterday) to care for German "refugees" and also to have our working men declaring a boycott on the products of German labor. But what can I say on the latter, in view of the boycott initiated by yourself, which still continues in fact? And what can I say on the former in view of the lack of any effort in Germany to set itself right?

After all, nations and peoples are interdependent and they cannot live their highest life without mutual respect, confidence and goodwill. The German nation is not on another planet. It is here in this closely interwoven world.

The Chancellor replied that he accepted one of these letters "in the same spirit in which it was written" and thanked me for my "candid and sympathetic appeal." To my deep regret he has permitted a different course to be followed. In response to my inquiry as to whether a German translation of my book were permissible, the answer was that the "time has not yet arrived in which a German edition can be recommended; for very important reasons of state policy, public opinion has been kept aloof from the vicissitudes of the church conflict in its different stages and it would seem better to let conciliation complete its work." This, of course, is an example of National Socialist technique.

I tried, at this time to get a body of influential men who were friends of the old Germany, to make an appeal to Hitler, to modify his course. They all felt it to be hopeless. I still feel, however, that something might have been accomplished by an effort at persuasion.

Coming back to November, 1933, I returned from Frankfurt to Geneva, to find little but desolation.

I had known Arthur Henderson, the chairman of the Dis-

armament Conference, for over twenty years. He had guided me, in 1911, in a study of the eight-hour day of the steel industry in England, at the time when Elbert H. Gary was asserting that the twelve-hour day could not be modified. When I called on him before going to Germany, he had frankly confessed his feeling regarding the preliminary discussions by French and British delegates, in which Norman Davis participated. He resented his own exclusion from them. They should have included him as chairman of the Disarmament Conference. He also felt (as I did) that it was unwise to have such *ex parte* conferences, leaving Germany out. He told me with some bitterness that his own government was not backing him up. Sir John Simon, who was then in power, was far from being the man for such an occasion. The day after my return to Geneva Mr. Henderson threatened to resign. I wrote him, expressing the hope that he would continue his efforts, to which he replied:

LEAGUE OF NATIONS
CONFERENCE FOR THE REDUCTION AND
THE LIMITATION OF ARMAMENTS,
GENEVA.

Nov. 14, 1933.

Dear Dr. Macfarland:

Thank you for your good wishes.

You may rest assured that I shall leave no stone unturned to bring about the conclusion of a disarmament convention. I have taken the attitude announced in the press because it is my belief that in present circumstances the best chance of getting a convention lies in making it known that I am not prepared to remain at Geneva indefinitely under the conditions I have recently experienced. I feel I am not receiving the support which I am entitled to expect from the governments and that, if we are to achieve a convention they must display a much greater determination than hitherto to make progress.

I am confident that I can count on the support of you and all

those who have hitherto been influencing public opinion for disarmament, to strengthen my hands.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR HENDERSON,
President.

Henderson felt deep disappointment when Norman Davis was recalled from Geneva, as revealed in the following letter:

HOTEL DE LA PAIX
GENEVA

November 15, 1933.

Dear Dr. Macfarland,

You asked me to tell you whether I consider the early return of Mr. Norman Davis indispensable to the success of the Conference.

I think there can be only one answer. Mr. Davis is one of the veterans of the Conference and his personal authority and influence are impossible to exaggerate. But his presence also symbolizes the fact that the United States is wholeheartedly behind the Conference and his departure has, as you know, been recently interpreted in some quarters as meaning that American interest has slackened.

The time is rapidly approaching when we must make one supreme effort to master the difficulties that still stand in the way of concluding a convention. In such circumstances it is vitally important that all the great nations should be strongly represented at Geneva so that the General Commission can embark on its task with the greatest possible hope of decisive results. I feel the necessity so strongly that I am sending an appeal to the members of General Commission asking them to make the necessary arrangements for authoritative representation here at the earliest possible date.

With all good wishes for the success of your work for peace.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR HENDERSON,
President.

It may be of interest to give some account of correspondence with Hitler in this connection. Henderson was very desirous that some approach should be made to His Excellency

in order to bring Germany back to Geneva. I therefore wrote to the Chancellor asking whether or not he would welcome a visit of Mr. Henderson, or some other official of the conference. The reply, dated November 14, 1933, stated that he "certainly would," and added that this answer "will be valuable to you for your own judgment of the German government's attitude." I believe that if, at that moment, Norman Davis had gone to Berlin, this end, at least, would have been accomplished. Whether or not it would have altered the general situation of course one cannot tell.

I had sensed a feeling in Berlin that German leaders would like to find their way back if it could be done without sacrificing what is known as "national honor" (an awfully mis-used term). In a brief talk with von Papen, he had dropped words which confirmed my judgment. I believe that President Roosevelt made a mistake in calling Davis home. There was a chance, at that moment, which was lost.

And thus I was obliged to see the conference laid to rest. While in Geneva I discovered, in talks with several of the diplomats, that misunderstanding and bungling were the cause of many other failures.

I returned to resume my consultative service in New York.

In January, 1935, I went to Florida to recuperate from a rather drastic operation and to write this story. My mind, however, had been diverted to the consideration of this conflict between church and state as illustrated in Germany, and as I had witnessed it at close range, several years ago in Italy. Therefore, when word came that groups of Protestant, Catholic and generally interested friends desired that I should make a similar study in Mexico, I responded and was there in February and March. I need not burden this volume with that narrative as it appears in *Chaos in Mexico: The Conflict of Church and State*. I regret to say that the conditions I de-

scribed have not yet been appreciably remedied. Mexico is partly following fascist Italy and partly atheistic Russia. For the most part the policies of all concerned, the State, the Catholics and the Protestant elements, have all been shortsighted and out of perspective.

My researches in Germany, Italy and Mexico have awakened new prospects in the field of religious co-operation.^{5a} I had been visited, back in 1913, by the late Herman Bernstein, later our minister to Albania, who laid before me the problem of anti-Semitism and expressed the hope that the Federal Council might find ways of securing its modification. The "Beilis case" offered a good opportunity. In response to the action of the Council in appealing to the Czar, Louis Marshall, president of the American Jewish Committee, characterized it as "one of the finest exhibitions . . . of the very essence of religion that the world has ever beheld." From that time on I kept watch of the recurring expressions of racial hatred and brought them to the attention of the Council for action. I once arranged for the Hon. Oscar S. Straus to represent the Christian churches on a peace mission to Palestine. In 1927 I convened a meeting which organized the National Conference of Jews and Christians, having a religious background but dealing with human relations.⁶ I have always maintained friendly relations with Catholic leaders. Due to my recent more detached position I have been able to participate in this larger sphere of service and at the time of writing I am administrative chairman of the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery, inclusive of the three faiths.

My membership in the Council on Foreign Relations gives

^{5a} See Page 183ff.

⁶ On my sixtieth birthday, a bronze bust of myself, by the portrait sculptor, Moses Dykaar, a Jew, was presented to the Federal Council staff, by Mr. Dykaar, Edward A. Filene, Otto H. Kahn, Robert J. Caldwell, Mortimer L. Schiff and Owen D. Young.

me the privilege of conference with the foreign leaders. Association with Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, as a trustee of the Church Peace Union, is another privilege.

It has been a pleasure to resume some of the local interests in my home at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey where, during the early days, my wife and I helped in shaping the life of a new community, especially of its religious and educational institutions. The community church and other local societies had been formed in our home and both of us had served on school boards. As chairman of an early committee I negotiated the arrangements for the erection of the first school building.⁷

As the president of the Mountain Lakes Historical Society, I am serving as executive chairman of the Citizens' Twenty-fifth Anniversary Committee which is carrying out a program for the entire year 1936.

These five years have not been free from trials, but friends have always been at hand to help bear the burdens of emergency occasions. I have had the companionship of my long-time friends, both in retirement, Rev. Edward L. Chute, eighty-two years of age, one of the loveliest of men, and my almost exact contemporary in age, Dr. Lyman P. Powell. We are irreverently known as "The Three Musketeers." No three men could have greater identity of ideals as to the gospel ministry than we, or more happiness in talking together about them, past, present and future. A welcome addition to these companionships is Rev. James T. Lodge, the father of my son's wife, another of those men whose ministry is illumined by devotion to pastoral service. I share the life of my younger associates in Mountain Lakes, Rev. Walter A. Scholten and Rev. Robert N. Olton, with as much joy as if it were my own. I wonder if I might not almost write the book myself, *Life Begins at Sixty-Five*.

⁷ See the *Mountain Lakes Year Book*, 1934, 5, 6.

CHAPTER XI

DIVERSIONS FROM THE MAIN HIGHWAY

MANY streams may flow into the main current, and important issues are often determined by personal and organizational relationships. I have been a member of about seventy-five associations concerned with the public welfare, largely as sources of information.

I am a twenty-year "veteran scout" in the Boy Scouts of America. In 1918, I was invited through my friend, Lorne W. Barclay, to become a national field scout commissioner and have served as the active vice-chairman of the Protestant committee on scouting. I was, I believe, the first American international commissioner. I know of no body of men who give themselves with more conscientious devotion and effectiveness, to boy life, than Chief Scout Executive, Dr. James E. West and his associates. As a member of the National Council and its Committees on Education and Relationships, I render such help as I may to Dr. Ray O. Wyland, to whom I am deeply grateful for his appreciative words in the *History of Scouting*.

In 1911 I was waited upon by a chaplain of the navy, who called attention to the fact that the number of chaplains had not been increased for fifty years. This interview led to the inception of the General Committee on Army and Navy

Chaplains. When Secretary Josephus Daniels proposed to add "welfare officers," in place of ministers, I appeared before the committee of Congress, accompanied by a Roman Catholic representative, and we secured the appointment of ordained chaplains.

The army chaplaincy had likewise been given little attention by the military authorities, and the churches had been equally neglectful. Chaplains were nominated by members of Congress, often as a reward for political service. Some of the congressmen were indignant when I secured an arrangement which precluded this.

During the war, many outstanding pastors obtained temporary release from their pastorates to enter this service, and on the front they were generally in positions of danger. Since the war, the army chaplaincy has stood very much higher than in the pre-war period. In recent years, however, some chaplains, to a considerable and increasing extent, have become over-militarized and have allowed themselves to be used for militaristic propaganda.¹

Unless the chaplains completely devote themselves to the moral and spiritual interests of our soldiers, there is danger that some church bodies will ultimately go so far as to decline responsibility for them. I conferred on this problem several times with the late Bishop Charles H. Brent, who was senior chaplain of the A.E.F. and who continued as a reserve chaplain until his death. When the War Department secured the appointment of so-called "mobilization" or "defense" day, we decided that there were three alternative courses open to us; to decline the call to action on the ground of more pressing duties; to accept the appointment and go on duty in Washington; or to write to the Secretary of War,

¹ A chaplain once wrote a letter to the chaplains in a corps area, advising them not to have me address the camps, on the ground that I was a "pacifist." The commanding general was prevented, by my persuasion, from disciplining him.

the President and General Pershing, stating that we should accept our appointment, but that we deemed such a demonstration inappropriate in time of peace and as tending to arouse suspicion among other nations. We chose the third alternative. It was both the first and the last of such occasions, as President Coolidge himself took the point of view that Bishop Brent and I had taken.

For many years I spent my vacations visiting the camps, making recommendations to the War Department regarding the religious work. Three annual visits were made to the American cemeteries in France, on which reports were made to the churches. I was a member of the committee which secured the establishment of the office of chief of chaplains and nominated John T. Axton to the Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker. I took deep satisfaction in the splendid service which Chaplain Axton rendered in that office. The engrossed parchment, presented when I retired from active service, signed by the four chiefs of chaplains in the army and navy with whom I had been so happily associated, symbolizes a service which is a pleasant memory.

The chaplaincy is now under much debate in religious conferences, and the government will do well to give equal thought to the situation. The real question at issue is: has the church any right to hand over its ordained ministers to such complete institutional control of the state? Adequate conference between the War and Navy Departments and responsible church leaders must, in my judgment, find a *modus operandi* by which chaplains shall be freer from the present military status. The present relationship is neither to the advantage of the chaplains, nor most conducive to the welfare of the soldiers and sailors. Meanwhile, however, both interests concerned will do well to seek light rather than to generate heat. If my readers charge me with inconsistency in

continuing to hold my commission as lieutenant colonel in the chaplains' auxiliary corps, my reply will be that it is wise to preserve the old bridge while the new one is being constructed.

I had been one of the original members of the League to Enforce Peace of which my classmate, William H. Short, was the administrative genius. When it had become apparent that the United States was not going to enter into the League of Nations at once, a body was needed which would, in general terms, develop interest in international relations by a more gradual process. I was therefore responsible, in 1922, for the organization of the American Association for International Co-operation, of which George W. Wickersham was the chairman and which I served as secretary. We began arrangements for a national conference on international co-operation. Shortly after this, however, John H. Clarke, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, resigned to head up a movement for entrance into the League of Nations, and was earnestly supported by Raymond B. Fosdick, Hamilton Holt and others. They made the request of Mr. Wickersham and myself that we should merge the Association for International Co-operation into a new body, to be known as the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association. While I remained of the judgment that a more general approach would be preferable, it did not seem wise to have duplicating bodies. The request was complied with, hearty support was given to the League of Nations Association and I served for a considerable time on its board of directors. Later on, however, Hon. Charles E. Hughes, in an address before the American Society of International Law, supported the position I had taken and quite recently the plan that Mr. Wickersham and I conceived, has been, to some extent, carried out by the National Peace Conference.

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No little value attaches to my relationship with the American Federation of Labor, as a fraternal delegate for several years. This body has been a bulwark against violent revolution, a constructive agency and one which, taking everything into account, is in the interest of industry itself. I learned much through friendly association with such men as Samuel Gompers, William Green, Frank Morrison, John B. Lennon, John Mitchell and John Frey. Shortly before my retirement, President Green invited me to address the annual convention in Boston, and I was tendered a reception which indicated that these men deeply appreciated the association of twenty years with them.

Among these connections has been that as a trustee of the Near East Relief and I take satisfaction in the recollection that on November 1, 1915, by request of Charles V. Vickrey, I sent out the first letter that went to the churches in behalf of the original body. Later on, as a trustee of the Golden Rule Foundation, service with Mr. Vickrey was continued. As a director of the American and Foreign Christian Union, which has charge of the American Church in Paris, of the Evangelical Alliance of the United States, of which I am vice-president, as an honorary member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions and of the American Bible Society, and in other similar bodies, I have been associated with men of light and leading.

PROHIBITION

When I was twenty-two years of age, I left the prohibition party, believing that the way of meeting this issue was not that of political procedure, and I became thoroughly committed to the policy of normal education and training as the road to the abolition of the liquor traffic. From time to time,

after the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment, the attention of prohibition leaders was called to the increasing neglect of education. I felt that too much reliance was being placed on legislation.

In 1925, an editorial appeared in the *Independent* saying that the agency best calculated to lead the nation out of its confusion was the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. I at once consulted with Charles Stelzle, who drew up a plan² for a campaign of what I termed "education and persuasion." I secured a place for Dr. Stelzle on the program of the Federal Council's Executive Committee at Detroit, in December, 1925.

The plan was referred to the business committee which, to my amazement, brought in a proposal practically committing the Federal Council to the direction of the Anti-Saloon League, so far as this issue was concerned. Contrary to my custom, I took the floor and reminded the committee that this was in violation of our general policy. Greatly to my dismay, the committee took the following action, which, to all intents and purposes, left the matter with the Anti-Saloon League and those denominational forces which were committed to its policy and program: "We do not consider it expedient for the Federal Council to enter at this time the field of activity already occupied by the agencies which have been authorized and approved by so many of the constituent bodies of the Council, except as may be determined by the Administrative Committee." This was intended as a halfway measure, leaving the way open for further procedure in case the agencies named did not pursue an adequate course of educative and persuasive measures.

It became an open secret that the Stelzle proposal was disposed of through the influence of officials of the Anti-Saloon League, who were there as delegates from their constituent

² See *A Son of the Bowery*, by Charles Stelzle, Doran, 1926.

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denominations and had access to the business committee. The executive committee was also influenced no little by the statement of one of the Anti-Saloon League officials that that body, with another associated agency, had an educational program under consideration.

I believe that the policy proposed by Dr. Stelzle and myself might have saved prohibition. In any event it could have prevented any such setback as we have had. The Anti-Saloon League secured prohibition by political means and went on for years endeavoring to maintain it by the same methods, some of which were more than dubious, at least for religious agencies. Later on, when a responsible research agency brought out a study, making it clear that the problem had been far from solved, those who issued it were savagely attacked by representatives of the Anti-Saloon League. In conversation on the matter with a President of the United States, he remarked to me: "They are not ecclesiastics. They are not religious leaders. They are essentially politicians through and through."

Church bodies lost themselves in the Anti-Saloon League and, with its failure, are left with a sense of impotency. While there were and are officers of the League, for whom I have the deepest personal respect, I am forced to express the judgment that had this body left the way open for effective social direction, the result might have been different.

PEACE AND WAR

I share the sense of disillusionment on the problem of peace and war at the present moment. Nevertheless, I do not believe there is any movement with which the churches have been associated that has made greater progress, in the last quarter of a century, than the movement for international justice and peace. In 1914, I prepared an address to be given

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at the Constance Conference,³ setting forth the attitude of the American churches. It was rather a feeble showing. One has only to compare the utterances of religious bodies at that time, with those in Dr. Van Kirk's recent volume,⁴ to be assured that the churches have gone far ahead of the people, and it is probably not too much to say that progressive political leaders, as I have more than once been told, by such men as President Coolidge, President Hoover, Elihu Root and others, have been largely influenced by the Christian churches.

Practically, the world has made a tremendous advance. War and conquest are no longer considered as obviously natural procedures. I do not share the disillusionment of many of my associates regarding the League of Nations. Even if the present League should break down, another would arise in its place.

André Weiss, Vice-President of the World Court, once said to me at the Hague: "Your people do not realize that the pre-eminent influence of John Bassett Moore is because he represents the moral sense of the people of the United States. If the United States had been officially associated with the Court, it could have gone much further than it has in commanding the respect and confidence of mankind." The rejection of the appeal of Elihu Root for the World Court, after he had secured every provision that the United States Senate had asked, was disheartening, at home and abroad.

In 1933 in Geneva, in conference with the representative of Japan, Mr. Sato, I put this question: "Would Japan have severed its connection with the League had the United States been a member of it?" His reply was: "It might have made a difference." On that same visit I made the same inquiry of members of the German government, and they all replied

³ *Die christlichen Kirchen in Amerika und internationaler Frieden.*

⁴ *Religion Renounces War*, Walter W. Van Kirk, Willett, Clark & Company, 1934.

about as the Japanese ambassador had done. The reply of Herr Hitler, through his secretary, made it evident that the attitude of Germany was no little affected by that of the United States.

In our action at short distances, we too often lose the long view. In any event, the time must come when the nations in this League or some other League, will reach the fundamental causes of war, including tariffs, distribution of population and other great issues which have not yet been touched. What our government's policies are, is not clear to any of us.

In 1932, I sounded out Franklin D. Roosevelt. His reply was somewhat vague. He wrote: "I wish that sometime I might have a talk with you about the objects of the League. Let me assure you that I am not an isolationist, but I believe the objectives of Woodrow Wilson are more important than long-drawn-out discussions about the means to obtain those objectives."

We have not gone far toward fulfilling the hope expressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in an earnest letter to me dated March 13, 1923, in which he says: "I cannot but believe that America has a magnificent rôle before her in the politics of the world if she will rise to her responsibilities."

A NEW RELIGIOUS UNITY

In my study of the religious conflict in Germany ⁵ I was persuaded that if, at the beginning, the Protestant church leaders, and the Roman Catholic bishops had stood together in their resistance of the National Socialists, the outcome might have been different. The three major faiths, Catholic, Jewish and Protestant all stand for the spiritual life. The closing words of my study in Mexico ⁶ were these:

⁵ *The New Church and the New Germany.*

⁶ *Chaos in Mexico: The Conflict of Church and State.*

As one surveys the world today two issues are clear: firstly, the problems of relation between Church and State, between nationalism and super-nationalism, are major concerns; secondly, the Christian churches, Catholic, Protestant and Eastern Orthodox, face the common danger of political and social tendencies towards materialism and humanism. These are the considerations confronting us as these new theories, concepts and realities displace the spiritual interpretation of the universe and human life which is the heart of Christianity, and as national or tribal gods become objects of human worship.

Catholics, Jews, Protestants cannot help to make the world a brotherhood unless they practice brotherhood among themselves, but they must go beyond that. Nations, races and peoples are substituting a materialistic, mechanistic and humanistic ideal which is rapidly displacing the spiritual ideal of life. The consciousness of God is lost, and with that, all sense of divine fatherhood. Race and class hatred take the place of human sympathy and love. It is not simply a critical attitude toward religious institutions. It is hostile, anti-spiritual, violent, and atheistic. The followers of politico-social theories, taking the form of nationalism, and of political totalitarianism, are threatening the foundations of religious liberty. Our present breakdown is not merely economic; it is fundamentally moral and spiritual and lies within the sphere of human relations to God and religion.

This is not a proposal for syncretism; it does not mean any modification of forms of faith; it does mean that these three faiths in our country have identity of spiritual consciousness and that they face the menace of a secularized world, which needs to be brought back to God. The National Conference of Jews and Christians, and the National Committee for Religion and Welfare Recovery, stand for ideals which have been submerged, throughout the world.

THE PRESS

I hold the American press in high esteem, and in my pastorates have used it freely as an advertising medium for the church. There is, nevertheless, much about the daily press of today that is disheartening; the disregard of human reputations, the readiness with which mere conjectures or rumors will be printed, which, even without a vestige of truth, do incalculable harm to those who become the unfortunate subjects of such procedure. Even the dead are not respected; at the close of the obituary a footnote will refer to some attack without much concern as to veracity or accuracy. There needs to be a reformulation of newspaper ethics, in the offices of some papers and even some syndicates. Taken as a whole, however, the American press maintains a high level, is indispensable to all noble endeavor, and should be free from any censorship or regulation except its own, which it ought to take seriously.

The newspapers are disposed to be generous in printing religious news when it is shaped up so as to be usable. I became so impressed by some of my interviews with newspaper men, that, in 1915, I secured the preparation of a proposal for an international and interdenominational and missionary news bureau. Its association with the Federal Council would have made it possible to maintain it for about twenty thousand dollars a year. It could have been carried out in such a way as to produce far more publicity for the work of the denominational bodies than they were securing, and it would have saved them altogether at least one hundred thousand dollars a year. My readers who may be interested will find its prospectus in the report of the Federal Council for the year of 1915. With some modification, it is as good today as it was then. This is but one of a large number of things that I

expected to see established during my own active service, but which I contentedly leave to my successors.⁷

I must confess to having been an "organizer," and a "joiner," in the latter capacity, ranging from Rotary to the American Society of Church History. My defense is that the universe is made that way. I am reminded of Adolf Deissmann's generous biographical sketch, in his volume *Die Stockholmer Bewegung*, under the title, *Oekumenische Profile*. He concludes a resumé of my life with a description of which I give a free translation, as he expressed the wish to have it included in my biography:

Macfarland has a soft heart under a stern exterior and is not the "Americanism"-ridden individual that his countrymen are represented to be by ignorant persons. He has impressively protested against being considered as the fanatic of a soul-less "Activism Only." Although he has written numerous and valuable theological works, he is a man of the *vita activa*, actuated by warm piety. He is an organizer, (not in the bureaucratic, but in the church-political meaning) on a large scale. I think the American expression "Christian statesmanship" characterizes him best. His courtesy was revealed at Stockholm when he gave his address in German and French. If I were to draw an *ex libris* for him, it would be a bony fist holding twenty pairs of reins, or, less antiquated (horses have died out in America), a switchboard with forty-eight extensions!

René Heinrich Wallau, in *Die Einigung der Kirche*, gives a somewhat similar biographical sketch.

These overdrawn and not altogether objective observations, probably constitute a fair characterization of my temperamental tendencies, after due deduction is made for the element of personal loyalty in them. December 30, 1930, at a luncheon tendered me, representatives came from twenty

⁷ The National Conference of Jews and Christians has recently initiated a modest service which has great possibilities.

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organizations and there were letters and cables from several more.

All of the detours from the high road of my life have been worth while, if only for the multitude of friendships found in these paths, and I am desirous that my readers shall know how deep they are.

CHAPTER XII

"THE USES OF ADVERSITY"

BUT my life was not all spent in constructive effort or in *dolce far niente* among friends.

INTERNAL ADMINISTRATIVE PROBLEMS

The morning mail at the Federal Council, usually included some protest, generally almost negligible, but occasional contention would arise with some high-minded representative of public opinion. I will give but one example, which is illustrative of similar correspondence. Early in 1913, I received a letter from President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard University, criticizing the social principles of the Federal Council adopted in 1912, as being "seriously defective." The substance of succeeding letters was that a kindly attitude of the church toward labor seemed to him to involve the acceptance of all that the trade unions might do. He felt that "the attitude of the churches toward trade unionism should not be sympathetic." We ought to state "what kind" of regulation of marriage and housing the church should advocate. With regard to the article on child labor, a distinction should be made between labor which is good for children and that which is bad, to which of course most everybody would agree. Another section "implies that the physical and moral health of the community can be safeguarded and protected by the

regulation of the conditions of toil for women. That seems to me a false and dangerous implication.” President Eliot felt that “there is a strong tendency nowadays to attribute the moral evils in a community to poverty” and he says, “to my thinking poverty is a safer moral condition than inordinate wealth.” What is this “right of all men to the opportunity for self-maintenance? Who gave them that right? Against whom is it to be enforced, and by what means is it to be enforced?” He thought that such utterances as these were likely to incite people to “unjust opinions regarding the existing industrial organizations.” One of the most interesting allegations is with regard to Article 12. This article states “that employers and employees organize to procure means of conciliation and arbitration.” This is not true, he insists. “They organize to fight and not to conciliate and at the present stage of industrial warfare both of these militant organizations are indispensable.” He was also very much in doubt about the article on reduction of hours of labor and on leisure.

In my replies to President Eliot I called attention to the fact that some, if not all, of the objections he raised might be equally applicable to the Ten Commandments and to the Constitution of the United States. I felt that they had not been quite so misunderstood and misapplied as he had suggested.

The most serious problems, however, were organizational, especially during the confusion of mind just after the war. In a previous volume ¹ I have given some description of the embarrassment caused by the Interchurch World Movement, to which, however, something a little more personal may now be added. Within a few days after the organizational aim became clear, in a conference with one of the men most responsible for it, I took the ground that it was in danger of

¹ *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy*, page 68ff.

being started from the top downward. There ought to be, at least partially, a reverse process. The denominational officials were sure to conceive of it in terms of budgets rather than service; and thus both its method and its aim were likely to go wrong. The overhead movement itself was to raise many millions of dollars from what were to be known as "friendly citizens"—after the denominational bodies had canvassed their constituencies. In my judgment, there would be few, if any, such citizens to discover after the churches of a community had gone the rounds. I felt that a tendency to recklessness had been indicated by a proposal which had been made to me for the raising of ten million dollars for the French Protestant churches instead of the two million for which I had assumed responsibility. But my friend was sure that I was all wrong. He was deeply hurt when I used the words "artificial" and "illusionary."

As this movement appeared to be gathering headway, I constantly received letters and personal calls, urging that I and the Federal Council were in danger of being left high and dry. I had declined to recommend that the Council move into the massive structure which had been secured on Sixth Avenue. I felt that the Council should be sympathetic, but very clearly detached. One letter from a former President of the Council affirmed that I was seriously endangering my own career and that of the Council. Some of my associates in the Council came to me, from time to time, almost from day to day, pleading that we all become part and parcel of this great enterprise. A French delegate went home and reported to his brethren that, if they were to get further help, they would need to ignore the Federal Council. This new movement was the going concern. As soon as I learned this, about a hundred thousand dollars was gathered up and sent to Paris.

My fears became more and more substantiated. Denominational leaders were most interested when talking about

budgeting. Only specialized groups and individuals were particularly interested in united service. When I learned of the enormous amounts that had been underwritten by the denominations, I remarked to one of my associates: "The banks are either crazy or worse; I thank God that we had no share in blowing this financial bubble." The inner group of the Federal Council, with but two or three exceptions, felt that we must maintain an independent position.

That this movement initiated some fine procedures, which later were continued by the Federal Council and other agencies, I have already made clear in the volume referred to. Perhaps I should not have added what I have said here, were it not to illustrate the feeling which I have always had, that an organization must first of all analyze its aims and purposes, and then scrutinize its constitution and finally its methods, with much prayer and conference. I have been amused when I have found myself characterized as a "venturesome radical." Very few of what have seemed adventures have been begun without some such examination as has been indicated.

Occasional problems of a personal nature have arisen. In 1916, on my return from a visit to the European churches, I was informed that Charles Stelzle had written a magazine article severely criticizing the Council, because it had not made operative the social ideals adopted in 1908. Its work had been largely a failure. One could easily understand Mr. Stelzle's feeling, and no one sympathized with it more than I. He had been largely responsible, not only for the enunciation of these principles, but also for the early development of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, of which he had served as a voluntary secretary.

Several of the brethren felt that Mr. Stelzle's article, as well as an address which he had given at a meeting of the

Executive Committee in Columbus, were likely to prove seriously injurious. I ought not to go to the Mission Conference at Panama; we faced real emergency. I thought, however, that this would be just the wrong course to pursue, and I went to Panama. The best way to meet the criticism was to transpose it into constructiveness, and ask Mr. Stelzle, who about three years before had resigned his work with the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, to resume it with the Federal Council. I therefore went directly to him and said in substance, "Stelzle, it is not enough to be critical. You should be constructive. If the funds can be raised I want you to renew your work with the churches, and do it through the Federal Council." Perhaps I can best complete the story by quoting from Stelzle himself: "I have always admired the promptness and daring with which Dr. Macfarland and his associates took up my challenge, putting up to me personally the execution of what had not been carried out as fully as they had desired, simply because of the lack of funds and executive service."²

One of the besetting limitations of executives is the development of an organizational consciousness, sometimes to the extent of what is termed a "complex." Indeed I confess to having, at times, suffered from this malady. It was especially infectious just following the war. The executive of a religious body brought to me a chart, on which he had set forth practically all of the activities of the Federal Council as belonging to the body of which he was the administrator, leaving to the Council little more than the mission of holding an annual ecclesiastical meeting. On the advice of his associates, the matter was soon dropped.

Foreign mission officials have been somewhat subject to this disorder. When the Federal Council set up a commission

² *A Son of the Bowery*, by Charles Stelzle, Doran, 1926, pp. 174-175.

on friendly relations with Japan and its Christian churches, and I had just gotten under way the movement to rebuild the Huguenot churches in France, I was summoned to meet two of these friends. Did I propose to take the Council into the foreign mission field? The question was asked, with no little severity. One of these brethren later on became chairman of the Commission on Relations with Japan, and on one occasion represented the Council in that country. He also visited the French churches as a delegate of the Council, and I was given the privilege by the French government, of inducting him into the Legion of Honor, with the customary *accolade*. In 1915, my visit to Europe was resented by one Christian leader, evidently because that was his territory for foreign mission co-operation—a view which overlooked the fact that the indigenous European churches might not accept that status.

More recently, when I was in the Near East, I was severely admonished by a missionary leader, who made it clear that the development of such relations between the Federal Council and the Eastern Orthodox bodies was an intrusion on territory which should be regarded as exclusively for foreign missions.³

Shortly after a committee was appointed to look into the matter of slavery in certain portions of Africa, I was approached by a veteran missionary executive, who expressed the judgment that it was purely a foreign mission problem with which other national and international church bodies had no concern.

In earlier days, there were also responsible men in the Young Men's Christian Association, who appeared to regard

³ While writing this chapter, I listened to an American official of a Council of Churches in the Far East, who urged the Federal Council to develop just such relationships directly, and not solely through missionary channels. It would be treating the foreign churches on the basis of equality which their sense of self-respect called for.

that body as a sufficient agency for church co-operation. When we entered the war I was urged, by an Association leader, not to organize the Federal Council for war-time work, but to let that be delegated to the Association. In a conference at this time with representatives of the Association, I was asked "just what authority has the Federal Council?" My reply was "as much as it ought to and is able to exercise." The man who posed the question is now one of the Council's most faithful committee men. I always took these interventions good naturedly, sought to meet them persuasively, but went right on.

There were men, in both the foreign mission group and in the Young Men's Christian Association, who never seemed to be conscious of *the church*, as the historic body of Christ. A foreign mission leader, who has a deep sense of the significance of the church, once remarked of one of our great missionary officials: "He has never known what the church is."

One of the most delicate and important tasks has been that of preserving the constitution and integrity of the Federal Council. When the General War-Time Commission was proposed, I was visited by a bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who urged that all responsibility for co-operative service be undertaken by an independent body—in other words, that a duplicate temporary federal council be instituted. Indeed, that issue had to be cleared by Dr. Frank Mason North, then president, and myself with some of the officers of the commission, who, at first, did not quite see that the war was sure to raise after-war problems which would call for the care of a continuing permanent body.

Later on, when the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work was brought to completion, a group, partially detached from the Federal Council, proposed an American section which, while inclusive of members appointed by the

Council, should not only be independent of it, but be administered in association with a voluntary society, which had no representative capacity, so far as the churches were concerned. It took no little time and persuasion to make some of those interested see that the proposal was virtually the creation of a duplicating body.

Perhaps the most perplexing problem of administrative service has been that of dealing with the assemblies of the constituent denominations. These bodies are not always characterized by consistency. They are composed, to a large extent, of new members on each occasion. With the exception of a few outstanding leaders, they have little familiarity with interdenominational relationships. The assemblies have never given adequate time or attention to these common problems of the Christian church. There is little place, on the agenda, for interests larger than their own, unless some question arises which lends itself to discussion and dispute. The decision often depends on who happens to be in the meeting at the time, and who are absent. Oftentimes controversial questions are largely decided by the relative strength of divisive parties within a denomination.

A denominational body once rebuked the Federal Council and threatened to withdraw from it, because of an action taken by the Council which the preceding assembly of the body itself had taken a year before. The most unimportant considerations sometimes prevail. It may be hostility, either personal or conscientious, to some outstanding individual. The larger interest will often be lost through concentration upon some trivial matter.

The wonder is, however, that through this quarter of a century the Federal Council has maintained its unbroken integrity. One of the greatest needs in the whole organization of federal unity is that of more serious and conscientious

attention to the interests of the kingdom at large, on the part of these denominational groups. The possibilities of federal unity have, as yet, been seen by but few of these men, and even they have not seen very far.

These adverse currents had their values. They made me more humble and patient than I should otherwise have been. They helped to develop the needed sense of humor. Thus I can even assent to the conclusion of the exiled Duke in "As You Like It": "sweet are the uses of adversity."

CHAPTER XIII

THE PRICE OF PROGRESS

HOSTILE FORCES

IF THE time and effort put into the overcoming of obstacles could be devoted to constitutive work, the world would make progress much faster than it has. The pursuit of large ideals, in effective realization, encounters subtle hostile forces.

This experience began in East Boston. The campaign for no-license¹ involved the personal fortunes of political candidates. One of these gentlemen came into his club, the evening of election day, announcing his defeat and adding: "It was that d— church vote that did the trick." One evening, when I was on my way to address a no-license meeting, I was delayed by a call to baptize a dying baby. The people of my congregation were so disturbed by my non-appearance that some of them went out in search of my supposed attackers. In Malden, a local politician, who was several years after incarcerated for a criminal offense, once remarked to his political associates, "This man has too much influence." He and his followers concocted a plan to discredit me, which watchful friends forestalled. A lawyer who was associated with the saloon-keepers in South Norwalk, pursued inquiries in Malden searching for ammunition for the same purpose, but evidently did not discover any. Thus I was somewhat

¹ See Page 68.

well prepared for the engagements, on a larger scale, in later years. Many of them included attacks upon myself, and in every case I was called upon to deal with them, so that it may not be inappropriate to introduce them into a personal story. It is not easy to narrate them in either historic or related sequence, and therefore the picture may appear somewhat kaleidoscopic.

Several astonishing books have appeared, generally attacking both the social and international programs of the Federal Council. At the quadrennial meeting in 1912, a gentleman, representing himself as a reporter, afterward turned out to be an official of the body known as "Second Adventists." Shortly after, he issued a large volume, proving that this Federal Council had been organized, in consultation with the Pope, for the purpose of suppressing the liberties of his particular sect.

About the time Dr. Sidney L. Gulick came from Japan, an itinerant lecturer in California published a book replete with falsities, including the intimation that I had brought Dr. Gulick into the Council at the instigation of the government of Japan, for which, as payment, that nation had conferred upon me the decoration of the "Order of the Rising Sun." I informed the publishers that I had never had any conference with any person connected with the government of Japan, had never been in Japan, and had not even known that there was any such institution as that of the "Rising Sun." They immediately discontinued the sale of the book.

Another volume has had an interesting history. In 1927 there appeared in a political paper called *Patches*, a long series of articles attacking the Federal Council's social program. This apparition was so intriguing as to call for investigation. I learned, on the best of authority, that the articles had been prepared, a year before, by a roving and unem-

ployed newspaper man. He had offered his stories to a number of papers, including the Dearborn *Independent*, but they all declined them. I have always suspected that *Patches* was issued for the sole purpose of presenting this material. This magazine was discontinued in January, 1928, and the last we heard of its publisher, through the probation officer of his city, was that he had been in jail and was out on twenty-five thousand dollars bail. This embarrassment, of course, may have caused the suspension of the paper.

The *Congregationalist* of April 21, 1927, lists the misdeeds, as alleged by *Patches* in substance as follows:

The Federal Council had expressed sympathy for, and created public opinion in favor of, the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament; induced the denominational bodies to favor a society of nations as a substitute for war; was responsible for the action of the churches favorable to the World Court; influenced public opinion in favor of arbitration with Mexico; took action in favor of a second conference on limitation of armament; had taken action on social questions, especially immigration (the Administrative Committee had declared for the "humane treatment of aliens"); spent \$5,700 for the observance of "Peace Sunday"; got lessons on international peace into Sunday school quarterlies; waged a campaign for war-time prohibition; spent \$5,000 to celebrate 100 years of peace with Canada; and finally, in 1914, helped hold a peace conference at Constance. In this connection, the writer says "there is no documentary evidence that the leaders of the Federal Council (none of whom was within hundreds of miles of the Kaiser) promised the Kaiser that the United States would not go into war," but he intimates that the Council did so on the quiet and "may have made rash promises to the War Lord which he may have taken too seriously."

The newspaper nomad, finding that his name did not carry

weight, had secured the co-operation of a reserve army officer, who had been very active in his attacks upon the Methodist Episcopal Church. He allowed his name to be used as co-author. The material in *Patches* was declined by several publishing houses as well as by the newspapers, and was finally printed in a volume, entitled *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists*, under the imprint of "The Constructive Educational Publishing Co." An attempt to discover any such concern was not attended with success. Funds for the printing had been secured from a group of reactionary business men, the circulation being furthered by the D.A.R. and the American Legion.

The book was a mixture of falsification and occasional fact, using the latter in such a way as to mislead. Specific actions were alleged to have been taken by the Council, which it had never adopted, and which, in some cases, were almost the opposite of what had been done. Several of the men, whose names were used, repudiated any association with it. Some of the particular allegations in this volume are amusing. Elihu Root is, by inference, charged with attempting to use the churches improperly and with having performed his international service for ulterior purposes. Dr. Cadman's chief crime seems to have been that "he was born in England." Bishop Brent was a Bolshevik supporter. Dr. Gulick was a member of the "Farmer's Labor Party," an organization of which Dr. Gulick said he had never heard.

According to this book, leaders of practically all the Protestant denominations were tied up to a "pot of Soviet gold." One department of the Federal Council was declared to have spent three hundred and fifty to four hundred thousand dollars in a campaign for the League of Nations (the entire budget of the Council, including about twenty departments, was then less than half this sum). The Council had received large funds from Sir Henry Lunn of England (from whom

it had never received a cent). President William Green of the American Federation of Labor, was said to have made invidious observations regarding the Council. A letter from Mr. Green under date of March 7, 1928, expresses great surprise at this information. He says, "My feeling was intensified because I was proceeding upon the assumption that the commonly understood and accepted sympathetic relations between the Federal Council and the American Federation of Labor rested upon a very secure and permanent basis. I knew of no reason why we should entertain any other thought or impression." The constant insinuation was that the Federal Council was closely tied up with Russia, whereas, the only relationship of the Council to Russia had been the occasion on which, under Herbert Hoover's direction, it had sent money,² during the famine, to the Russian church, then being persecuted by the Soviet government.

This volume was so widely circulated as to become the source of a multitude of attacks. It was sent gratuitously to business men, and was advertised in magazines, including one religious paper, the *Sunday School Times*.

Clever arrangements were made to get this volume seemingly credentialized, through references to it and quotations from it, in the *Congressional Record* or other government documents. This was done by having interested persons appear before Congressional committees. Early in 1928, at one of the hearings by the Committee on Naval Affairs, the man who had written it, appeared for the purpose of getting its contents into the naval committee's report. At this hearing a woman of doubtful character was reported as being the press agent of the Federal Council. I had never even heard of her.

In February, 1927, Congressman A. M. Free, of California, presented a resolution in the House of Representa-

² John S. Zelig, while sent by us, went to Russia as a member of the Hoover staff.

tives, based on the original articles in *Patches*. It was replete with misinforming statements, the general substance of it being that the Council had association with the Communists' Third International. It is said to be "directed by a group of high priced international lawyers." This evidently had reference to the statement in *Patches*, that Elihu Root and George W. Wickersham were directing the activities of the Council. It is finally declared that the objective of the controlling group of the Council is to have a "state church" and that a budget of about one million dollars is available for this purpose. I called the attention of a member of the Committee on Judiciary to this resolution. He smiled and observed, "Oh, yes, we have all sorts of resolutions."

I happened to meet Congressman Free, at a luncheon in Washington, and he seemed to be such a pleasant fellow that I suggested calling upon him, to which he graciously responded. He said he had received, from the Federal Council, two or three years previous, the most threatening letter he had ever seen. It laid out a legislative program, and told him that unless he voted for it, the Council would defeat him for re-election. As the Council had never had any legislative program, I asked Mr. Free to find the letter. This he was unable to do, but he said "the letter, I know, came from your Philadelphia office" whereupon I informed him that the Federal Council did not have any office in Philadelphia and that it had no legislative program. He had, of course, gotten us mixed with some one of the many federal reform societies. He authorized me to print a statement as follows:

Congressman Arthur M. Free, of California, has stated that the bill which he put in Congress calling for an investigation of the Federal Council (which was entirely based on the false statements and misinformation in the defunct magazine known as *Patches*) is dead; that he has no intention of re-introducing it and has no grounds for doing so.

On June 5, 1929, there appeared in the daily press, an open letter addressed to me, by a gentleman named W. B. Shearer. He begins by referring to "a representative of the Federal Council in Geneva," who had conferred with him. (The man in question had no relation whatever to the Council.) This man had informed him that an Englishman had supplied funds "to organizations that were affiliated with the Federal Council." (Later on the man referred to, denied under oath, that he had made any such statement.)

Mr. Shearer tells me that the British government has spent considerable sums of money in the United States for the purpose of defeating the American naval building program. He claims to have a secret British document verifying this, from which he quotes at length. He proceeds, in a pious tone, to describe his disappointment in "the spiritual leaders of my faith" in the United States. This alleged secret paper was declared to state that British pastors in the United States, including Bishop Manning, Dr. Jowett and Dr. Hugh Black, as well as some Roman Catholic priests, had been used by the British government for ulterior purposes. The same nefarious designs had been carried out through the Red Cross, the Scout movement, and the Y. M. C. A. This document was said to give estimates of what it cost, on the average, to convert "an American into a colonist of His Majesty." Mr. Shearer further informs me that a number of individuals associated with the Federal Council have "a very close contact with the Third International and Soviet Russia." He writes throughout in the tone of a deeply religious man, profoundly interested in spiritual things. The New York *American* played up Mr. Shearer's story quite fully.

The reader will probably remember that, later on in the year, the motive of this devout gentleman was sensationally revealed. He was suing three shipbuilding concerns for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, for services rendered

them at the Geneva Conference "and elsewhere." (Perhaps "elsewhere" refers to my location.) He had been employed by them, not only as a propagandist, but to sabotage peace machinery. He had already received fifty-one thousand two hundred and thirty dollars for this service, rendered from 1926 to 1929. His open letter to me was very likely one of the last services which he rendered for the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which he claimed. I recall the indignation which President Hoover revealed, when he learned of these transactions, which he later publicly condemned.

One of the amazing things about all this is that some newspapers apparently took this gentleman seriously, until his suit against the shipbuilding companies was disclosed, after he had been serving in this capacity for three years and had made efforts to disrupt the Geneva Conference on Disarmament.

It is quite likely that Captain Dudley Knox, Historian of the Navy Department, secured the alleged information set forth in an article appearing later, attacking the Federal Council, from the same sources as Mr. Shearer. This being so, it appears to be a reflection on the so-called experts of our Navy Department. Indeed, at about this time, a retired naval officer called my attention to the fact that a representative of the United States, in an address at Geneva during the Conference, had given out faulty data regarding ships, that he had admitted his error and said he had gotten his figures from historian Knox. I was also shown a statement by Captain Knox in which he admitted that he was "largely responsible" for these over-statements.

Coincidentally with the Shearer episode, in June, 1929, there appeared an article in the *U. S. Naval Institute Proceedings* by Captain Knox, in which it is alleged that the Federal Council, and other peace organizations, receive their funds

from foreign sources or through foreign influence. He compliments the Council with being the most powerful body in the country. One of these main sources of income is intimated to be from an endowment made by Sir Henry Lunn, a "wealthy Englishman." The Federal Council had never received a dollar from Sir Henry Lunn or any other foreign sources and, indeed, I had never heard of any such endowment as he mentioned. The matter was taken up with Admiral S. S. Robison of the Naval Academy, who was the chief official of the naval magazine publishing Captain Knox's diatribe. Meanwhile, the newspaper men had called the article to the attention of the Secretary of the Navy, Charles Francis Adams, who is reported to have laughed and said that he had not read it.

I informed President Hoover of the whole situation. He asked me to put it in written form, which I did, and a few days afterward the President sent me a copy of a letter, from the Secretary of the Navy, informing the President that he was taking "appropriate action in relation to the remarks of Captain D. W. Knox," and that he would do his best to have that sort of thing discontinued. On a later occasion Mr. Adams remarked to me, that while Admiral Robison and other naval officials were quite discontented with my procedure, the President seemed to be very well satisfied. Mr. Adams said, "I told those fellows that when they attacked you they were beaten before they began."

Some of the correspondence with Admiral Robison was exceedingly interesting, in revealing his psychology. In a letter to Dean Luther A. Weigle, Chairman of the Federal Council's Administrative Committee, he called attention to the fact that I, as General Secretary, appeared to have given instructions to Dean Weigle. He raised the question as to whether or not it was proper for a subordinate to give orders to his chief. The Admiral evidently could not conceive of

any other kind of organization except that of a military nature. President Hoover suggested that I overlook the Admiral's categorical orders, on the ground that some allowance must be made for military-mindedness. The Admiral wrote to Dean Weigle again, complaining because I had informed the President regarding his correspondence and demanding an apology. Dr. Weigle replied: "Your plea that I owe you an apology does not at the moment impress me." After much insistence on my part, the Admiral admitted that Captain Knox had "not proved" his main contention that British money had financed the Federal Council. Later on the naval historian himself was more sportsmanlike than the Admiral, in conceding the erroneous nature of his charge.

In my memorandum to the President, I included the following items; the attempt of alleged government representatives to bribe a janitor to let them into Dr. Gulick's office, in his absence; the distribution by the Naval Intelligence Department of a pamphlet which included the articles in *Patches*; the use of this same material by a congressman at a hearing; the refusal of the chief chaplain of the navy to consult with the denominational committees on chaplains because he did not approve the Federal Council's peace program; and finally the famous cases of Shearer and Captain Dudley Knox.

Just about the time of the Shearer investigation,³ when the American Legion was building up the bonus lobby in Washington, its annual convention was held at Louisville. In the daily press of October 3, 1929, I learned that the Legion had demanded a senate investigation of the alleged lobbies and misdemeanors of ten organizations. They in-

³ I suspect that Mr. Shearer may have done some evangelizing in the Legion.

cluded such extremes as "The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ," "The American Association for the Advancement of Atheism," "The Young Workers' League" and "The Young Pioneers." I telegraphed the convention that we should be very glad to have one of its own committees acquaint itself with the program of the Federal Council. A telegraphic reply stated that the telegram had not been received until after the convention had adjourned at one o'clock. (Upon inquiry of the Western Union office in Louisville, I learned that it had been delivered to the Legion at twelve-twenty.) Considerable correspondence upon my part followed, with the national commander of the Legion. The commander wrote me several evasive letters and finally said that he would look through the files and would then reply, stating the Legion's objection to the activities of the Federal Council. He never did this, however, and I did not receive any such information from any source. As a matter of fact, all they had was *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists*. In the meantime, I interviewed a former national officer of the Legion, who told me that the Executive Board were greatly upset and realized the error that had been made, but inasmuch as the national convention had passed the vote, there was nothing that they could do.

I consulted other leading men in the Legion, one of whom said, "no wonder the commander does not write you, they find that they have a hot poker in hand and wish that they could drop it." Letters came from prominent Legion members, including one from former Commander Henry D. Lindsley, in which he says, "I have the highest respect for your Council and those who administer it; I believe that it takes no position inconsistent with American patriotism in its efforts for world peace. I believe it is only the backward looking mind that does not see that many great forces, greater

than ever in the world history, are co-operating in a common world mind." Similar statements came from war veterans, of which the following is an example:

We, the 257 uncompensated tubercular Disabled Veterans of the World War, not receiving one cent from the United States government, protest against the resolutions passed by the American Legion convention at Louisville demanding an investigation of your methods and activities.

On the receipt of official notice of the Legion's action, I called upon Senator T. H. Caraway, chairman of the Senate committee which, in response to President Hoover's request, was making the investigation of lobbying activities, based on the Shearer incident. Senator Caraway released a genuine Southern smile, when I told him I had come to consult regarding the American Legion resolution, and that we should be very happy to place all information regarding the Federal Council and its sources of income at his disposal. He smiled again and said, "All right, send anything you wish. Our action will be of great help to you in your splendid program for international peace."

Shortly after this, I received a letter from Congressman George H. Tinkham, who from time to time had conducted considerable acrimonious correspondence with me.⁴ He requested the names of our "anonymous contributors" for that year. I looked the matter up and found that for 1928 there were thirty-three such contributors, totaling eighty-nine dollars; and for 1929, seven, totaling thirty-two dollars. I wrote Chairman Caraway regarding Mr. Tinkham's letter and he replied, "Tinkham has nothing to do with the committee of which I am chairman, and no one is under any obligation to answer any question he asks, so far as I know." I learned later that Senator Caraway's committee regarded Congress-

⁴ The *Literary Digest* once printed our pictures together, he in a hunting costume and I in army uniform.

man Tinkham as a luxury they did not want. Senator Caraway was furnished with all the information desired, including all that Congressman Tinkham had asked, and a good deal more.

Mr. Caraway always appeared to be amused when I called upon him.⁵ The last time he informed me that, on inquiring of the American Legion, he found that they had no information to give regarding the Federal Council, and he said, "I rather think they would be very glad to have the whole matter dropped." This incident closed with a letter to Bishop McConnell from Senator Caraway, stating that there was nothing to be investigated, that he was much in sympathy with the Council, and was very grateful for the "fine spirit manifested throughout this matter." So far as I can recall, the main outcome of the investigation was the information gathered regarding William B. Shearer, who appears shortly after to have passed into oblivion. Whether or not he got his pay for his open letter to me, I never knew.

If ever there was a second Nathanael, it is Sidney L. Gulick. I have never known a man so completely guileless as he and yet, through this sort of propaganda, he was made the subject of most vicious attack. When he came to the United States in 1914, it was as a messenger from the Christian agencies in Japan, urging that the Council use its influence in the deepening of friendly relations between the two countries. It was felt that the best way to accomplish this was to have Dr. Gulick go over the country, meeting the church groups. He was engaged to do so, for the munificent sum of twenty-five hundred dollars a year. His appearance immediately attracted attention in California, and word was broadcast that he was here as a Japanese agent. The basis of the

⁵ A senatorial friend whom I met on the street, evidently feared that I might be taking the matter seriously. He said, "Please do not share the opinion of the Legion; they seem to think we are d— fools."

attack was that Dr. Gulick had been professor in a Congregational institution in Japan and also a lecturer in the University of Kyoto. To these propagandists this was considered sufficient to brand him as an employee of the Japanese government.

In 1915 Dean Shailer Mathews, then president of the Council, and Dr. Gulick went to Japan. One evening shortly after their return, while a committee of the Council was listening to their report, I was called on the telephone by the editor of a New York daily, with whom I had a somewhat intimate acquaintance. He said that the press had received a release, stating that Dean Mathews and Dr. Gulick had rent the Federal Council in twain by their visit to Japan, the general substance of the story being that the constituent bodies of the Council were opposed to all this friendliness to Japan. I immediately suspected the source of this tale, and was told later, that it came from a man who had at one time been proposed for a position in the Council, without result. I informed the editor and the article never appeared.

In 1919, Dr. Gulick, who had, on his personal responsibility, recommended a percentage scheme for the restriction of immigration, appeared at a hearing in Congress to advocate his plan, representing the National Committee for Constructive Immigration Legislation. At that hearing, Senator James D. Phelan of California intimated that Dr. Gulick received funds from the Japanese government. I immediately telegraphed the Committee, went to Washington, and made a complete statement of the amounts received and expended for Dr. Gulick's work. Senator Phelan was courteous enough to say that he accepted Dr. Gulick's denial and my statement. The committee expressed themselves as entirely satisfied that the charges against Dr. Gulick had vanished into thin air. In fact, one member remarked frankly, "These fellows are

trying to mix things up so as to hinder Dr. Gulick's influence in behalf of good will with Japan. They don't want any good will toward Japan."

Later on in 1920, however, Senator Phelan was again heard from, at a hearing by a sub-committee of the House Committee on Immigration and Naturalization, held on the Pacific coast, the chairman of which was Representative Albert S. Johnson. Senator Phelan, in the course of his testimony, produced, among others, a copy of a letter written to Dr. Gulick, by K. K. Kawakami. The Committee asked the senator how he had gotten possession of these letters, to which question he demurred, but is said to have intimated that they might have been "lifted" from the mail. Mr. Kawakami believes that they were translated from a stenographer's notes thrown into his waste basket.⁶ There is no question but what they were surreptitiously secured by the senator and he never explained how. Mr. Kawakami says that two letters were decoys, because he had suspected that the first one, which was to Dr. Gulick, had been obtained by the senator through theft. The letter to Dr. Gulick stated that Mr. Kawakami might be able to secure a few hundred dollars from a Japanese Association, for the work of the National Committee for Constructive Immigration Legislation. This letter Dr. Gulick had brought to me at the time. We both agreed that no fund whatever should be received from Japanese sources, and Dr. Gulick replied to Mr. Kawakami declining the offer.

Senator Phelan presented Mr. Kawakami's stolen letter for the purpose of intimating that Dr. Gulick had accepted the funds. He either suppressed Dr. Gulick's reply, or else did not attempt to learn what his response had been. In a

⁶ *Senator Phelan, Dr. Gulick and I*, by K. K. Kawakami. Bureau of Literary Service, San Francisco.

letter to the committee, Senator Phelan simply stated that Dr. Gulick had acknowledged its receipt, and clearly implies that Dr. Gulick had received the money.

One of the most amazing incidents in this connection was reported to me one Monday morning, by the janitor of our building. On Saturday two men had approached him, one of whom displayed a badge, indicating that he represented the government in Washington. He requested the janitor to let him into Dr. Gulick's office and warned him not to say anything about it to anyone. He was told that the man had no authority to do so. I requested the janitor, in case these men should appear again, to turn them over to the manager of the building. They did come a second time, one of them saw the manager and attempted to get him to open up Dr. Gulick's office. As these men had claimed that they represented the Department of Justice, I took the matter up in Washington and learned from the officials that no such representatives were known to them. Inquiry was then made at the Naval Intelligence Bureau of the Navy Department, and the commander in charge made an explanation which was absurd. He averred, very laboriously, that these officials had not been looking for Dr. Gulick at all, that they were seeking an absconding paymaster who was reported to be somewhere in the building. This, of course, was an absolute falsehood, either on the part of these officers to their commander, or on the part of that officer himself. Following this I was waited upon by one of these two men, who made all sorts of excuses. He was an agent of the Naval Intelligence Bureau. I dismissed him summarily, telling him that with such representatives as he, the bureau ought to change its name. The matter was then taken up with the Secretary of the Navy, Edwin Denby, from whom I received a letter stating that there was no desire to investigate any officers of the Federal Council. So far as Dr. Gulick was concerned, he said:

The official files of the Navy Department show that Dr. Gulick is listed as an American citizen who possesses a practical knowledge in interpreting, translating and transliterating the Japanese language, and who would be considered available by the Navy Department, in times of National emergency, for the performance of services of this character.

I regret exceedingly that the name of Dr. Gulick was used as a pretext in connection with any investigation and can assure you that it was done without my knowledge or approval. Orders have been issued that under no circumstances is the name of Dr. Gulick or the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America to be used in connection with any investigation conducted by the Navy Department.

The offender in this case will be disciplined.

Here again we have an illustration of the inane ways in which some of our military officers construe their duties.

Indeed, these agencies and agents have frequently made trouble for the government. In 1927 a navy commander in the Intelligence Service sent out a document which included the attacks in *Patches*. It was conveyed to me by a naval veteran who had found it in a hospital. Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur, told me that it had been issued without his knowledge or consent. He had issued directions that no further articles of that nature should be circulated. He expressed deep regret at the foolishness of his subordinates.

In 1918, at the Southern Sociological Congress at Nashville, Congressman Albert S. Johnson and I spoke at the same session. We met again on the train to Washington, and our conversation drifted to the immigration problem. Congressman Johnson proceeded to tell me of a gentleman named Gulick, who he said had come to him two or three years before, to discuss the question of Japanese immigration. The congressman evidently did not know about Dr. Gulick's twenty-six years of missionary service in Japan, but apparently had regarded him as a rather harmless crank, with his

percentage plan for immigration. Later on, he had found that Dr. Gulick was traveling all over the country and creating a great deal of friendly sentiment for Japan, and he said, "He must have gotten a lot of money from somewhere because evidently what he is doing is very expensive. He did not appear to be a man of means and I wonder where he is getting all his money from." I smiled rather knowingly at the congressman and then said, "It is rather fortunate that you should put that question to me, because I am the man who is furnishing Dr. Gulick with all his money." Mr. Johnson was somewhat startled, whereupon I explained to him Dr. Gulick's relation to the Federal Council. As far as I know, from that time on Dr. Gulick has commanded a good deal of respect from the congressman.

I am tempted to add one or two entertaining sidelights. On the very day when the writer of *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists* was engineering his story into the Congressional report, one of the main objects of his attack was Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, who at that moment was at lunch at the White House, by invitation of President Coolidge, to give him some advice on national problems.

The writer of one pamphlet explains the Federal Council's relationship with the Soviet government by listing a long series of individuals, the first named of which was a member of the Administrative Committee of the Council, who was a friend of a second, who was associated with a third and so on down through a long list until he reaches one who appears to have expressed some sympathy for Russia. After this rather painful exposition he gravely concludes: "It is evident that the Federal Council's aid to the Soviet government is for the most part innocently supplied."

One of the most extraordinary documents was entitled "Tainted Contacts." The author of this treatise, so far as could be judged, like many others, had no visible means of

support other than that from propaganda service. One of his charges is that the Federal Council entered into international politics by sending a greeting to the "National Movement in China." The message referred to was sent to the National Christian Council, which is a body in China corresponding to the Federal Council. Quoted as speaking for the Federal Council are men who, as a matter of fact, have had no relation whatever to the Council. The President of the Council is attacked because "he has expressed himself in favor of old age security." Dr. Cadman is declared to be an encourager of Bolshevism. The volume is replete with fabricated evidence and is about as stupid a compilation as one could conceive. The author pleads for a national "American" Christianity.

I was sometimes amazed at the credulity of some of our ministers. In the latter part of 1927, I received, from a Western pastor, a letter enclosing a news item. An army officer had informed his hearers that the Federal Council had issued a letter to candidates for the C.M.T.C., telling them that they would seriously degrade themselves by attendance at these camps.⁷ My correspondent solemnly declared that the Federal Council "ought not to do things of this kind." This nonsensical story was very hard to run down, but I kept at it with the reserve officer. He did his best and finally wrote me, saying that he was "up a stump." He had been utterly unable to find any such letter, or anyone who had signed any such letter, through the individual who had misinformed him. He did his best to correct his misstatement, apologized with real humility, and said that he should state publicly to the reserve officers' convention that I had told him he was "a liar" and that he had found me "to be correct."

The War Department itself was sometimes embarrassed by deranged army officers. As late as 1931, the commandant

⁷ At this time I was engaged in looking after the religious work in the camps.

of the R.O.T.C. in one of the universities, came out with a most amazing dissertation. Several organizations, including the Federal Council, were declared to be "all operating under the *direct* influence of the Soviet government at Moscow." It is further alleged that these organizations have "just one end and that is the overthrow of the present government in the United States." I called this to the attention of a staff officer in Washington, who observed, "Well, you have a good many d— fools in the ministry, but you can't beat the army." A letter from the Secretary of War regarding this gentleman said: "You may be sure that the matter is receiving proper consideration." Correspondence with the army officer in question revealed that he had been entirely guided by *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists*. I have often wondered just how our armed forces have ever done as well as they have, in view of the credulity of some of their officers. It would certainly look as though the enemy would not have much difficulty in fooling some of them.⁸

I ought to say a word about the famous "Spider Web Chart," in which the Federal Council is named as one of a large number of bodies devoted to what are known as subversive movements, although to be sure, the Council is included under those which are said to be only "rose-colored," along with the National League of Women Voters and many colleges and universities. This invention included a list of individuals, only one of whom had been associated in any way with the Federal Council. The chart was originally prepared in the office of the Chemical Warfare Service, with the sanction of the then chief of that department, General Amos Fries. One day, when I was talking with the Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, regarding chaplain appointments, I

⁸ Once while visiting Fort Sheridan as a reserve chaplain, I was dining with Major General Frank Parker. A line officer sent a message to the General that a representative of a peace organization was reported to be on the post. General Parker did not hesitate to reveal his irritation.

called his attention to this instrument. When I expressed some judgment regarding the mental and psychological qualities of General Fries, the secretary said, "Oh, Fries is just a bothersome crank." Mr. Weeks said he had ordered all the charts in possession of the Chemical Warfare Service to be demolished, and that General Fries had been directed to request their destruction by those who had received them. It was evident that the Secretary of War was considerably humiliated. Later on, several other similar tabulations were prepared, some of which were almost entirely without accuracy. I checked up one instance, and found that out of fifteen names listed as directors of an allegedly subversive organization, six were not even members of it, and knew little about it. One had never heard of it.

Another volume, based largely on previous similar documents, was issued in 1931, entitled "T.N.T." with the same characteristics as all the others. The Federal Council must be an undesirable organization because Mr. Rockefeller contributes to it. It is hand in hand with Soviet agencies. The Council is confused with several other bodies with which it has never had any relations.

One thing which has been most disturbing, has been the tendency on the part of these hostile forces to use underhanded methods, of which I may give a few examples. A Catholic priest, who was a reserve chaplain, sent me a private memorandum which he had received from an official of a military organization. In it attention was called to a proposed Chautauqua endowment of five million dollars. Dr. Cadman was among its sponsors, and the Chautauqua movement was for the purpose of pursuing "questionable activities."

My sister, Mrs. Jane F. M. Fernald, of Malden, Mass., wrote to the alleged co-author of *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists*, making inquiries regarding some of the material in the volume. When the reply came, after several days' delay, this

gentleman informed her that he had "discovered" her; that she was my sister. I have had much evidence of this sort of spy system among these groups. I possess one letter, written by a paid agent of a "patriotic" group, requesting the recipient to get what he calls the "low-down" on the late Senator Thomas Walsh. I have before me a secret letter from "The American Vigilants' Intelligence Bureau." No names are used. The person to whom the letter is addressed is "A-G-2." Another person referred to is designated "U-5-2" and the letter is signed "A-G-3." Its recipient is asked to find out all he can about a certain state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., securing an interview "on some pretext or other." He is also requested, in his conversation, not to use the names of certain army officers and is especially warned not to refer to the M.I.A. (the Military Intelligence Association). The letter states that "we are working hard on that budget matter and are much encouraged with the reception we have been getting," information which was probably quite gratifying to his correspondent, who was evidently on pay.

Shortly after the Federal Council, and many of its constituent denominations, enunciated the so-called Social Creed of the Churches, attacks began on the social and industrial program. They did not come into public notice until 1914, about the time of the strike in the Colorado coal fields. A committee was appointed by the Commission on the Church and Social Service, to make an inquiry into the situation, which had become so serious as to arouse concern. While the committee's report was under consideration, I was waited upon by a representative of one of the industrial interests, who alleged that the chief investigator, Dr. Henry A. Atkinson, was biased, and I was requested to prevent the publication of the report—which my visitor had not seen. Similar requests came from interested persons in the State of Colorado, on the ground that the good name of the state was involved. I

replied, of course, that while I could not recommend the suppression of the report, everything possible would be done to insure its accuracy and fairness. This proposal was not agreeable to any of those who interviewed or corresponded with me. While all this was going on, a fine-looking and rather imposing man called upon me one morning, and stated that he was the Adjutant General of the State of Colorado. He took a violent, rather militaristic attitude and, in the heat of his utterance, practically ordered that the report be entirely suppressed. I disclaimed any allegiance to the Adjutant General of Colorado, and he went so far that I was obliged to hand him his coat and hat.

Finally, after a long period of similar negotiations, I had the document carefully revised and all doubtful matter in it removed. It was then sent to representatives of both the operators and the labor unions, inviting their corrections. It was also proposed that, if they desired, they might present their own statements, to be printed as appendices. The representative of the unions had practically no changes to make. The operators never acknowledged receipt of it. I did, however, receive from a representative of one of the companies, a letter stating that a reply to the report, from the president of the company concerned, had been sent him, but that he did not deem it advisable to submit it for printing as an appendix. The writer expressed a feeling, however, that the Federal Council was likely to do an unintentional, but gross injustice to high-minded men. In the meantime, President Wilson addressed a letter to the operators, urging that this long strike situation be terminated, and a Commission of Conciliation made definite proposals, to which, however, the mining officials took exception. Our report was issued, and a later inquiry by representatives of certain operators practically confirmed its general tenor.

Attacks on the Federal Council were often engineered by

the salaried secretaries, or other interested employees, of associations of employers. In 1920 a magazine called *Industry*, proceeded to make a wholesale assault on the Council and several of its major denominations. The general ground taken was that the churches were not competent to determine justice. It was alleged that I, and my associates, were "radicals" who were taking things into our own hands and were representing the industrial situation as being much worse than it is. We were said to have "espoused the cause of labor" by attending annual meetings of the American Federation of Labor. (I had often attempted to secure a hearing for representatives of the social interests of the churches at gatherings of industrialists, but in every case received word that they would not be welcome.)

In 1923, *The Ohio Journal of Commerce* printed an article entitled "Communism Spread Through the Churches." The reliability of such productions may be indicated by excerpts from a letter which I wrote to the editor, June 4, 1923:

1. You state that the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was originally a pacifist organization formed by agents of the Kaiser. The Federal Council was formed in 1908, long before the events to which you refer, by the official representatives of thirty Protestant denominations, a matter of ordinary history which you could easily have learned.

2. You state that the Federal Council was connected with an organization formed by Madam Schwimmer. I was the General Secretary of the Council in 1915, when according to your statement these events took place, and I never have met Madam Schwimmer. I knew nothing then and know nothing now of her activities or connections.

3. You state that Edwin D. Mead represented the Federal Council at a convention in 1915. Mr. Mead not only has never been a representative of the Council, but would be ineligible, as he is not a member of any church body included in the Council.

4. You state that I represent, or have represented the Federal Council on the Civil Liberties Union. I never represented any or-

ganization in that body, never was a member of it or in any way associated with it. No other person ever represented the Federal Council in the Civil Liberties Union. I have never attended any meeting of that body. Your statements are made out of whole cloth. I have never met Mr. Roger Baldwin, the director of the Union, in conference on any subject whatever.

Your quotations from certain writings of mine are violently taken out of their context, and are construed in a manner which not only makes them misleading, but presents them as meaning just the opposite of what they mean when read in the light of their context.

I might add incidentally, as indicative of the falseness of your alleged information concerning my alleged disloyalty, that I hold a commission in the Reserve Corps of the U. S. Army, as well as several citations for service during the war.

Almost numberless examples could be given, revealing the disordered state of mind which alone could account for such infelicitous allegations, from which I will select a few more. In 1921 the National Catholic Welfare Council and the Federal Council issued simultaneous statements on the open shop controversy, expressing the judgment that the open shop movement was for the purpose of breaking the unions. (Later on, former President Taft took much the same ground). This document aroused wide-spread attack, finally leading to letters addressed to employers' organizations and employers, urging them to cease supporting the denominations with which they might be connected. One of these communications ought to be made a matter of historical record:

To the Secretaries of

Corresponding Employers' Associations.

Dear Sir:

For your information desire to place before you the action of this Association in reference to the Y. W. C. A.

On January 12, 1921, we issued a Bulletin to our members drawing their attention to the industrial program which had been

adopted by the Y. W. C. A., a copy of the Bulletin was sent you at that time.

The local Association had just begun a campaign for \$200,000 when our Bulletin was issued. As a result of the information given our members, the Y. W. C. A. raised only \$90,000 of its \$200,000.

The ladies of the Y. W. C. A. were very "wrothy" over our action but we told them they could do nothing unless they would repudiate the action of their National body and promise not to send any of the sums they were raising to the National headquarters, where it would of course be used in support of the industrial program which had been adopted and which we believed to be detrimental to our American institutions.

The dangerous attitude of some of our religious and quasi-religious institutions is one of the most serious things we have to face at the present time. Unless those of our members who are connected with the various churches of the country protest in vigorous fashion against the radicalism which is creeping into our church bodies, the result will be extremely grave. Religious bodies can hardly expect us to give them money for the purpose of manufacturing weapons with which to destroy industry.

We presume you have seen a copy of the February 1st issue of *Industry* which outlines the radical nature of the literature with which the young minds of members of the Y. W. C. A. are being brought into contact through the industrial department of that institution.

The radical and Bolshevik elements in the churches seem to be cooperating through the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America and many of our members are expressing themselves as determined to discontinue financial support of their respective churches unless they withdraw all moral and financial support from the Federal Council.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," industrial as well as any other kind.

Yours truly,
The Employers Association
of ———

This attack was made because the Y. W. C. A. had approved the social ideals of the Federal Council. The Council issued

a statement to the churches, reporting that "a concentrated and nation wide effort is being made by certain employers' organizations to wreck the Federal Council, by the withdrawal of financial support from denominations which refuse to sever their affiliation with the Council." Immediately letters began to come from men whose renewals had been solicited, stating that they would discontinue. On the other hand, however, new contributions also came because the subscribers saw the significance of this sort of procedure.

I felt that we ought to have a quiet conference with some of the large employers of labor to see how they felt about the matter, and on March 12, 1921, Mr. Robert J. Caldwell, who had served the previous year as chairman of the Republican Platform Committee on Industrial Relations, gave a dinner at which there were present twelve industrial leaders. They discussed the question until considerably after midnight and later on signed the following statement:

We have given careful consideration to the industrial policy of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, and we are clear in the following conclusions:

1. The present critical situation in industry requires for its relief a new spirit of goodwill and fair dealing, guided by Christian principles. The united influence of the churches is therefore needed and to be welcomed in the industrial field.

2. The general policy of the Federal Council and its Social Service Commission has been and is such as will commend itself to employers who are seeking good relationships and goodwill in industry. There would be differences of opinion as to details, such as are incident to any serious undertaking.

We note a concern for the worker and his family which we ought to expect of followers of Jesus, and also of progressive employers.

We commend especially the present plans for conferences in industrial centers between employers, employees, ministers and public officials. All that these plans require in order to be approved is

to be understood. They are constructive, sound and of large potential value for industrial peace.

3. The attacks made upon the Council and its officers in various journals are, in our judgment, either based on misinformation, or unjust, misleading, often absurd and in many cases absolutely false statements. We believe that the employers who have accepted them have been seriously misled.

4. We especially deplore any financial boycott of the church bodies as unethical and highly inexpedient. The United States needs the Church in these days; and the Church it needs is not one that is timid and colorless, but one that, while judicious, is aggressive and courageous.

Perhaps I may close this narrative with what may be termed a *magnum opus*. The Commission on the Church and Social Service had, in 1910, investigated the strike in the steel industry at South Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. This seemed to offer a fine opportunity for conference, dealing with the seven-day week and the twelve-hour day in the industry. While in England, in 1911, I had been introduced by Arthur Henderson, M.P., to several men, qualified to give information as to whether or not the long day in the steel industry could be lessened. The mills in England had reduced the hours, while in America it had been declared to be impossible. On my return, I wrote a letter to Elbert H. Gary of the United States Steel Corporation, calling attention to the report of the Federal Council's Committee, and requesting an interview with him. His reply was brief, to the effect that he and his associates were very much better able to take care of the interests of their employees than any outsiders. We continued our efforts for the shorter hours, but could make little headway.

In 1921, a large employer of labor sent me a bound document of considerable proportions, bearing no imprint, but written by the labor secretary of an association of industrial corporations. My friend said that it was being privately cir-

culated by Mr. Gary, its distribution being confined to industrial leaders and business men. It was a hilarious story and included some amusing assertions regarding myself, one being that in 1918 I had been pro-German. (As a matter of fact, just at that time I had been on the Franco-American front in the uniform of the United States Army.)

I secured an interview with Mr. Gary this time, and, having learned something of the desirability of having witnesses at such conferences, I requested the privilege also for Rev. Albert G. Lawson, former chairman, and Rev. John M. Moore, chairman of our Administrative Committee. In Mr. Gary's spacious office we found several of his associates with him, including Mr. James A. Farrell, who later succeeded Mr. Gary as president.

I stated the purpose of our visit somewhat bluntly, telling Mr. Gary I had received information that he was grossly slandering me. He replied that he was sure I must be mistaken, and expressed the high regard in which he held me. I went through the document of more than one hundred pages, calling attention to its major untruths and inaccuracies, some of which were as follows:

That an "active member" of the Federal Council, which by inference appeared to refer to myself, had been found to be in correspondence with "Hugo Schmidt, paymaster of the German Slush Fund in this country." This person had written Mr. Schmidt: "Peace will soon look good at any price, therefore I want my sister Susie to sew no socks for any sick soldiers." I solemnly informed Mr. Gary that I had made diligent inquiry and could not learn of any official of the Federal Council who happened to have a sister named Susie, or whose sister had been sewing socks. Mr. Gary listened gravely.

Another "influential member" of the Council had addressed a letter to Eugene V. Debs, "my dear Gene." I had

inquired of all the authorized representatives of the Council and had not been able to find anyone who even knew Mr. Debs. A quotation was made from a newspaper from an alleged interview which had been faked by the writer. These are mere examples of the eccentricities to which, to begin with, I called Mr. Gary's thoughtful attention.

I then proceeded with a series of interrogations, as follows:

"Mr. Gary, why did you not submit this statement to me, to make sure of its correctness before printing and distributing it?" His answer was that he thought that was not customary. "Mr. Gary, did you make *any* endeavor to verify the statements regarding myself and others, as to their accuracy?" He admitted that he had not done so. "Mr. Gary, this document is worded with a great deal of skill. Did you, before printing it, submit it to any lawyer in order that it might be worded in such a way as to avoid a legal suit?" Mr. Gary looked a bit flushed at this question, but admitted with some hesitation, that he had submitted it to his legal adviser.

I then called further attention to the many cases of serious allegation, where names were omitted, leaving, however, implications as to who the persons might be. I noted sixteen major misstatements. I was featured as a "Socialist." I was declared to have fathered movements with which I had never had the slightest connection, even as an ordinary member. I had issued "socialistic and anarchistic writings" (evidently holding two antagonistic philosophies at one and the same time). To my demand that the other persons referred to in the document be named, no response was made.

Mr. Gary was evidently impressed, and his associates looked a bit concerned. The level of intelligence of some of these brethren may be indicated by the following instance: At the beginning of the interview Mr. Gary had said, "Now, Dr. Macfarland, I understand that the Federal Council is a socialist organization." I had replied that, so far as I knew,

there was no person officially connected with the Council who was a Socialist. Later on, in the course of conversation, I had cause to mention "The Commission on the Church and Social Service." Mr. Gary immediately interrupted me and said, "What was that Commission?" I repeated the name. "But," said Mr. Gary, with impressive solemnity, "you told me a little while ago that the Federal Council was not a socialist organization, and now you tell me that it has a socialist commission." It was with no slight difficulty that I explained to Mr. Gary that the term "social service" was not identical with "Socialist."

I expressed myself with a good deal of freedom as to the ethics of the course pursued by Mr. Gary, and was interrupted by his observation that of course the document would be no longer circulated. Mr. Gary, who was about the most evasive man I have ever met, did not reply to my demand for a retraction, except that in further conversation he appeared to assume it. As is often the custom with these gentlemen, he preached a sermon to us, illustrated at points by reference to his own personal virtues. He justified the twelve-hour day for steel workers on the ground that both he and I sometimes worked over twelve hours. I have often wondered where and how Mr. Gary ever secured the title of "Judge."

I learned later that he at once had the booklet suppressed. I was a bit intrigued as to how I came to be "pro-German" and learned that I had been confused with a man of the same name and the initials "C. S.," but whose first name was not identical with mine. I believe this confusion of names originated in the Lusk Report. It is a fair illustration of the reliability of all this sort of propaganda material.

For fifteen years the Federal Council, in co-operation with Catholic and Jewish bodies, conducted the struggle to secure reduction of the twelve-hour day and the seven-day week,

finally securing it with the help of President Warren G. Harding, after he had listened to a committee which had been unable to persuade Mr. Gary.

Many of these documents appear to have been inspired by the Lusk Report, made by a joint legislative committee of the State of New York in 1920, consisting of four huge volumes. It is a confused compilation, putting in the same class organizations which have little, if anything, in common. The names of alleged participants in what are called revolutionary and subversive movements are rather promiscuously distributed. It is altogether lacking in accuracy. Terms are used without discrimination. All of these organizations, however, are said to have been receiving their instructions, and even their funds, from Soviet Russia. Practically all of these documents, including the Lusk Report, have now long been discarded.

Let us turn to another type of attack. During the early years of the Council, the leading official of the "International Bible Students' Association," more popularly known as "The Russellites," issued pronouncements, in booklets and over the radio, informing the people as to the purpose and intent of this new church federation. I recall hearing one radio address in which the Federal Council was described in Biblical terms as "the modern Babylon."

Thus an occasional touch of color comes from pre-Millennialists, who apply to the situation their methods of interpreting Biblical prophecy. One printed pamphlet represents even a New Testament passage as prophesying that the Federal Council and other peace organizations *would* receive large sums of money from Soviet sources. It goes on to say that the Council's budget (which at that time was less than three hundred thousand dollars) runs "into millions."

The false charges of the American Legion (which abhors a lobby), that the Federal Council had a lobby in Washing-

ton, were so frequently repeated that I consulted with one or two congressmen of my acquaintance. On their advice I wrote to a cross-section of members of the House and Senate, asking them if they had ever been approached by a lobbyist alleging to represent the Federal Council. I thought it possible that some member of one of our committees might, at some time or other, have done something of the kind. No congressman had been approached by anyone on behalf of the Federal Council. Some of the replies, however, were more at length. The late Congressman James M. Beck wrote that, if anyone representing the Federal Council had come to him, he should have listened to him with great respect. Several congressmen wrote that they always read carefully the utterances of the Council on social and international matters. Most of the letters were in the same tenor as that of Senator Robert F. Wagner, who said: "I welcome the information gathered by the Federal Council and an expression of its views on public questions."

Once, in a friendly personal call on Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce and Labor, I called his attention to some of the propaganda which was participated in by individuals more or less associated with the government, suggesting that if, on an appropriate occasion, President Coolidge should find it desirable, he might make some sort of public statement that would tend to modify the activities of these misguided patriots. Mr. Hoover believed that the President would be glad to do so. Shortly after that, Mr. Coolidge took occasion to express his warm appreciation of the Federal Council, its influence upon the moral life of the nation, and more particularly its service in the cause of international peace. He authorized me to release the conversation to the press. Such testimony, however, had little effect on reactionaries, one of whom once said of General John F. O'Ryan, Hon. Alanson B. Houghton and Hon. Elihu Root, "We

don't trust them either." While the Federal Council bore the brunt of these assaults, practically all religious bodies are included in the indictments.

These experiences with hostile forces, of which I have given but a few selected examples, came to be just a part of the day's work. Some of these adversaries were honest men, lacking in information and understanding. Others, I am sorry to say, present a sad and sinister picture of human life. Not a few, being crooked themselves, believed all others to be so. For the most part the newspapers simply presented these tales as news and very often invited reply. Some newspaper men, however, notably columnists, or men who are paid space rates, invented their own stories. Such articles were occasionally illustrated by misleading pictures of unpopular men, giving the intimation that they were responsible for the Federal Council rulings. As often as not, they were individuals who had remote relation to the Council or none at all. The favorite theme was that of budgets. One magazine writer grouped a large number of organizations and foundations, alleged to be controlled by the Federal Council, added all their budgets together and presented the total as the Federal Council's budget, amounting to several million dollars. None of these bodies was in any way related to the Council, and its budget at the time for the particular department concerned amounted to about twenty thousand dollars a year. Inquiry sometimes led to the discovery that these writers were either employed agents, like William B. Shearer, or the salaried secretaries of industrial combinations who pursued this avocation, often without the knowledge of their superiors. Much of this material is purposefully untrue, but still more reveals amusing ignorance. In one widely circulated document we learn that President Woolley was "educated" at Amherst College and President MacCracken was

a "student" at Vassar. In many, perhaps most, cases these performances are simply what is termed a "racket," and a goodly number of men and women make a living by it.

In the next chapter I will present what may be termed a *pièce de resistance*, of this extravaganza.

CHAPTER XIV

DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION DISCOVER A REVOLUTIONARY DAUGHTER

DURING the years 1927 and 1928, some of the women who directed the policies and practices of the D. A. R. would have made excellent subjects for both psychological and pathological study, if not for that of the psychiatrist. My wife was a member of the chapter nearest our home and had served for a time as its chaplain. This chapter had often called for my services, on patriotic occasions, and I delivered addresses on the 4th of July, for several successive years. I was not personally involved, however, in the national issue, and so far as I know, my name was never on any of the blacklists. When this omission was called to the attention of one of the ladies of the D. A. R., she remarked that it might be a little embarrassing to include me, in view of the fact that I held a commission in the army, which declared that the nation reposed "special trust and confidence in the patriotism, valor and fidelity," of its possessor.

Inasmuch as the main story will be fully told, later on, in my wife's own words, I may confine myself to some of the sidelights. She was first disturbed on receiving a pamphlet, circulated by the society, written, in the main, by a man who was found to be a consultant, if not an agent of the national officers. She sent a copy of this booklet to our friend, Major

General John F. O’Ryan, who pointed out several striking infelicities in it, and observed that the writer was “baying at the moon.” Several letters passed between her and the President General, which were characterized by no little vigor on both sides. They dealt not only with the blacklist, but with the general policies, of which it constituted a symbol. Her letter to the President General, dated March 20, 1928, constituted the first occasion when I ever knew her to dip her pen in the red ink. The literary production of the aforesaid gentleman, which the “daughters” had credentialized, was “vulgar in tone, ghastly in style, confused in thought and absurd, to the highest degree, in its inferences.” His “stuff is nonsensical and the D. A. R. is seriously compromised by credulously adopting it.”

She received a communication from the gentleman in question, to whom the President General had handed her original letter. He demanded that she sustain her charges, and he added, “unless I receive that concrete evidence at the end of thirty days, I will take more pronounced action to secure it.” The correspondence which ensued was very interesting, not to say humorous. The gentleman repeated his threat. Finally he wrote, in a highly mandatory letter, “unless I hear from you in this matter within ten days, I shall turn all the correspondence over to my attorney.” While entirely undisturbed by his letters, the ineptitude of which was quite apparent, my wife consulted a former United States Attorney General, who authorized her to write the gentleman that all further correspondence should be carried on with him. That ended the episode.

I have gone through the volume of correspondence, numbering, I should say, about six or seven hundred letters, of which I can give but a partial resumé. The President General declared, in more than one letter, that “there is no blacklist.” Meanwhile, however, a president of one of the

blacklisted societies writes, to Mrs. Macfarland, that the President General had written her, stating that her society was not "in the list" with her consent or authority, thus appearing to admit its existence. The society in question was an outstanding woman's organization. Further indubitable proof came from a woman in Boston, who had received a blacklist from headquarters in Washington. A letter, from an officer of a welfare organization, states that the writer had requested the approval and co-operation of the D. A. R. She had received an invitation to interview the national officers and when she came to Continental Hall, found herself, not only in their presence, but also facing officers of the army and navy. These judges looked over her list of committee members, and asked if she would have certain names, including that of Jane Addams, removed. Inasmuch as she could not consent to this, the army and navy men decided that the D. A. R. could not approve her work. A letter from a high official of the National Society, to a leading social worker who had complained, indicates that she holds his society in high esteem. For satisfaction he is referred to the gentleman previously mentioned, who had threatened my wife.

Mrs. Macfarland evidently attempted, during all this time, to secure lists of regents of the society, but they were refused her. An interested member sent her a list of about a thousand names, including local regents.

This correspondence came from all over the nation, and even from abroad. Much of it is from organizations which had been attacked. Some letters are from D. A. R. officials, trying either to quiet or placate her, often appealing to the necessity for preserving the "good name" of the society. There are letters from college associates and personal friends, all expressing their approval, but in cases where they were members, saying that there was nothing they could do about it. My wife, however, was provoked when I facetiously ob-

served that some of her college friends must have been "cheer leaders."

The following excerpts indicate the tenor of several hundred communications from members:

The D. A. R. members do not understand what it is all about and need such clarification as you have presented.

.....

I have felt a great urge to do the very thing you're doing, and try to rescue our organization from the rocks.

.....

For the last year or two I have felt like apologizing every time the D. A. R. was mentioned.

.....

A friend told me the National Defense material sent her as regent was so disgusting she threw it all in the waste basket.

.....

I have heard the situation deplored by many who say "but it is no use to say anything in opposition."

.....

I believe a new birth will come to the D. A. R. from this agitation.

.....

I have felt for some time that a crisis was approaching, when the chapters all over the country would have to take a stand on the questions which you suggest for consideration.

.....

I *do* believe that the "rank and file" of D. A. R. members do not know the facts regarding many of these questions involved in the attitude and work of the organization and are ignorant of the real implications of the propaganda which is being broadcast over the country.

.....

In view of the President General's repeated denial that there was any list of the kind, one of the most significant letters was from a leading officer of the National Society, the wife of a high government official. She writes, "I have felt very strongly, for over a year, that as an organization we certainly should not be followers of propagandists and that our National Chairman should not put upon her '*red*' list those who are thinking along constructive lines." This officer writes further: "I am sure that you have many of our best thinking women with you and I for one am glad that a protest is being made before it is too late."

Another committee chairman of the National Society writes that she had tried to persuade the President General, a year before, that she was on the wrong track and she adds, "hoping that you may stage a good fight and win." Other officials more or less connected with the National Society expressed their dismay. These letters appear to be confidential and evidently these ladies felt obliged to confine themselves to cheering. Later on, Mrs. Macfarland wrote one of them, asking if she would not now come out in active support of her, but she apparently received no reply to that letter. I find one of her printed pamphlets marked in heavy pen and ink across the front page, "Returned Unread."

Some letters are humorous. One man, on the supposition that my wife was a widow, or else because he thought I might be removed from the picture, includes a statement of his worldly goods, and expresses a desire for more intimate acquaintance, with the evident suggestion that wedlock might be desirable. Another conveys a carefully worked out chart, showing the cosmic philosophy of the whole situation. An author dedicates and inscribes a book to her.

On the other hand there are a few letters of a different tenor. Mrs. Macfarland is regarded by one woman as a

Bolshevik, in alleged complicity with Countess Károlyi of Hungary.¹

With these oblique rays of light, and the clearly sustained evidence that my wife's charges were all well founded, we may resume the narrative. She attended the next meeting of her chapter. The Regent had evidently been forewarned. When she introduced the speaker, she announced that there could be no discussion except on what the visitor might say. The lady who addressed the meeting spoke entirely on the League of Nations, which she declared had been instigated by Jews, for the purpose of putting them in possession of the world. At the close, my wife asked for the floor, and in recognizing her, the Regent again said that there must be no remarks of any kind except on what the speaker had said. Mrs. Macfarland therefore simply announced that she had some printed documents to distribute to the members.

This pamphlet stated the facts which had led up to its publication, described the procedures which were taking place in the National Society, gave a resumé of her correspondence with the President General, and put the issue squarely before the members of the society. An analysis of the blacklist stated that one organization was blacklisted which included William H. Taft, General John F. O'Ryan, and General Henry T. Allen. It was noted that other societies included, as officers or members, Newton D. Baker, Elihu Root, Bishop Charles H. Brent, Dwight Morrow, President A. Lawrence

¹ In 1925, Count Michael Károlyi, former provisional president of Hungary, whom I had never known and whom I never saw again, was sent to me by Mr. Robert J. Caldwell. He wanted to secure a hearing with Senator Borah. I always complied with such requests, regardless of whether or not I was in sympathy with any political principles involved.

Meanwhile my wife, who was almost violently Anti-Communist, was one of a group of well-known New York women who arranged a luncheon, at which Countess Károlyi told her story of alleged persecution. This was enough to connect her with the supposed Bolshevism of the Károlyi régime, of which she had known little or nothing.

Lowell and other publicists. Attention was called to the fact that the D. A. R. had come out in opposition to General Pershing, who had urged the outlawing of the use of poison gas in warfare. Those who knew my wife were astounded at so scathing an arraignment from this quiet, modest little woman.

She had not arranged for any publicity, but reporters were present and the news broke. The clippings indicate that the daily press and magazines, without exception, supported the revolutionary daughter.

While this was taking place, I received a letter from a woman, written on hotel stationery, in Washington, making inquiries which raised my suspicions. It was signed by the writer's given name. I had a little investigation made and found that the woman was one of the national officers of the D. A. R. who was evidently trying to find out something or other, without letting me know her identity.

Mrs. Macfarland's second pamphlet had closed with these words: "My statement dealt with more or less open procedures. It now appears that these are nothing to the secret procedures carried on by D. A. R. officers as revealed in Massachusetts. I am not sure that I should have sent out this second statement, had it not been that unscrupulous efforts were made to intimidate me into withdrawing the first."

As the result, a letter dated May 28, 1928, came from the Recording Secretary General, which reads:

You are hereby notified that charges have been filed against you on the ground that you have conducted yourself in a way calculated to disturb the harmony of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, to injure its good name and hamper it in its work, that said charges have been considered by the Executive Committee and reported by said Committee to the National Board of Management, and that the Board has set June 21st, 1928, as the date for the hearing on said charges at an hour to be designated later.

The Executive Committee, in the meantime, had sat in solemn judgment, on charges against themselves, had acted as witnesses for themselves, in the absence of the prosecution, and had solemnly voted themselves not guilty. It is evident, from a letter written Mrs. Macfarland on June 22nd, that the Recording Secretary General had failed to acknowledge a request for a statement of the charges and my wife had evidently protested against the action of the Executive Committee in rendering a verdict, without giving her any opportunity to be heard by that committee. She wrote a letter declining to appear at a deferred hearing by the National Board and added that she was "occupied with more important matters."

At about this time, we were dining one evening, at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. I left the room to extend a greeting to General Charles P. Summerall, who had come into the reception room, and on my return found that she had changed her seat. She had heard her name mentioned, at another table at which were seated an army officer, with two women, who were evidently officers of the D. A. R., doubtless receiving counsel and advice.

It was learned, long after these events, that when the controversy was at its height, a woman had come to Mountain Lakes making inquiries as to whether or not it was possible to "get something" on Mrs. Macfarland which might be used to her disadvantage. The inquirer was advised to make her get-away as quickly as possible, to avoid mob violence.

The threats which had been made so aroused her indignation that, despite her shrinking from publicity, she issued a statement, September 28, 1928, addressed to the National Board of Management, recounting the whole procedure. Inasmuch as the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, is concerned with the preservation of historical records, and whereas the officers at that time neglected to

make this classic document available to their members, I will repair the omission, especially as this volume is inclusive of my wife's biography.²

"ACHRAY"

MOUNTAIN LAKES

NEW JERSEY

September 28, 1928.

To the National Board of Management
National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution

I am in receipt of several documents charging me with offenses against the Society, as follows:

1. A petition signed by nineteen members charging that I have conducted myself "in a way calculated to disturb the harmony and injure the good name of the National Society."

2. Findings of the Executive Committee of the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution, in the Matter of Charges filed against Mrs. Mary P. Macfarland.

Upon consideration and investigation of the charges filed with the Recording Secretary General against Mrs. Mary P. Macfarland, the Committee finds that she:

a. Wrote and circulated letters, gave information to the press and printed and circulated, within and without the Society, pamphlets containing derogatory criticisms of a vilifying nature and stating that Chapters and Chapter leaders have, with the approval of the President General of the National Society, violated the Constitution of the United States by endeavoring to suppress free speech and "blacklisting" its citizens;

b. Printed and circulated, within and without the Society, a pamphlet containing statements to the effect that men of prominence and unquestioned patriotism had been "blacklisted" by the Society and charged with complicity in attempting to form a "world Soviet," which statements are false;

c. Spread propaganda among members of the Society, containing statements derogatory to the organization, quoted prin-

² I have abbreviated considerably, leaving out irrelevant material in the letters quoted.

cipally from letters received by her in answer to communications which she had addressed to various members of the Society.

(I regret that the Executive Committee made its "findings" without giving me a chance to be heard. . . . By this procedure, those who were to be practically my judges, became my prosecutors in advance, a reversal of judicial procedure. . . . Fairness certainly required that this statement of the Executive Committee should not have become public without being accompanied by a statement from me.)

3. A letter from the Recording Secretary General adding that, from an unnamed source, I was charged with having "refused to renew allegiance to the Society."

(I wrote to the Recording Secretary General asking the name of her informant, but received no reply.)

4. In addition, the President General, in a letter to me, has alleged or intimated that I had ulterior motives, including vengeance, and is reported in the press to have cast reflections on my standing as a D. A. R. member and on my motives.

My replies to these charges are as follows:

1. The "harmony" of the Society was disturbed long before I took any action, and my hope was to restore the harmony by frank and friendly consideration of the causes of the disturbances. Letters of protest, similar to mine, antedate my procedures by at least a year.

2a. I have never at any time given "information to the press." . . . I have constantly and consistently refused to make statements when besought by reporters. The first publicity in connection with my action was on the occasion of the meeting of my chapter where I presented the document containing my views. Without any approval or knowledge on my part, a reporter was admitted by our officers to that meeting.

Indeed I regret that word was sent out from National Headquarters, to the press of the Country (and also foreign countries) stating the charges of the Executive Committee against me. These charges having been made public I am now, in self-respect, forced to permit publicity to my replies.

3. I categorically deny the statement reported and alleged by the Recording Secretary General that I had "refused to renew allegiance to the Society." This probably refers to the fact that the actions, as a whole, of the Continental Congress were put to vote in my chapter, and I declined to vote to approve them, first, because they had not been presented in full, and second, because, while I approved some, I did not approve all. I am not accustomed to approving important actions which I have had no opportunity to consider or even read. If a member's allegiance requires a "yes" to all matters put to vote, why have any vote at all? . . . I felt that allegiance to the fundamental principles of the Society, called for a declination to approve particular actions.

4. I deny with equal positiveness, that I was actuated by ulterior or otherwise unworthy motives as implied by the President General.

.....;

As the President General neglects to state what she means by information as to "the background of your deductions" I am unable to reply to that offense, whatever it is. She says she reported what it was to the Board, but she withheld it from me.

.....

In November, 1927, while away from home, I read a report of an address before Parsippanong Chapter by Fred R. Marvin, whose reported utterances aroused my suspicions as to reliability. . . . I wrote to my Chapter Regent protesting, not against hearing him, but against our chapter's apparent endorsement of this speaker, his literature and his society, known as "Key Men of America." The Regent replied that she and our Board did "set our seal of approval" on these utterances. I then wrote and submitted specific utterances of this speaker and asked if these were approved by the Regent and the Board. The Regent has never even acknowledged this letter. I wrote to the President General a similar inquiry, to which she replied "when anyone asks you the question you are always safe in assuring them that Mr. Marvin and men of his type put into print nothing that is not duly authenticated." (Note: The Courts have recently rendered a judgment of \$17,000 damages against Mr. Marvin in one libel suit.)

.....

I was obliged, of course, to terminate my correspondence with the President General when the President General so far forgot herself as to write me: "I have sent (members of the Board) some information that came to me that will be of interest as a background for your deductions," and closed by an overt charge that I was not patriotic. I was also deeply disturbed when I learned that the President General was in evident collusion or connection with an effort on the part of Fred R. Marvin to intimidate me by threatening legal procedure, when he wrote me demanding that I inform the President General that my statement was not well founded.

Both at this time and since, there have come into my possession, largely unsolicited, several documents and many letters from members, which substantiate the positions taken in my pamphlet, as follows:

I. A Letter from National Headquarters

"National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution
Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President General
National Defense Committee
Mrs. William Sherman Walker, Chairman
Washington, D. C.

"February 25, 1927.

"Dear Committee Member:

"This will be a letter solely about subscriptions. . . . I wish to speak particularly of certain ones at this time.

. . . it gives me real pleasure to tell you that Mr. Marvin is again issuing very valuable releases under a new plan called *The Daily Data Service*, through the Key Men of America. You will soon receive details about his offer direct from him.

"You are all receiving the *Weekly News Letter* from the Better America Federation, and while this comes to you gratis, please do not forget that they appreciate contributions to their great work.

"No doubt you all know the *Woman Patriot*, and many of you subscribe for it. For those who do not already have it, I enclose a subscription slip in case you wish to secure it regularly—and I hope that you will.

"The other slip explains itself. We are frequently asked re-

garding the program of activities of the Federal Council of Churches, and most of us are at a loss for satisfactory replies. The series of ten articles about to be published³ in *Patches* will give you this illumination if you will return the slip with \$1.00 to the publisher. Please pass along this information to your Chapters and friends who may be interested.

"Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) "FLORA A. WALKER."

This letter clearly assumes the same responsibility for Fred R. Marvin and his *Daily Data Sheet* as did the President General in her letter to me, and it specifically authenticates the articles in *Patches*, a now defunct and discredited magazine.

The above-named publications attack organizations directed by men and women of the highest national repute, and these organizations are directly charged with complicity in forming a "world Soviet." Moreover, in many cases men of the highest character are attacked and maligned by name.

II. In the June 27th issue of *Zion's Herald*, the editor says:

"We wonder how the officers of the Daughters of the American Revolution explain the distribution of such literature as the so-called black list. There lies before us as we write a package in the original envelope addressed to the treasurer of one of the Chapters of the D. A. R. It has a return card in the upper left-hand corner which reads as follows:

"Return to

"National Defense Committee, D. A. R.

"Memorial Continental Hall,

"Washington, D. C.

"Within this envelope we found twenty pieces of propaganda literature. . . . The envelope also contains a nineteen-page mimeographed leaflet bearing the title, "Who is Back of the Pacifist Movement Opposing National Defense?" Here will be found the names and brief sketches of fifty-six of the leading citizens of the United States, among them distinguished senators, ministers, social workers, authors, and college presidents

³ It should be noted that the *Patches* articles are approved even before they appeared. C. S. M.

and editors. One of those named, for example, is the sainted Dr. Francis E. Clark, for many years president of the Christian Endeavor Society."

This editor, Rev. L. O. Hartman, writes me: "This package, as described in the editorial, postmarked Washington, D. C. was loaned me last fall by a treasurer of one of the Chapters of the D. A. R." . . .

Does this not give additional evidence of the connection of our national headquarters with all this discreditable procedure?

III. *A Deposition from a Chapter Regent*

"State of Kansas }
"County of Lyon } ss.:

"I, May M. Glotfelter, being first duly sworn, depose and say that I was Regent of the Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution from April, 1926, to April, 1928, and that while I was Regent the following list came to me officially as Regent of the Chapter from Mrs. Edward P. Pendleton, who was then State Chairman of the National Defense Committee.

"The following paragraph accompanied the list:

'As I did not get the lists of doubtful speakers and organizations interlocking with radical groups in time to distribute them at the State meeting, I am mailing them to you at this time.'

"I further depose that this is true, correct and exact copy of the list which I received from Mrs. Pendleton officially for transmission to the Emporia Chapter.

"I further depose that I did not ask Mrs. Pendleton for this list.

(Signed) "MAY M. GLOTFELTER (MRS. J. M.)

"Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 19th day of June, A.D., 1928.

"My commission expires August 3, 1929.

(Signed) "MARY E. LEWIS,
"Notary Public."

I have a photostatic copy of this list. Organizations declared to be *Interlocking with Radical Groups* include the following: American Association of University Women; American Christian Fund for Jewish Relief; American Friends' Service Committee; Children's Bureau—Federal; Council of Jewish Women; Council of Women for Home Missions; Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America; Federal Department of Education—Committee for; Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions; Foreign Policy Association; League for Jewish Women; League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, Inc.; National Association for Child Development; National Catholic Welfare Council; National Council of Mothers and Parent Teachers' Associations; National League of Women Voters; Teachers' Union; Women's Christian Temperance Union; Young Men's Christian Association; Young Women's Christian Association.

It is to be noted that one of these is a government department and another is, I believe, a body of which Herbert Hoover is a member, and with which he is intimately, if not officially, associated. All of these proscribed organizations are officially and administratively directed by men and women of unimpeachable character and loyalty.

IV. *A Letter from the Kansas State Chairman of National Defense.*

"Kansas

"Daughters of the American Revolution

"National Defense Committee.

"Mrs. William Sherman Walker Mrs. Edward P. Pendleton

"National Chairman State Chairman

"April 11, 1927.

"Dear Madam Regent:

"As I did not get the lists of doubtful speakers and organizations interlocking with radical groups in time to distribute them at the State meeting I am mailing them to you at this time.

"Our National Chairman, Mrs. Walker, keeps me informed of the current activities of "The Common Enemy" by letters, documentary evidence and suggested reading lists; the conference allowed funds for periodicals, so with these important facilities I hope with your coöperation to promote a better

understanding of what the radical forces are doing and what they plan to do.

"Faithfully yours,

(Signed) "GENEVIEVE PENDLETON

"MRS. EDWARD P. PENDLETON, State Chairman."

"State of Kansas }
"Lyon County } ss.:

"The above letter is a correct copy of the one received by me on or about April 12, 1927. It enclosed a list of Doubtful Speakers and Organizations interlocking with Radical Groups and a pamphlet entitled "The Common Enemy."

(Signed) "MAY M. GLOTFELTER.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 13th day of July, A.D., 1928.

(Signed) "MARY E. LEWIS,

"My commission expires Lyon County, Kansas.

"August 3, 1929."

This letter speaks for itself and requires no comment.

V. An Affidavit from an Organizing Regent

"Affidavit

"State of Kansas }
"County of Sedgwick } ss.:

"Mrs. Sarah Eleanor Walker, of lawful age, being first duly sworn, on her oath deposes and says:

"That she is and was a member of the Wichita Chapter of the D. A. R. at the times herein mentioned, being the Organizing Agent thereof; that in March, 1927, at the State Conference or Convention of the D. A. R. of the State of Kansas, held at Leavenworth, Kansas, there was delivered to her by Mrs. E. P. Pendleton, State Chairman of the Committee for National Defense of the D. A. R., a typewritten list setting forth the names of individuals who were considered undesirable and doubtful speakers and was told by Mrs. Pendleton, as such Chairman, that the list was authentic and was authorized by the National Organization of the D. A. R. A photostatic copy

of such list is hereto attached, marked Exhibit "A," and made a part hereof, that she was charged the sum of ten cents for a copy of such list which she paid.

"Further affiant saith not.

(Signed) "SARAH ELEANOR WALKER

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of July, 1928.

(Signed) "MILDRED ROSS,
Notary Public.

"My commission expires
"January 20, 1930."

VI. *An Affidavit from a Chapter Member*

"Affidavit

"State of Kansas }
"County of Sedgwick } ss.:

"Mrs. Paul M. Hart, of lawful age, being first duly sworn on her oath deposes and says:

"That she is a member of the Wichita Chapter of the D. A. R., that at the State Conference of the D. A. R. held in Wichita, Kansas, in 1928, at Hotel Lassen, Mrs. E. P. Pendleton, State Chairman of the Committee for National Defense thereof, before a large group of persons stated to affiant that the National Organization of the D. A. R. vouched for the accuracy of the blacklist which she had previously distributed, a copy of which affiant held in her hand at the time. A photostatic copy of such list is hereto attached, marked Exhibit "A" and made a part hereof.

"Further affiant saith not.

(Signed) "MRS. PAUL M. HART.

"Subscribed and sworn to before me this 30th day of July, 1928.

(Signed) "MILDRED ROSS,
Notary Public.

"My commission expires
"January 20, 1930."

Now let us see just what has happened. The President General "duly authenticates" Mr. Marvin and "men of his type." The

Chairman of the National Defense Committee refers Chapters to *Patches* and the *Daily Data Sheet* for reliable "information." The *Daily Data Sheet* authenticates both *Patches* and its companion volume *Pastors, Politicians, Pacifists*. I will therefore confine my references entirely to the last two documents thus sponsored by our National Headquarters. . . . Daughters of various religious denominations will find their Bishops, Pastors and leading laymen defamed. They will find it asserted that there is a conviction of the attachment of a great religious body directed by these men to "a pot of Soviet gold." In one case at least, one of the organizations listed has as directors two Major Generals of the Army.

If one woman, an unnaturalized foreigner, could secure a judgment of \$17,000 for libel, one wonders what would be the strain on the profits of the *Daily Data Sheet* if all these men should enter suits. Perhaps not much, because they would not be able to prove that these silly charges, even though absurdly false, had damaged them at all. When you come to list the reputable national organizations on all these "radically interlocking" lists, practically all such organizations in the country are covered and as for the individual national leaders who are thus directly or implicitly connected, we should have few true patriots left. As to the reliability of the *Daily Data Sheet* the daughters who read it were told that I was probably in collusion with an attendant at the D. A. R. meeting "not a member, who did not stand when the flag was saluted." As a matter of fact, I had never had the slightest word with the lady in question. I cite this merely to show this gentleman's gift of imagination. . . .

These statements are sufficient to make clear the connection between these attacks and our National headquarters.

I am not discussing the question as to whether or not the D. A. R. has a right to have lists of desired speakers. It undoubtedly has such a right. Indeed, I did not and do not object to any chapter having any speaker, whether I agree with him or not. What I objected to was the off-hand and indiscriminating endorsement of such a speaker, without investigation as to his reliability and that of his literature.

I have been so desirous, throughout, of not being unfair, that I consulted an official member of the National Society and was informed that members in Washington were condemning the practices of the National Defense Chairman, that the State Regents

were acting closely with the National Officers and that as long as a year ago protests had been sent to the President General by official members.

I properly resent this approval of these attacks by the D. A. R. . . . as a State President of the American Association of University Women and as an officer in the League of Women Voters and as a member of several of these organizations. I resent it when literature sponsored from D. A. R. sources assails the College of which I am a graduate and defames the honored President of my Alma Mater. I owe allegiance to all these bodies as well as to the D. A. R. On the other hand, if these other organizations attacked, or sponsored literature containing unjust attacks on the D. A. R., I should as quickly protest against their action.

As to the charge "c," I contend I was within my rights, under our constitution, in consulting and corresponding with other members and that these members had the right to approve my position. If you deny me the right to report what they wrote, you would certainly be suppressing free speech and you would suppress free speech if you did not permit me to make my views known to them. As to the question of free speech, it is well known that some of the local chapters and officials have endeavored to suppress it. On this I will refer you to the letter of Oregon Lewis and Clarke Chapter, dated April 17, 1928, to the President General which says:

"When we are informed by our State Chairman of National Defense that we were untrue to our duties as citizens and members of the D. A. R. when we allowed Kirby Page and Judge Lindsey to speak in Eugene, we resent the implication, for we believe in the free and open discussion of all social and political issues, and are opposed to this type of censorship. As descendants of the founders of the Republic, we feel that we should hold a higher vision of tolerance towards the opinions of sincere persons and should cultivate a more intelligent patriotism than is implied by such pamphlets as 'Pacifism Kept Alive by Fifty Organizations'—a pamphlet being circulated by the Defense Committee."

May I ask if you have placed this chapter on trial? Have the National Officers expressed disapproval of the action of the Oregon Chairman of National Defense? If not, is not their approval likely

to be implied? . . . If a Chapter or a state officer is violating the evident spirit of the Constitution of the United States it is surely the duty of our national officers to express explicit and vigorous disapproval of it.

The sum and substance of the issues I raised were in the following questions, which I asked the President General to bring before the Board and which I will now place before that body:

1. Whether or not our National Headquarters should sponsor and circulate or further the circulation of propaganda and defamatory material of outside persons and of agencies, at least without making its own careful investigation as to its propriety and accuracy?

2. Whether or not the D. A. R. should also give its support, both as a measure of national defense and of human duty, to the urging of constructive efforts on the part of our government to help establish order, security, mutual justice, peace and goodwill among the nations? Is not our Department of State just as important as our War and Navy Departments, and is it not just as patriotic to help it?

3. Whether or not the D. A. R. should attack or sponsor attacks on men and women as to their integrity and patriotism because they do not hold views which the D. A. R. approves, but who believe that other measures are in the interest of the nation?

4. Whether or not the D. A. R. should violate the spirit of the first amendment of the Constitution of the United States by endeavoring to suppress free speech when such is within legal bounds?

5. Whether or not local chapters should study literature and hear speakers of reliability on international justice and goodwill in order to be of help in our foreign relations? (Surely this is as important as to urge the international use of poison gas in warfare, which General Pershing has so strongly denounced.) . . .

6. Whether or not the D. A. R. should join with other national bodies of women in conference on these issues on the assumption that the others have points of view to be respected?

I have made a re-study of our constitution and I find nothing which forbids the frank criticism I have made, or my consultation with other members of the society. Indeed, such exchange of

views is, to quote our constitution, necessary to "enlightened public opinion" in "the spirit of the men and women who achieved American independence."

If the examples of evidence which I have adduced are not sufficient to establish my statement, there is much more that is available, which I do not wish to make public unless necessary. Letters from members in other states confirm the affidavits from Kansas.

Finally; let me say that:

With the purpose and ideals of the D. A. R., as embodied in its Articles of Incorporation I am in hearty sympathy. With much of its present constructive service I am in the fullest accord and render it the highest commendation. . . . My effort has been to help preserve "the good name of the Society." What I hope is that our policy may entirely cease to be negative and reactionary and become thoroughly positive, constructive and progressive, as was that of our fathers of '76. Above all let us remember that freedom of speech was one of their watch-words and let us, in any case, not restrict freedom of speech on the part of our own members and let us not treat as enemies those who, even partially differing from us as to methods, are truly devoted to our national welfare. Nothing can be gained for our nation by the confused internecine warfare in which we are in danger of shooting into the ranks of our own forces.

If I feel that our Society is not competent to pass upon such a question as the use of poison gas, have I not the privilege of supporting General Pershing in his strong protest against it?

Inasmuch as there has been an effort to discredit my views on the ground that I am what is vaguely called a "pacifist," I will repeat that I believe in the necessity for adequate national defense and support it, even though I may not be willing that the National Committee on Defense or its chairman should define its terms for me with exactitude. . . . My own record of service at a time of national conflict is quite open to your inspection. Therefore I have objected to certain efforts to draw a red herring across the trail. . . . Moreover, I believe that there are destructive and subversive movements and propaganda to be guarded against and opposed but that our officers have, without discriminating, associated them-

selves with propagandists just as dangerous, if not more so. . . . We actually help subversive movements when we assert that all these organizations and leaders are supporting them.

I do not propose to appear personally before the Board, because, judging by the previous "trial" of a member, it appears to be a legal procedure between paid lawyers, rather than a frank and friendly hearing as between fellow-members of the Society. . . . I have not received any advice from legal counsel either directly or indirectly (although some of national distinction has been offered me without cost). . . . My sympathetic advisers have been D. A. R. members, including state and local regents and officers and members of our national committees and a few national leaders, including one Major-General in the Army. I prefer simply to state the case and present it to the Board as one member to a group of others. While thus I decline to appear at a legal procedure or any other procedure, involving myself personally, I shall be glad at some occasion, to confer with our officers on these important issues, provided, of course, that such conference is not precluded by my expulsion from the Society. . . .

I ask you to read carefully the attached statement of excerpts from letters from members. I have received many more of similar tenor, including some from national officers, and I urge that our Board consider these expressions as coming from at least a respectable minority. . . .

My defense sums up as follows:

1. I sought to correct these mistakes quietly and privately, but found it necessary, to my great regret, to enlist the attention of other members, only when this became impossible.

2. Certain of the charges made by the Executive Committee I have categorically denied.

3. The Executive Committee has charged me with making "false" statements. I have substantiated those statements by sworn testimony.

4. The Executive Committee wronged me in making "findings" without first hearing me, and in giving their findings publicity without any opportunity on my part to present my case. In other words, they declared a judgment in advance of my hearing or trial.

5. The Constitution of the National Society D. A. R. cer-

tainly does not deny me freedom of speech in the expression of my judgment as to matters of policy.

6. I affirm that my allegiance to the Society and its constitution not only does not prevent me from criticizing matters of policy, but as a loyal daughter places on me the obligation to express such criticism when I believe it is for the good of the Society and of the national welfare.

7. I have reaffirmed my allegiance to the constitution of the Society, but cannot admit that that does or will preclude me from free expression of my views as a member, on matters of policy.

I am personally of little account in the matter. But the questions I have raised are of the deepest importance for the D. A. R. and they will never be finally answered and harmony restored until they are answered frankly, fully and rightly, not by legal processes, but by friendly conference. The immediate question is: May a member of the D. A. R. express her convictions as to what she believes is for the welfare of the Society and may she criticize the officers when she believes they are mistaken?

Whether continued as a member or not, the D. A. R. and its responsible officers will continue to have my cordial good wishes.

Respectfully yours,

MARY P. MACFARLAND,

Member of Parsippanong Chapter.

I was curious to learn just how Mrs. Macfarland secured the affidavits which clinched the whole matter. I find correspondence and a telegram which make it apparent that they were received through William Allen White of the *Emporia Gazette*. Indeed she had several commendatory letters from leading men in public life.

An important letter from the President General, dated October 2nd, is missing, but in a reply by my wife, October 6th, she states that this letter "raises a very serious question." She had asked the President General to bring before the Board certain specific questions, but had received no response. She goes on to say:

But my dear President General, the action of the Executive Committee is a very different matter. Let us analyze it.

1. The most responsible body in the Society comes together officially, and it makes no difference whether "six" or sixty. If only "six" so much the worse.

2. It declares a final judgment which it terms "findings." According to the dictionary a "finding" is a "conclusion as to matters of fact arrived at through *testimony*."

3. But where was my testimony? I was not even informed of the trial—for such it was.

4. I was accused of making "false" statements, and that ugly word always implies intention and deliberate purpose.

5. These "findings" and this judgment are then broadcast to the world.

It makes no difference whether or not you thought I would come, you should have notified me and let me take the responsibility of deciding that.

The Executive Committee declared the charges proved and rendered a judgment in terms of absolute finality. They listened to or read charges against me and all without opportunity of a word from me. I have asked the opinion of an entirely detached and disinterested lawyer of distinction and his opinion is:

That the procedure of the Executive Committee which is a responsible body, was clearly a trial, conducted without regard to justice, inasmuch as it rendered a conclusion and a judgment. "Everything," he says, "except the sentence," without hearing the testimony of the defendant.

I have already decided not to make public information that has come to me from other quarters, similar to the Kansas affidavits, my purpose being to use only enough to meet the charge that I falsified.

She received a reply, dated October 17th, from the President General which, with its legal nomenclature, was apparently written by an attorney. In its attempt at ingenuity, however, it might have come from a schoolboy making excuses.

It appears that the President General had, in a previous letter, admitted the irregularity of procedure, explaining that

Mrs. Macfarland had not been notified of the committee meeting because they had thought she would not come.

The final document in this episode came from the Recording Secretary General, dated October 31st, reporting her expulsion from membership. This letter states that "no press statement or publicity" as to the action of the board was to be released. I can recall the unusual satirical smile with which Mrs. Macfarland read this kindly statement. There is little doubt but what the members of the board would have preferred not to have their procedure known. It did not work that way, however, and she released to the press the only statement that she had given out, for publicity, during the whole controversy. Evidently the Associated Press had called up and asked if she would appeal from the decision of the board, and she replied "I haven't the slightest intention of doing so. I am otherwise occupied." Her final statement was as follows:

I have protested against the policy of the National D. A. R. officers which is to the highest degree un-American, unintelligent, and unworthy of the descendants of the men and women of 1776. They have been the credulous agents of hysterical professional propagandists and of certain army officers who would keep the people under military espionage and control.

They clearly intimated to me long ago that they would be rid of me and sought to intimidate me. They have now sat solemnly in judgment on the indictment against them and have, without any sense of humor, voted to absolve themselves. The result is that I am simply added to the blacklist in the company of many of the finest men and women in the nation.

The action of the Society of the D. A. R. has no effect on me and I remain, as I was born, a daughter of the American Revolution. My future service will be given to the blacklisted women's organizations devoted to constructive patriotic work, instead of destructive.

I am charged with "disturbing the harmony of the Society" and

I suspect this charge is true. I decline to make any appeal, as I rest quite content.

In response, she received many letters and telegrams and the press editorialized the episode, in condemnation of the D. A. R., often with humor and hilarity. On December 7, 1928, a group of representative women arranged a testimonial dinner for Mrs. Macfarland, in Rochester, New York, which was addressed by Bishop Francis J. McConnell.

Some months after, she was approached by several members, who advised her to permit application for reinstatement. She replied courteously in declining to approve the procedure. I learned, quite recently, that a biographical sketch of my wife, which appeared in the *Congregationalist* at the time of her death, had been placed in the files of the National Society.

It should also be said, in all fairness, that not long after the events which have been described, the woman who had been most responsible for D. A. R. policies at that time, appears to have been relegated to obscurity, the blacklisting ceased, and from that time on the society has pursued what at least might be termed a policy of more expediency and to some extent of moderation.

Thus is progress "bought with a price," and "who would be free, themselves must strike the blow."⁴

⁴ "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," Byron.

CHAPTER XV

WITH MEN AND WOMEN IN PUBLIC LIFE

THE national and international interests, with which I have been associated, have involved certain contacts with men and women in public life. For the most part these associations have not been intimate, but in many cases have developed into relations of friendliness, and, sometimes, of friendship.

National issues of a moral nature have brought me into touch with all of our presidents since William Howard Taft. One of my first duties was to present a petition asking President Taft to prevent the closing of the mines, in the coal strike of 1912. It was evident that, at that time, he had a strictly legal view of industrial relations. I have already referred to my relations with Mr. Taft in connection with other interests. His vision widened as the years passed on. Once when I rebuked him for calling me "Bishop," he changed it to "Archbishop" with one of his hearty chuckles.

My previous narrative regarding William Jennings Bryan will undoubtedly bear out my conclusion that he was one of the most interesting and contradictory characters I have ever known. Anyone who came into touch with him at that time, could probably see that his term as Secretary of State would be short-lived. Mr. Bryan was a whole-souled man, honest and sincere, although in some ways politically an opportunist,

with intellectual limitations. As we look back, however, he appears to have been nearer right, in his ideas of neutrality, in 1915 and 1916, than some of our other leaders. At times he revealed fine intuition and his impulses were the expression of high-mindedness.

His personal letters were fearfully and wonderfully made. They were written in large scrawls, uphill and then down. When he used a typewriter himself, it must have taken him longer to correct the slips, than it would have done to write the letter by hand. Sometimes he used a lead pencil. He had a high estimate of the Federal Council and once, just after he resigned from the State Department, he said: "Macfarland, I envy you. You have about the greatest job in the country."

The exigencies of the war brought me into touch with Woodrow Wilson to an extent which developed into a friendly relationship. Mr. Wilson had an alert mind, and always appeared to be fully informed. Situations did not need to be described to him. His response was invariably ready and direct. Due partly to his own early life in a Presbyterian manse, he valued the influence of the churches in all social interests. The first time that I waited upon him, shortly after his inauguration, I called his attention to the fact that the Federal Council had sent him a message, to which no reply had come. Feeling sure that it must have missed him, I had brought a copy. He thanked me warmly, said that he had never seen it before, and the next morning I received a gracious response to it. His marvelous ability to keep track of things was once illustrated, when Dr. Gulick handed him a copy of a book he had recently written, on the Orient. Mr. Wilson remarked "I have already read it." On one occasion a representative of the Federal Council received word that he

would not be able to see Mr. Wilson, and that he had better see Mr. Bryan. While he was in Mr. Bryan's office, a message came saying that the President himself desired to see him.

One of the most interesting experiences I have ever had with men in public life, was when I waited upon President Wilson, at Shadow Lawn, New Jersey, the day before his second election. After the delegation of war relief organizations had retired, Mr. Wilson invited me to sit down to talk with him until the time for my train. I had just returned from the West and predicted his election, naming the states which he would carry.¹ Mr. Wilson, who was evidently under intense strain, then gave way to an expression of his feeling, regarding the men who had been most outstanding in their opposition to him; more particularly Theodore Roosevelt and Elihu Root. Robert Lansing is not entirely correct, when he tells us, in his recently published memoirs, that Mr. Wilson "ignored" Mr. Roosevelt. His characterization of these men was bitter, and he remarked in closing, "I feel that under no consideration could I ever look them in the face, or speak to them again"; they had made absolutely false statements, knowingly and premeditatedly. I left with the President a letter which I had written, with the hope that it would give him some cheer, and he thanked me with a touch of emotion not usual, I think, with him.

I always found Mr. Wilson ready to respond to suggestions of the Federal Council. When it was impossible to do so, he took pains to explain why, and was scrupulous in replying to messages and answering letters. In these respects he was the most thoughtful and considerate public servant I have ever known. This is perhaps illustrated by the following message, when his vitality was at a low ebb, relating to a letter from André Monod of the French Protestant Federation:

¹ I was not altogether correct in the designation of the states, but my estimate of his electoral vote was very close to that which he received.

3d September, 1921.

My dear Dr. Macfarland:

Mr. Wilson wishes me to tell you how greatly he enjoyed your letter of August twenty-fifth, as well as the one enclosed by you from Mr. Monod. By this mail Mr. Wilson is writing Mr. Monod explaining that, while he is slowly recovering his health, he does not feel that his vitality has yet reached a point where he could write the kind of message that he would be willing to have Mr. Monod publish.

Mr. Wilson's health has improved more, I think, in the past two months than at any time since his illness. He is conserving his strength as much as possible in an effort to hasten his convalescence.

Cordially yours,

JOHN RANDOLPH BOLLING,
Secretary.

Ray Stannard Baker,² referring to scandalous stories regarding Mr. Wilson, which he says reached their height in 1916, tells us that the "wildest lies were spread about and unfortunately widely believed." Although I had received letters from pastors and others regarding these stories, I had never considered them as worthy of attention until I had a shock which indicated that they were widespread. Inasmuch as Mr. Baker has opened the way, I think that the whole story should be told.

On January 29, 1919, I received a confidential communication from a pastor in a leading city, written on behalf of a group of clergymen, stating that rumors regarding the President's personal character and life had become so persistent that we ought to investigate them. This body had already framed a resolution to be presented to the Federal Council.³

² *Woodrow Wilson's Life and Letters*, Doubleday, Page & Co., 1927.

³ Just about this time, considerable dissatisfaction was also felt at the appointment of Professor George D. Herron to a diplomatic mission, on account of what were regarded as his loose moral views and conduct. The Federal Council was overtured from several protesting sources and I was instructed to send a private, personal cable to the President, who was then in Paris. In order to avoid publicity, I gave the information to William Phillips, of the State Department.

The suggestion was made that I should bring the whole matter before the Administrative Committee. I did not think it wise to do this, and replied that I should prefer to make it a friendly personal inquiry. This was consented to. I went immediately to Mr. Joseph P. Tumulty, the President's secretary. He told me that they had long known of these tales. Some of Mr. Wilson's friends had even hoped that somebody would give them publicity, in order that a libel suit might clear them up. One newspaper had been reported as ready to print the stories, but the rumors had been entirely confined to a whispering campaign. Mr. Tumulty said that he would take it up with the President's brother-in-law, Professor Stockton Axson, who was then associated with the American Red Cross. Shortly after that, I had several conferences with Professor Axson, followed by considerable correspondence. He opened up the whole story. The falsity of the charges was sufficiently apparent in their details.

Meanwhile, word came to me that some of the ministers concerned were "disposed to press the matter," in response to which I urged restraint, telling my informant that I had already found "indubitable disproof of the things alleged." "We ought not to be responsible for a procedure which might have very far-reaching consequences."

My talks and correspondence with Professor Axson revealed the background of malice behind these reports, which had always re-emerged in the supreme crises of Mr. Wilson's career. Up to this time they had been disregarded, and the issue which had been brought up to me, must be met, but by other means than giving them public notice. These attacks had sometimes bordered on threats and blackmail. Sinister political purposes were behind these foolish and idle lies. Professor Axson showed me some of the denunciatory letters that had come to him. Their allegations were so absurd and so betrayed their motives, as to indicate the completeness of

their mendacity. With but one exception, they were anonymous. President Wilson himself, so far as he knew of them, treated the subject with serene indifference. An intimate friend who had broached it to him, told me that Mr. Wilson felt his open life to be a sufficient answer.

I consulted with this man, who was a college classmate of the President.⁴ He gave me a story of political deviltry which was almost beyond comprehension. Professor Axson, the President's classmate and I were of the same mind as to what we ought to do.

Dr. Axson was not only a warm admirer of his sister's husband, but was a close companion in his home. He had written an article, entitled "The Private Life of Woodrow Wilson," which had been published in the *New York Times Magazine* of October 8, 1916, at the time when these stories began to be circulated. Reprints were made and I sent them, on my personal responsibility, to all the ministers in the country, Protestant, Catholic and Jewish. I reported to my correspondent, and so far as I know, the matter was settled to the satisfaction and gratification of the group which he represented.

Later on, after the Versailles Conference, a malicious attack appeared in a foreign paper, whose editor was evidently discontented with the treaty. I took that up with the ambassador of that country and a retraction was immediately made by cable. No one who knew President Wilson, or who had intelligence enough to see how impossible of credence the stories were, ever gave them the slightest heed, except to express contempt for the instigators.

During this procedure, I happened to meet a newspaper reporter who had been in Washington for over twenty-five years. I think he must have been familiar with the immediate situation. Gossip and scandal, he declared, were commodities

⁴ Cleveland H. Dodge.

in political and social Washington. No President had ever escaped attempts to blacken his character. He gave me a number of incidents coming under his own observation. One, concerning one of our finest presidents, will bear repeating. A well-known senator reported that, on the occasion of a White House reception, he had arrived somewhat early, and as the President came down the stairway, he had struck his wife. This story went the rounds, until someone called it to the attention of the wife of the President. She was thunder-struck, but finally recalled, that on the occasion referred to, she and her husband had had a playful altercation, while they were preparing for the reception. On the way down the stairway, the President had concluded it by chucking her under the chin, or something of that kind.

I felt no little distress during all this time. I knew something about "whispering" attacks and the depths which politicians' animosities would reach. I also knew how precipitate and injudicious a body of clergymen (and other bodies) would sometimes be, under strain.

Another incident is of interest, in connection with President Wilson's visitors. Complaint was frequently made that persons of influence and importance were unable to secure interviews with him. Several of these instances were brought to my attention. There had also been occasions when, after I had given letters of introduction to the President for certain representative men, they had been informed that they could not see him. There were so many of these cases that I reported them frankly to a secretary of the Department of State. He told me that they had had a considerable number of such protests. He felt that my report would bring about the needed reform, and I never heard of any more valid complaints.

I realize the seriousness of Woodrow Wilson's limitations. He failed to see the extent to which life must involve com-

promises, especially when the Senate was debating membership in the League of Nations. I have already mentioned an incident in this connection, which is not creditable to Henry Cabot Lodge.⁵ But another senator said, at that time, "If you can only get Mr. Wilson to compromise a little, the battle can be won." At times I also caught glimpses of President Wilson's tendency to distrust, in a very personal way, anyone who opposed him, and, on the other hand, to give too much opportunity to those most loyal to him. I heard more than one European diplomat observe that Mr. Wilson placed altogether too much responsibility in the hands of Colonel House.

I developed a warm admiration for Woodrow Wilson, and the letters I have received from him are among my treasured possessions. In June, 1924, my wife and I were members of an "Educational Pilgrimage," through the Shenandoah Valley, arranged by the constructive genius of Dr. Lyman P. Powell. I gave an address on June 3rd, at President Wilson's birthplace, Staunton, in the chapel where he was baptized, in which, after a resumé of American history, I said:

History, my friends, is but the interpretation and the application of the influence of personality upon the race; the annals of the race are but biography writ large, and as we think of these first three momentous eras of our nation's life, there rise before us, one by one, the visions of the forms of men who embodied their ideals and gave them utterance and compelling force.

And as in these earlier times of trial and achievement, so for this fourth and greatest era, in which all the light that came before within the nation, began to shine across the face of the world of nations—I say it advisedly, I say it with serenity, I say it reverently—there was a man sent of God whose name was Woodrow Wilson, to bear witness to that light of the world.

If you will review the pages of history and biography, you will find, as two outstanding facts, that the leaders of men have oft and again gone with Moses to the Mount of Pisgah and have

⁵ See Page 147.

viewed the promised land, but have not entered in; indeed that they have seldom lived to share the consummation of their labors, that they have gone to crucifixions and that their place in history had to await the clearer vision of another day or generation.

And so the day will come when the world ideals of this fourth era will attain their triumph and when that hour strikes, there will be no debate and no division among men as to its interpreter and prophet.

But the course of history follows that of evolution and is thus ever in advancing and receding cycles. The clearer judgment of one day is often the reversal or revision of its predecessor's partial or mistaken verdict. One brief retreating tide or current permits malignant, false or misdirected and mistaken leaders to cast out its true prophets in the outer darkness, only for its successor to discover in the morning sun.

Yes, we are in a whirling backward cycle of the evolution of our body politic, but the great forward sweep will come and when it does, it will be simply this, that the nation in that hour will come back where Woodrow Wilson stood in those momentous days of 1918, so that the truer and finer spirit of our people will have its unconfused and unobstructed way and they will think with one clear mind and beat with one fraternal heart, to compose, to hearten and to guide the world with the light for which it gropes.

To put it in his own brave immortal words "I will not join in claiming, under the name of justice, an unjust position of privilege for the country I love and honor. Neither am I afraid of responsibility, neither will I scuttle.

"I will be no party in saying that America is afraid of responsibilities which I know she can carry and in which carrying I am sure she will lead the world.

"My first thought is not how I can keep out of trouble, I want to get into any kind of trouble that will help liberate the world."

These immortal words of his will yet be fulfilled; "The one thing that the world cannot permanently resist is the moral force of great and triumphant convictions."

Herbert Hoover, although at times his response and reaction would not seem to indicate it, is one of the most approachable men who ever occupied the White House. He

too had always indicated a deep appreciation of the churches in general, and of the Federal Council, of which he was for one quadrennium a vice-president, representing the Five Year Meeting of the Friends. All through the period of his relief work, Mr. Hoover sought to give that mission the highest moral and spiritual sanction. As he once remarked to me: "We need to awaken sentiment and emotion, through a religious appeal."

Several experiences I have had in connection with Mr. Hoover, in addition to those already recounted,⁶ may be of interest. In 1927, one of the church agencies made an analysis of the international debt situation, which I felt ought not to be issued until it was shown Mr. Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce. Upon reading it, he said, "Above all things I do not want to see you or the churches get in wrong, and this document will surely do it." I asked if he would be willing to help set us right, and he replied that he would let me have, confidentially, a correct analysis made by his department. When the two were compared, the church document was laid aside.

A short time before his nomination to the presidency, I called to express the hope that he would be selected and added, "You will get the vote of practically every Protestant preacher in the country, and of the Catholics unless a Catholic is your opponent," a prophecy which I think was practically fulfilled. He then put the question to me: "If Al Smith is nominated, do you believe it will raise a religious issue?" I replied that, to my regret, I feared it would. The substance of his further remarks was that tolerance had had a remarkable growth. Catholics were in Congress, in courts, in governorships, and he added that the time would come when the presidency would be an open door to any able Catholic. I am persuaded that no one could have regretted, more than

⁶ See Page 205ff.

Hoover, the religious animosities that were aroused. Some Catholics, as well as Protestants, were responsible for them, as I well know. Indeed I learned of some attempts at "whispering," during the campaign, which were far from creditable.

In 1921, when our foreign policy was so confused, I learned, from members of the League of Nations, that its communications had not been acknowledged by the State Department. I considered this both a crime and a blunder. An officer of the League had told me that the effect was very depressing in Geneva. I was exasperated. I exercised unwonted liberty in pouring out my discontent on Mr. Hoover, and following an animated interview, wrote him:

Washington, D. C., April 12, 1921.

My dear Hoover:

I do not often intrude my feelings upon the men charged with such burdens as you bear—but I yield to the impulse to say that I leave Washington tonight with a troubled and heavy heart, that I feel a sense of shame, that I have been, with a multitude of other men like-minded and like-hearted with myself—waiting, hoping, praying that light would come, that some great note would yet be struck, and that some strong, clear word would be spoken, and now again it is the same Delphic oracle (and if not Delphic, still worse) and I fear it is fast getting too late for us to show our faces again to the world.

But—and this is the main thing—we are looking to you. If you can tell us what to think and do and say—for God's sake—do it.

Yours,

(Signed) CHARLES S. MACFARLAND.

The reply was characteristic of the man:

April 14, 1921.

My dear Macfarland:

I do not think you should get so discouraged as your letter indicates. When all is said and done we must make bricks with such straw as we have. I believe we are making a good fight and I believe we are making more progress than appears on the surface.

I cling to the notion that the forces of evil do not win in this world. Otherwise I would quit.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) HERBERT HOOVER.

Later on he wrote, "I hope you are pleased at the turn things are taking. My hope is, now that we are sitting in the Councils of the world, that disarmament will be our first constructive move."

I will close this delineation by quoting from my letter to him March 4, 1929:

It was a deeply gratifying privilege to listen today to your inaugural address which contained utterances that will stand out in history.

And now, my dear Hoover, let me be personal and direct for a moment—for there is one thing that multitudes like myself are looking for, and it is that, above all else, which has made a popular symbol of a man not prolific or particularly proficient in the conscious art of popularity. It is the confident hope of moral and spiritual leadership for our nation. I am not talking simply about personal rectitude, religious precept and evangelizing. I mean, the spiritual illumination and interpretation of our social, political and economic life. Your election was not the mere continuance of a political party and its leader. It was the response to a desire for a very different kind of leadership. It is not easy to vocalize or articulate—it is more an intuition than an ordered idea, but all the more genuine because of that.

I do not want to hear much more about our prosperity, except in those ethical terms of distribution to our own people, and other peoples, which are so easily accessible in your own thought.

The confidence of our people in you rests, partly consciously and partly unconsciously, not so much in your skill as an economist as it does in a simple sense of spiritual insight and persuasiveness and this is largely shared by the peoples of other nations.

How far we seem to have fallen backward—as a world—since that day! At the same time Mr. Hoover was a realist.

On one occasion, when I sought his advice regarding a morally persuasive approach to a political leader, he sighed: "I have the feeling that spiritual forces will have to be very much assisted in correction of that situation."

He was considerate and painstaking in responding to letters. My opinion of the man has not changed, but I will not venture into current politics by telling what I believe to be the reason for his apparent unsucccess, other than to say that, in my judgment, he could have brought us through, had he been given a chance.⁷

Very slight contact was all that was necessary to analyze the character and disposition of Warren G. Harding. I was one of a group to present to him an appeal for entrance into the World Court. A previous conversation with his secretary had made it clear that he had little knowledge of the situation. Indeed, the secretary did not appear to distinguish between the International Court of Justice and the Hague Tribunal. Mr. Harding received the petition graciously, related a humorous incident, said little more, and we retired. Not infrequently, when he was asked to write a commendatory letter on some matter, he expressed a preference for having the letter written for him and brought to him to sign. His own letters and messages were couched in religious language. The only other matter on which I ever had occasion to meet Mr. Harding was as a member of a committee connected with an act extending the Austrian loan in April, 1922, when Mr. Harding presented me with the pen with which he signed the resolution, which I had been active in promoting.⁸

The first time I had occasion to go to Calvin Coolidge, as Vice-President, was with a message regarding the appoint-

⁷ Shortly after writing this, I read an article by Walter Lippmann, sustaining my judgment, with confirming evidence.

⁸ See Page 148ff.

ment of a day of prayer. He said "Good-morning," looked at the document, "To be read to the Senate?" then "Good-morning" again. He could be as delphic as the Sphinx and yet at other times almost jovially communicative. He met requests in a very matter-of-fact sort of way. When I sought his influence for improving the provisions for the army chaplains, he simply remarked, "Block out what you want me to write and send it to me."

He was frank when his knowledge of things was not adequate. For example, when interviewed regarding the discontinuance of the Gentlemen's Agreement with Japan in 1924, he confessed that he had not realized the seriousness of the situation, until it had gone so far in Congress that the stampede could not be stopped.⁹ He had interviewed the leading members of both parties, to secure the exercise of restraint. They had told him, unqualifiedly, that they were powerless; Congressmen had become so overheated by the unfortunate phrase in Mr. Hanihara's communication, that it would be impossible to constrain them.

He sought advice as to public sentiment, and believed that the churches represented it at its best. On November 23, 1923, he wrote:

It has been a very real satisfaction to receive the invitation which you have tendered, on behalf of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America, to attend the annual meeting of the Council, at Columbus, in December. Profoundly impressed by the high ends, and thoroughly practical achievements of the Council, I should be glad of an opportunity to express to the gathering my hope for its continuing usefulness, and my appreciation of what it has done in the past. I am constrained to express the hope that you will be good enough to communicate my good wishes to the members of the Council, my appreciation for the kind expressions you have communicated and my high hopes for

⁹ It is now generally understood that the Hanihara letter had been mutually arranged for, if not actually composed in joint conference.

the fullest measure of useful service on the part of this splendid organization.

Again, on November 17, 1928:

Your organization has done a splendid work in bringing into close and harmonious coöperation for moral and spiritual uplift the various denominations of which it is composed. Founded as a religious nation, we must always hold fast to the spiritual principles, without which we would lose the well-spring of our national life.

Mutual understanding and good-will among the religious forces of the country have been so effective in the past that we cannot but hope that in the future they may be brought together even more closely for the betterment of mankind.

These words were written at a time when certain political reactionaries were criticising the Council's efforts towards constructive movements for the peace of the world. On one occasion, however, when the question of naval building was up, he was a bit irritated and said, "I wish you would go over and see the political leaders of Great Britain."

I once incurred Mr. Coolidge's brief displeasure. He had just reprimanded General Charles P. Summerall for a public utterance condemning the miserable quarters provided for the soldiers in some army posts. Not knowing of this, I made a report to the General Committee on Army and Navy Chaplains, expressing myself in terms far more denunciatory than those of General Summerall. The papers carried my statement, as coming from a chaplain, the very day that they printed the story of the President's disapprobation of the General. It looked as though General Summerall had put me up to it. My explanation that the coincidence was entirely fortuitous was satisfactory, although I could not have been rebuked, as I was not on duty at the time.¹⁰

¹⁰ Major General Johnson Hagood was recently relieved of his command, because of criticisms of the government, including condemnation of the living conditions of the soldiers, which I often deplored in my reports.

I came to have a deep respect for Calvin Coolidge. I was so pleased with the marble bust of him in the Capitol, by my friend the late Moses Dykaar, that I got one of his Amherst classmates to see that one was presented to Amherst College.

Charles Evans Hughes is as personally righteous as he is austere, and partly on account of both these qualities, was one of the most difficult men in Washington with whom I was ever called upon to deal. A rather imposing delegation, of representatives of the larger denominational bodies, once waited upon him, to urge adherence to the World Court. It had been intended that, after I had presented the petition formally, our spokesman, Dr. John H. Finley, should interpret the message and state our case. He never had an opportunity to do so, however. Mr. Hughes almost immediately, following a not unusual custom, preached a sermon to us. He did not tell us anything that we did not know. The substance of his remarks was that the members of Congress were not ready as yet, to act according to our desires. As soon as he had finished his homily, he shook hands graciously, all around, and bade good-by to an irritated group.

One did not find himself in a happy condition if he got into a controversy with Mr. Hughes. As already recorded,¹¹ when, in 1922, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach and I were going to Mexico, Mr. Hughes was not at all hesitant in making it clear that he preferred to have us stay at home. He called attention to the fact that some Americans had created misimpressions there which had led Mexicans to think that our government was going to be less rigid than it appeared to be, in its exactions. I reminded him that church and state were separate in the United States, and that therefore the churches saw no reason why they should not continue their relationships, without regard to the question of diplomacy.

¹¹ See Page 148.

In 1921, just on the eve of the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament, the Federal Council's Commission on International Justice and Goodwill issued a statement, regarding the relative naval equipment of the several powers. The next day I received word that Mr. Hughes would like to see me, as quickly as possible. I found him in a state of considerable excitement, with a copy of the release in his hand. He said, "The Navy Department says that these figures are incorrect, and I wish to ask you to cancel this release." I replied, "Mr. Secretary, this document has been sent directly to about 1500 newspapers, to be released day after tomorrow. The only way it can be countermanded will be to send telegrams to all these papers, at an expense of at least \$2,000. Do you wish me to do that?" Mr. Hughes said, "I certainly think you ought to do it." "Very well," I said, "but I can only do so upon your authority. If I send out such a telegram, it must state clearly that the release is cancelled at the request of the Secretary of State, on his claim that the figures are incorrect." Mr. Hughes was not pleased, and expressed the judgment that it was not at all necessary to mention him, but I insisted upon it, much to his continued displeasure. The telegrams were sent and, of course, inquiry was immediately raised. I had learned meanwhile that all of these statistics had been previously published in a scientific magazine, and that they were taken from a reliable source. On my return to New York, I wrote to Mr. Hughes explaining the whole situation, and received a letter in reply which said:

You may be assured that I do not desire to put any obstacles in your way in stating the facts. I objected to the statement which the Federal Council was about to send out because I believed that its statements were inaccurate and misleading. . . . Of course the preachers of the country want to know what the facts are, and it is because they would be likely to accept what the Federal Council of Churches published that I took objection. Your prompt action in withdrawing the article is greatly appreciated.

I ought to say that, as time went on, Mr. Hughes appeared to soften a good deal, but neither the personal nor delegational conferences with him ever approached hilarity. His service with the World Court, which we felt he had depreciated at an earlier time, was deeply gratifying to all lovers of international goodwill. His judicial mind never wanders, as I discovered later, when serving with him in the Advisory Council of the National Broadcasting Company. His very rectitude, however, was a limitation, because it induced an automatic sense of authority. But one must not estimate the warmth of his real nature, by his economy in the expression of it.

Alanson B. Houghton, former ambassador to Germany and to the Court of St. James, is one of the best examples I know, of high-minded statesmanship. Had he been a politician he would not have allowed himself to be sidetracked into a fruitless campaign for the United States senatorship in New York. He is, at times, over-positive and too easily irritated, but he has a warm heart as well as a great mind. While I had followed his diplomatic service with deep interest, I never met him until 1928 on an ocean liner. I invited his opinion as to the influence of the churches, in association with economic and political affairs. It was quite evident that he had been misled by some of the prohibition agencies lobbying in Washington, more or less in the name of the churches. He expressed himself as far more than doubtful, regarding the wisdom of church bodies having any share in these interests. I did not discuss the matter much with him, but on my return sent him some literature which best explained the policies of the Federal Council. In 1929, when George W. Wickersham was retiring as chairman of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill, my mind turned to Mr. Houghton and I called upon him in Washington, asking for permission

to nominate him for that post. He asked many questions and requested a little time to think the matter over. He accepted, and during his term of service lent wisdom, prestige and strength to this department of our work.

He was over-idealistic at times, as may be illustrated from the following excerpts from a letter dated November 6, 1929, in reply to an invitation to participate in an Armistice Sunday meeting in Washington. After describing the horrors of the war, he says: "They overwhelm us. But they can affect us in only one way—to make us resolve that so far as in us lies, with God's help, a repetition of such slaughter shall be made hereafter impossible. The coming of a durable peace has been brought nearer with the signing of the Kellogg Pact. A new attitude of mind and a new purpose is manifest in the world. We can face the future with more confidence, now that the presumption of peace and peaceful settlement is to be the starting point, from which all future dealings between nations must be conducted."

When I was asked what was most needed in Mexico, I said it was a man like Elihu Root.¹² I have admired him from very near the beginning of his public life, and later on, it was my privilege to have occasional association with him. He was deeply appreciative of the influence of the Christian bodies in our national life. In a letter dated March 13, 1925, he expressed his deep interest in the work of the Commission on International Justice and Goodwill and said "The work of the Commission in connection with the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament¹³ commanded my highest admiration. Under right leadership, with sane and constructive policies, this Commission has great possibilities of service in promoting world peace because of the spirit of international

¹² See Page 148.

¹³ See Page 146.

justice, fair-dealing and goodwill." Mr. Root was liberal in giving his time for consultation, and in his personal approach was a fine combination of dignity and friendliness. He has deep feelings. They were revealed on the occasion of his address when he received the Woodrow Wilson award.¹⁴ He was in a state of emotion as I talked with him that evening. He had pleaded for our relationship with the League of Nations and the World Court, with an eloquence and feeling which, if the entire people of the United States could have heard and felt it, as did those who were present at the Hotel Astor, might have changed our whole foreign policy. The picture of this man, at eighty-four, going to Europe to prepare the amendments to the constitution of the World Court, which ought to have brought about our immediate adherence to it, will some day be regarded as one of the pathetic and tragic events of history, and will, perhaps, be remembered when our narrow political leaders will either broaden their vision, or be superseded by real statesmen, and we shall have our representative sitting in that Court.

While I never had any intimate contact with Dwight W. Morrow, I conceived a warm regard for him. Once when some of the problems of the Commission on the Church and Social Service had become perplexing, I invited him to confer with a small group of us, one evening at the Century Club. The persistent assumption, on the part of men of business, that our advice in industrial matters was sought only from leaders of labor, is quite erroneous. An earnest effort was always made to get all points of view. Mr. Morrow was the most explicit of any man in that body, in his judgment as to what ought to be the attitude of the Christian Church towards social questions. He began by saying that there seemed to be some question as to whether or not organized Christianity

¹⁴ One of those strange contradictory coincidences of human life. See Page 260.

had any moral obligation in the field of social and industrial life and his answer was: "Just what questions are there for the church to consider, other than those that relate either directly or indirectly to the social order?" In my volume containing a study of the situation in Mexico ¹⁵ I took occasion to give an estimate of the fine influence which he exercised while he served as Ambassador.

Alfred E. Smith was a most unusual character in interviews. At the time of the Huguenot-Walloon, New Netherlands Tercentenary, I called upon him, with other members of the Commission, to request that he issue a proclamation, as governor of New York. One of the members was proceeding, at some length, to explain the situation, when Governor Smith turned impatiently to me and said: "This is all right, isn't it, Doctor?" I gave an affirmative answer. He then arose and said: "Send me the kind of proclamation you would like to have," and we left, after he had further agreed to send an invitation to the King and Queen of the Belgians.

Newton D. Baker is one of the most single-minded men I have ever known. I saw him frequently with regard to the service of the chaplains. He deeply impressed me by the steadiness with which he conducted our preparation for war. Mr. Baker appeared obtuse at times. He recommended to Congress, a regulation which would have made the quota of chaplains far less than the number we desired. Before meeting the Congressional Committee, I went to him and told him that we were conscientiously obliged to oppose him in Congress. He smiled and said, "All right, go right ahead." We won our case and he accepted the result with entire good nature.

It is the mark of a great man, when he retires or is retired

¹⁵ *Chaos in Mexico.*

from political life, to take other channels for public usefulness. This Mr. Baker has done, as Chairman of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. He has put his whole heart into this service, and is largely responsible for its remarkable success, not only because of his influence, but by giving it intimate personal attention.

I first met John J. Pershing at the headquarters of the A. E. F. in 1918. He, more than any other army officer with whom I came into contact, understood and appreciated the service of the chaplains, perhaps in part because of his warm friendship with Bishop Charles H. Brent. I had some opportunity of observing General Pershing in France, of hearing estimates of him from high army officers of the French and Belgian armies, and have always felt that his combination of modesty and determination were most remarkable, in view of all the circumstances. It was a pity that his address, a short time after the close of the war, appealing for reduction in armament, did not produce the effect one would expect, either in this country or abroad. The day after General Pershing's speech, I sent a cablegram to Marshal Foch urging that he follow it up, but his response was little more than a rather generalized statement.

Turning in another direction, as a fraternal delegate to the American Federation of Labor, I had many meetings with Samuel Gompers, whom I should class among the ten greatest Americans of his time. If the more influential leaders of industry had come anywhere near approaching him, in his marvellous knowledge of economic affairs, the industrial world would have greatly profited, employer and employed alike. His library would have done credit to a university. He, together with Secretary Frank Morrison and Treasurer John B. Lennon, made a strong triumvirate, characterized by wis-

dom and moderation. Their predominating influence in labor was that of restraint. I always felt that it was a tribute to the men composing the Federation that a man like Morrison, a prohibitionist, who was in constant opposition to his associates, and Lennon, who was a Presbyterian elder, and also a prohibitionist, should have been so unanimously accorded leadership by the labor men. Mr. Gompers and I always got a bit excited when we discussed the National Civic Federation and he once became angry when I caricatured it as a mere "tea party" and an "illusive flourish."

President William Green is quite the opposite type from Mr. Gompers, but he also is characterized by singular balance of judgment. It is unfortunate that the leaders of industry have not realized the extent to which these men have been and are a strong influence for normal evolution in industrial affairs.¹⁶

Andrew Carnegie was always an interesting study. In a talk with him, one day in his library, I discovered an unexpected touch of deep religious sentiment in him. His honesty in standing so unequivocally for peace, when his business was that of making products which are so largely used in war, deeply impressed me. He also told me that he had opposed the very tariffs that benefited the steel industry. While seeing his limitations, I found fine elements of character in him not popularly recognized.

It is quite the fashion, in political circles in the United States, to advocate isolation from international politics, on the ground that our statesmen and politicians are so naïve that they are circumvented by the clever and crooked statesmen of Europe. It has been my good fortune to meet a few of these European leaders. Of course, the supposition that such men as Elihu Root, George Wickersham and others would

¹⁶ See Page 179.

be but pawns in the hands of European chessmen is absurd. As a whole, the statesmen of Europe, more particularly of Great Britain and France, are men of honesty and integrity, equal to those of our own country, so far as I have had opportunity to observe.

One of the most interesting French statesmen is André Tardieu. Our relations in 1918 led to friendship and he has since done me many favors. Although he blunders at times, in his attempts to put things through by main force, he is a man of perspicacity, skill and openness in the expression of conviction. He is rather more politician than diplomat, and in my judgment would have been far more useful to the world, and to his own country, if he had been less extreme in his nationalism.

Although there have been many Protestants in public life in France, Gaston Doumergue has been, I believe, the only Huguenot president. I can understand why he was called, after his retirement from the presidency, to the premiership in a moment of extremity, to exercise his distinctively personal influence on the people. In 1924, when he tendered a luncheon, at the palace in Rambouillet, to representatives of the Huguenot-Walloon, New Netherlands Tercentenary Commission, I noticed that there was no wine on the table, grape juice and similar beverages having been substituted. During the conversation, President Doumergue called my attention to the absence of liquor and said that if any of the members wished, it would be provided, but he added, "I thought perhaps in view of the sentiment in your country it would be more courteous not to exploit our wine industry." President Doumergue was another of the public officials who evidently paid attention to his correspondence. I have several times received responses to friendly notes of congratulation, which really required no reply.

General Robert Georges Nivelle, at one time Commander of the French and Allied armies, was my guest during the Mayflower Tercentenary celebration in 1920, having been commissioned, with André Monod, to represent the French government.¹⁷ It will be remembered that following Verdun, General Nivelle was sometimes referred to as "the butcher." Personally, however, he was perhaps the most modest, timid, almost childlike man that I have ever met, among public personalities, and was one of the most charming guests ever in my home. General Nivelle never ceased to feel, up to the day of his death, that had the political leaders in France permitted him to carry out the audacious campaign which he proposed, the war would have ended earlier. I had the privilege of being present at his burial at the Hôtel des Invalides.

Georges Clemenceau was a study in contrasts. He was a nationalist, at both its best and its worst. Under stress, this great war leader was capable of emotion, as revealed when, during his last visit to the United States, he made his fervent appeal for support to his country. Yet he appeared, on the whole, to be the coldest man I have met. One could respect him, even admire him, but he evoked no feeling of affection. His memoirs reveal the emptiness of his personal life.

Poincaré always impressed me as being cynical and satirical. One felt a sense of humiliation in his presence. Some of these men are not much better acquainted with their national history than our own statesmen. It was news to him that Frenchmen had played any significant part in the early settlement of the United States, so near to the landing of the Pilgrims as 1624.¹⁸

¹⁷ See Page 152.

¹⁸ See Page 156.

While in France, in 1916, I had met André Weiss, a leading jurist, president of the French Protestant Committee, who later became vice-president of the World Court, and was at that time the right-hand adviser of Aristide Briand. I recall the enthusiasm with which M. Weiss described his associate, as a statesman. This judgment of André Weiss was confirmed in post-war years, by what I was privileged to see of M. Briand, especially during the Washington Conference on Limitation of Armament. I happened to have a friendly acquaintance with his closest consultant, René Massigli. If I may venture a judgment, that conference might have been broken up, had it not been for the patience and statesmanship of Aristide Briand.¹⁹ When it came to my knowledge that matters were being, at least partly, settled in advance by Charles E. Hughes and Arthur James Balfour, without consulting with M. Briand, I was deeply disturbed. And when I discovered the mental attitude of the French delegates, I was more concerned than ever. No discussion is necessary of what I felt to be a mistake on the part of Mr. Hughes and Mr. Balfour.

While this was going on, there came to me some information as to the feeling of M. Briand. In the committee of the Conference, he had explained the French position and made it clear that the question of armament would change in aspect, if America would say: "We will protect you from aggression. Here are our guarantee and our signature." I was reminded by the French delegates, that while the treaty of peace was discussed, the idea of obtaining certain territorial guarantees which Marshal Foch deemed necessary, was given up, because President Wilson had promised that, until the League of Nations became a working body, the United States would participate in an Anglo-American guarantee. A letter

¹⁹ See Pages 146-7.

from one of the delegates, included these words: "At the present time one continent cannot live without taking interest in the affairs of others. It is only because America thought she could do it, that the present economic crisis in Europe still exists. As long as America does not understand this truth, the question of armaments cannot be settled." "It is the task of men like you, who understand the situation, to open the eyes of others."

It was explained to me, that while the French delegation could not say these things to the American people, it was hoped that private agencies and individuals of influence would make the French point of view better known. From that moment it seemed to me that international peace depended much upon M. Briand, a feeling which was deepened when he and Stresemann became collaborators. The last time I saw Briand was in 1931, when he made his plea before the Council of the League of Nations, for his ideal of a United States of Europe, as the ultimate solution of such problems as that of the Austro-German *Anschluss*. He was then a sick man, and at times had to be helped from his carriage to the hotel. What might have been the state of the world had Briand and Stresemann lived, lies in the field of conjecture. At least it would have been other than it is. As I look over my letters, Briand excels in the illegibility of his signature.

French marshals and generals are usually attractive personalities. Perhaps the most charming whom I have known, during or since the war, was Marshal Henri Petain. I continued a friendly relation with Marshal Ferdinand Foch and always called on him when in Paris. The last time, shortly before he died, I ventured further than previously into the territory of disarmament proposals, only to find that the great war leader had then less confidence in Germany than he had before. Sometimes today I wonder whether or not he

may have been right, now that the German people seem to be yielding to militarism with such completeness.

Paul Hymans of Belgium, the first president of the League of Nations, is, or was, I suppose, the outstanding political leader of that nation. We became warm friends in 1918. The last time I saw him was in 1933, at Geneva. He looked worn and tired, as we talked of the early days of the war, and he added: "and now we are menaced again from the same quarter." Hymans, although from a little country, is among the most highly respected men in Geneva. He has settled many a fierce conflict in his own nation. His letters, written often by hand, were never, for that reason, curtailed.

Among not a few ambassadors I have met, Baron de Cartier, formerly Belgian ambassador to the United States, and now occupying the same post in London, is unexcelled in courtesy, thoughtfulness and friendliness. My association with him in the Huguenot-Walloon, New Netherlands Commission, developed into a lasting friendship.

When one thinks of British diplomats, one seems to pass into a changeable climate. They are able, on the one hand to exercise statesmanship in a high degree, but on the other hand to blunder woefully. This I saw illustrated by Arthur Henderson at Geneva, in 1933, during the disarmament discussion. At times he was a model of diplomacy, and at other times his irritation drove all conciliation out of the minds of all concerned.

Of British statesmen, I have been most deeply impressed by James Bryce and Arthur James Balfour. When Lord Bryce was in the United States, in 1921, I had a pleasant conference with him, and found him deeply interested in the work of the churches for international peace. In a hand-

written letter ²⁰ dated October 6, 1921, not long before his death, Lord Bryce, referring to one of the documents of the Federal Council, says:

It is a splendid illustration of the fervor and energy with which you in America take up measures and plans for the general good. I do not know that I can offer any suggestions to you, unless perhaps that further illustration might be given of the tendency which huge armies and fleets exert toward making the idea of war so familiar that nations yield more readily to the temptation to let themselves be drawn into war. The most effective factor in getting rid of armaments would be to substitute for international hatred and rivalries a sense of the brotherhood of nations, much as our Lord inculcated upon individual men. The idea that "we are all members one of another" needs to be applied to people.

Thank you for your kind words regarding my visit. One of the most pleasant parts of it to me has been the sense of the vigorous life which the Churches in America are showing. It struck me on my first visit and seems to have kept on growing.

In a postscript he adds:

The heart and will of all Christians in Britain will be with your Council in its efforts. They are grateful to your Government for its initiative: they join in your hopes and prayers for a successful issue.²¹

This letter indicates more clearly the temper and spirit of the man than did conference with him. In group conversation he was rather easily irritated and lost his poise.

Arthur James Balfour so attracted me at the Washington Conference that I proposed him for the program of the national meeting of the Federal Council, to which he was invited. In his reply to me, declining the invitation, he writes:

²⁰ Our European friends have not become so addicted to the typists as we have, and I have a good many hand-written letters, of considerable length, from public men in Europe.

²¹ At the Washington Conference in 1922, Lord Riddell told me that the interest of the churches deeply impressed the British and other delegates.

I regret this necessity the more because I hold that the work of the Conference is intimately bound up with the work of the Churches. It is not that I desire to see them, either in America or elsewhere, take any corporate share in current political controversy; for, if I rightly read history, such intervention has often injured religion, but rarely advantaged politics. The Churches have a higher mission; for it is their supreme duty to raise the ideals of the community which they serve, and create the atmosphere in which those ideals can flourish.

But this is precisely what the world most needs. It would be vain for statesmen to diminish armaments and contrive treaties of conciliation in a world determined to fight. Even the unforgettable horrors of war will not eternally prevent nations rushing to mutual destruction. More is required; and that "more" the churches must help to provide. Wars are born of greed, of fear, of hatred, of suspicion, of pride and the lust of domination. These are the enemy; and if there is to be peace on earth, there must be goodwill towards men. For this all must strive; and I feel assured that none will do so in a spirit of more fervent faith than the Protestant Churches of America.

Lord Balfour was an unusual combination of stateliness, dignity, affability and friendliness, placing one at his ease and removing all sense of inferiority. On this latter point I am inclined to think that our European friends are ahead of the average American in public life.

Germany also has had great men and minds. In 1925 I paid a call of courtesy on President von Hindenburg in Berlin. It had been feared, of course, that the election of a military leader would be a threat to the world, but it had proved the opposite. General von Hindenburg had conducted himself with restraint. He too combined dignity with courtesy and friendliness, but repeated to me the opinion which we so often hear, that war could not be changed until we first changed human nature. He was very simple and kindly, and when he learned that my son had not been permitted to come in with me, he called him in and talked with him, in an

intimate way, about his college and other interests. While I was in Berlin in 1933, he sent me a message expressing his deep interest in my study of the German church.

It was tragic, while I was in Germany in 1933, to find the present authorities obliterating the name of Gustav Stresemann. One needed to talk with him only a few moments, to be convinced of his sincerity. He spoke feelingly of his warm admiration for Briand. His death was a calamity. In a letter, dated September 26, 1927, he expresses warm appreciation of the interest of religious leaders in his task.

Former Chief Justice and former ad interim President of the Republic, Walter Simons, in his personality, seems to defy every idea that one ever had of German belligerency. While a man of conviction and force, in his personal relations he appears all sweetness and light. It is interesting to hear his bitter experiences when he was required, as foreign minister, to sign on the dotted line at the point of the sword of Marshal Foch. In 1930 Justice and Mrs. Simons were delightful guests in our home. Dr. Simons wrote a part of one of his books in my study. I was amazed, in 1933, when I was in his home, to find Dr. Simons, a Liberal all his life, supporting Adolf Hitler. His explanation is, of course, that Hitler had saved Germany from something worse than Hitler. One cannot think, however, of a greater contradiction than a Germany under the presidency of Simons and under the leadership of Hitler.

Such Germans as Stresemann and Simons were a marked contrast to Paul Joseph Goebbels with his blusterings, Alfred Rosenberg with his cynical temper, Wilhelm Goering with his array of uniforms, and Adolf Hitler, of whom I must add a word to what I have previously said. Hitler, while politically deceptive, as his book, *Mein Kampf*, reveals, is

personally sincere and honest. On the Jewish question he is a psychopathic case.

Having always had a place in my heart for little, dismembered Hungary, I have, on several occasions, received courtesies from its Regent, Nicholas Horthy. The Admiral is a genuine sea-dog, bluff and hearty, but courteous and abounding in friendliness. He gave me my first real conception, however, in 1928, of the seriousness of anti-Semitism. Almost as completely obsessed as Hitler, he held me for an hour describing the calamities caused by the Jews, with a fervor and eloquence worthy of a better cause. Hungary deserves more consideration than it has received from the United States, and I have been hoping that my friend of many years, the engaging John Pélenyi, now Minister in Washington, may open up the way to larger and more practical sympathy for his nation.

Thomas G. Masaryk is an attractive man, simple, quiet, amiable and direct in utterance. He well deserves the honor and affection in which he is held by the people of Czechoslovakia. Most informal, when my son and I called on him at Karlovy-Vary, in 1925, he was as attentive to the boy as he was to me, and stood patiently on the veranda of the hotel while his picture was taken. His loyalty to Woodrow Wilson was affecting, as he gave me his estimate of him. He characterized my address on Wilson as a "just and prophetic portrayal."²²

It has come my way to meet a few sovereigns, the tall, grave, gracious King Christian X of Denmark; the aged but active and benevolent Gustaf V of Sweden, whose son, Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf can be best described as a Christian

²² See Pages 265-6.

gentleman. A snapshot that he and the Princess permitted me to take in their home, is one of the most characteristic pictures of them that I have seen. I also remember Astrid, the daughter of King Gustaf's brother, as a charming girl of eighteen. It was gratifying to have her marry Albert's son and her sad death touched the hearts of us all.

The most appealing of these rulers was, of course, Albert of Belgium, whom I visited in time of war, when the German planes were passing to and fro overhead at the Belgian headquarters, and later on, in the quiet of his home in Brussels.²³ I should say that the words "nobility" and "charm" applied to King Albert more fitly than to any ruler of our generation. He gave me his autographed portrait with as much simplicity as if he had been a friend and neighbor.

My meeting with the Queen of Holland has already been described.²⁴ While I was a student I had seen her, a young girl of eighteen, at the time of her coronation in Amsterdam, with no little admiration for her beauty, which in later years has passed into an equal appreciation of her wisdom as a ruler. The last time I saw her was in Paris one Sunday, in 1931, attending a little Huguenot church, entirely incognito.

One morning, in 1919, my wife came up with the mail and said, before handing it to me: "Who is this, who is sending you her photograph and simply signs herself familiarly, 'Marie'?" I was puzzled for a moment, until she handed me a photograph of the Queen of Roumania, taken in her best pose, inscribed to me, and signed as my wife had alleged. It was a message of appreciation of my services as an incor-

²³ See Page 154.

²⁴ See Page 154ff.

porator of the Permanent Blind Fund, of which my friend William Nelson Cromwell is the good genius. It illustrates her free-handed ways of doing things.

In 1928, when in Budapest, I was invited to pay a call upon the Queen.²⁵ She was almost as engaging as she looks, frank, friendly, animated and apparently not very much concerned about personal diplomacy. She talked somewhat freely about her political problems, more especially expressing her opinions of the politicians in Roumania, who attempted to prevent her from making her visit to the United States. With interest she inquired about the work in which I was engaged, and told me that I would probably have to find some way of restraining the political ambitions of the Hungarian churchmen in Transylvania if I wanted to see better relations with the Roumanian church. I accepted her invitation to go out to one of the social centers in which her daughter Ileana was deeply interested. Altogether, I have seldom spent a more interesting hour than with Roumania's vivacious queen.

The study of political leaders, as members of the human family, has been of no little interest, and I have often wondered how, as human beings, they can abide the cold, dull, cheerless, expansiveness of the dwellings in which they live. I have been in a number of palaces and state abodes, and can recall but one that had any semblance of a home; the House-in-the-Woods. I do not wonder that Queen Wilhelmina made it a retreat. I ought to make another exception. The houses of Prince Gustaf Adolf, in Helsingborg and near Stockholm, were light and cheerful, perhaps partly because of the children in them.

I am far from being a monarchist—and yet—human na-

²⁵ See Page 150.

ture being what it is, there is something in having a people's ideals symbolized in personality. And the members of royalty, both kings and queens, that I have seen, have all had qualities of mind and heart that become "the throned monarch better than his crown."



President
Gaston Doumergue

The
Author

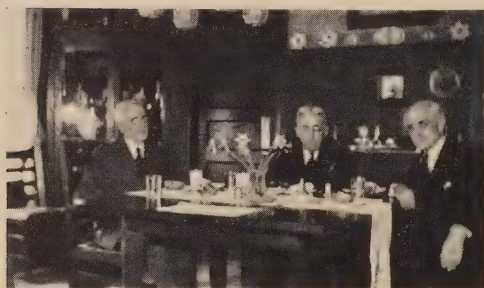
John Baer
Stoudt

Hon. Paul
Fuzier,
Counsellor of State

The President of France at Rambouillet Palace, August 19, 1924



A boyhood Tenement Home,
East Boston



"The Three Musketeers"
Rev. Edward L. Chute, the Author,
Rev. Lyman P. Powell



Achray, Mountain Lakes, New Jersey, 1913.

CHAPTER XVI

CONTEMPLATIONS AND CONCLUSIONS

MANY personalities contribute to make one life. I have always realized the value of personal relations, but upon mature reflection, I now see it more clearly than ever before.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO HAVE HELPED ME

Thinking back over fifty years of active Christian service, these men and women rise up before me; those in the churches which I served, my professors in the university and divinity school, associates in the Federal Council and its constituent denominations, co-workers in the other institutions, friends and neighbors, the preachers whom I have heard or read. I can do little more than mention a few, in addition to those already cited, on the basis of closer or longer intimacy. The whole story would produce a volume, of equal amplitude to the present one.¹

In my preaching ministry I owe most to George A. Gordon, James Martineau and Phillips Brooks. I fairly saturated myself with as much of the thought of these great minds as I was able to assimilate. Perhaps I am most indebted to Dr. Gordon, because of the personal contact with him during my

¹ In the chapter on my pastorates I started out to record names, but soon saw that I was compiling a massive "Who's Who."

student days and earlier pastorates. The depth and breadth of his thinking attracted me. It was a comfort to talk to him, at times when, because of an alleged lack of orthodoxy, I was under some attack. I find a letter from him, under date of November 6, 1905, in which he refers to the Torrey Evangelistic Campaign in Great Britain, to which I had taken exception in the public press.² He writes: "I read the papers and I was shocked, but then I am so often shocked by the theology of preachers that I am surprised when I am shocked."

Dr. Gordon later became one of the greatest disappointments of my life. The theology which I had so largely learned from him, my conception of the transcendence and immanence of God, had led me into some sympathetic understanding of human beings. While I still regard Gordon as one of the greatest thinkers who have ever occupied the American pulpit, I have to think of him with sadness. He failed to recognize the social significance of his own religious philosophy. In the New Old South Church of Boston, he was intimately associated with men who were broad and liberal in their theology, many of whom were narrow and reactionary in their social views. I tried to reverse our relationship and become his teacher, with little success. On one occasion, during my South Norwalk pastorate, when I was in Boston for a Sunday afternoon engagement, I attended his service in the morning. On Monday morning I met him in the Congregational Book Store, and in the course of our greeting he said, "Isn't that a splendid congregation to preach to? Is it not a powerful body of men?" I replied, "Yes, Dr. Gordon, but I preached yesterday afternoon to a body of men of equal significance. It was the Boston Central Labor Union." He bristled a little and gave me a homily on his boyhood

² See Page 55.

days of hardship as a working man, and left the matter at that point. Once when there was a strike which affected the Congregational Headquarters, I tried to get him to see the situation collectively, but utterly failed. Again, both during and immediately following the war, I was distressed when he seemed to lose Christian perspective, especially in the sermon he preached after the Armistice, which perhaps was best illustrated in just what eventuated in the Treaty of Versailles.

Nevertheless, I look back over and beyond these limitations, and my heart beats with gratitude for the privilege I had of exploring his massive mind. No small number of men, including myself, did seek to carry out his teaching. This is not an altogether unusual phenomenon. Many teachers do not go far enough in the application of their own instruction.

If I should attempt to sum up my debt to men of social idealism, the list would be long. I think first of Graham Taylor, not only of his splendid life, his pioneer service, and the example that he set, but also of his kindly, sympathetic interest in me.

The multitude of laymen and women throughout my four pastorates, whose lives entered richly into mine, is impressive as they again rise before me in thought. During the past twenty-five years there have been others, outside ecclesiastical circles, who have come to my rescue. Perhaps Robert J. Caldwell is an example of the man ever on the look-out to extend a helping hand.³ Edward A. Filene is another who always discerns moral values.

While pastor in East Boston, where I had only an evening service, I used to slip over frequently to Chelsea on Sunday morning, to listen to Charles E. Jefferson, whom I have never

³ See Page 223.

tired of hearing. During my last two pastorates, S. Parkes Cadman, on many occasions, gave me friendly support and encouragement.

It would also take a book in itself to tell of the influences that have come through my associates in the Federal Council. I have just been reading over four hundred letters, telegrams and cables which came during the closing months of my active service. I confine myself, in the main, to those who have passed on or retired, and let them symbolize this host of comrades.

First among them was President Frank Mason North, who was both my loyal friend and searching critic. I want my readers to have a picture of one of these men and I will draw it, in part, as I did when I conducted the memorial service for Dr. North, January 10, 1936:

There was an unusual combination, in Dr. North, of rich idealism and the practical wisdom which characterized his administrative life. And the Master may well have said of him, Behold a man "in whom is no guile." Through all his hymns and many public utterances there runs the feeling of his devotion to his Master as the Way, the Truth and the Life. His theology was that of the revelation of the Father in the face of Jesus Christ. In the problems we have faced from year to year, Dr. North always went deeper than the surface of seemingly obvious opportunism. He saw far beyond the immediate next step, disliked haste, and shrank instinctively from prematurity. His sense of exactitude and order not infrequently repaid our patience and restraint, by saving us from dubious celerity. Dr. North had learned from history and he translated it into prophecy. He knew the meaning of events. Ethical implications were never overlooked. As counsellor he had no peer among us. His criticism was both lightened and made more effective by his saving grace of humor. He had a soul that could be roused to anger, but without sin, and a heart upon whose strings it was not difficult to play. Often severe, at times to the point of censuring, he loved even when he chastened. His criticism went deep but left no lasting wound or scar.

In his social vision and passion, he united those spiritual impulses without which human service loses grace and beauty. He was not among those who love a depersonalized humanity but fail in their touch with human beings. One could go to him with even very little troubles. His life was wrought into those of men and institutions with enduring power and grace. No man of our day and generation in the Federal Council has served with greater loyalty, with larger measure of unselfishness, with finer sense of brotherhood, with deeper understanding of Christian fellowship or with larger measure of personal endowment. As his prophecy unrolls into further history, men of vision will increasingly discover the length and height and depth of the ideal of the oneness of the followers of Christ to which he gave his mind and heart, while his immortal hymns will, through the ages, give comfort and hope to the multitude upon "the crowded ways of life." In his introspection, his fidelity and his personal character he bore living witness, in a troubled world, to the eternal reality of beauty, truth and goodness. For those who came to know him with understanding hearts, the opening vistas of an untrodden future have been invested with a sweet attractiveness and with a light that will shine in our midst and beyond us, unto the perfect day, shed by one who with "eager heart," with "kindlier hand," sought to "Ring out the darkness of the land" and to "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

William I. Haven, with whom my association began during my first pastorate, became one of my wisest counsellors for nearly twenty years. Among laymen, John M. Glenn comes to mind as one who united common sense, critical faculty and wisdom, with personal loyalty. He was a member of the nominating committee which selected me for service with the Council, the other members being Edward T. Devine and Ernest H. Abbott.

In the earlier days of the Council, William Henry Roberts, Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian Assembly, was ever friendly and loyal. A conservative Presbyterian once came to Dr. Roberts with one of my books in his hand. He had marked

several of its theological observations, and remarked that they seemed far from orthodox. Dr. Roberts turned to the preface of the book and handed it back, remarking, "He wrote that when he was just out of the seminary." After I had prepared my first report as secretary of the Commission on the Church and Social Service, I went over it with Dr. Roberts, who was not in entire sympathy with our social program. After I had completed it I said, "Dr. Roberts, when this report is presented you will understand that you are to urge its acceptance with an approving speech." At the quadrennial meeting I arranged that Dr. Roberts should preside when Dr. North presented the social service report, and that Dr. North should take the chair when Dr. Roberts presented the summary on evangelism.

One great soul, who stands out throughout the entire period of my association with him until his death, is Albert G. Lawson, often referred to as a "prophet in Israel." Dr. Lawson never failed or faltered in an hour or a moment of need. My heart beats more quickly as I think of Josiah Strong. The first books I ever read on social problems, were Dr. Strong's *Our Country* and *The New Era*. His lovely spirit and wise counsel sustained in many an hour, in the early days. The last time I saw him, in his illness, he said, "God bless you. My chief rejoicing today is in the present and prophetically future work of younger men."

Alfred R. Kimball was the one layman who saw most clearly the significance of the undertaking. His daily visits were always comforting. Rivington D. Lord never failed in a fidelity which at times touched me very deeply. I once received a letter from Bishop William M. Bell, many years my senior, which illustrates how deeply personal some of these relations became. He suspected that someone was endeavoring to undermine me, and he wrote, "If anything of

that kind is going on, let me know. I can gather forces enough to settle it." And this when, as he well knew, he had originally been considered a candidate for the position I then occupied. There was Howard B. Grose, fifteen years older than I, who, when a religious paper editorialized me critically, actually stormed about it, mild mannered as he generally was. Rufus W. Miller, one of the loveliest spirits I have ever known, once came to me quietly and said, "I don't care whether or not you were mistaken (a case where there was difference of judgment) it is our business to extenuate it, even if you were wrong." Bishop Ethelbert Talbot called during my first week at the office, explained the perplexing problems of relationship with the Protestant Episcopal Church and then talked to me in a fatherly way, so deeply reaching my heart that I can picture the scene at this moment. But to go on with the list; Wilbur F. Tillett; John P. Peters, who got into trouble with some Episcopalians by having me preach a Lenten sermon from St. Michael's pulpit. One after another they arrive in memory—Washington Gladden, Walter Rauschenbusch, Edward A. Steiner, John A. Marquis, E. Talmadge Root, Orlo J. Price. But I must stop somewhere, and will close with Alfred Williams Anthony, perhaps my severest critic, but even then, as always, a devoted friend.

Of other presidents of the Council, Bishop E. R. Hendrix was a father to me. Shailer Mathews, the first president after I took office, was generous to a fault. A woman who felt that, in a magazine article, I had disparaged her organization by according pre-eminence to another body, wrote Dr. Mathews that she wanted me "impeached." Professor Mathews replied that he found nothing in the Council's constitution providing for impeachment, and that the best he could do was to refer her letter to the general secretary. Two years before the elec-

tion of S. Parkes Cadman, I saw in him the man to establish the nation wide relations among the people so greatly needed, by a body which had become somewhat ecclesiastically academic. Francis J. McConnell, while at times a mark for the reactionary critics, gave the note of prophecy and the example of courage needed just at the time of his presidency. Of Robert E. Speer, I have said elsewhere:⁴ "In his counsels with the secretarial staff he always led us into the deeper moral and the penetrating spiritual sense of whatever we were undertaking." If I were asked today to give the best example of what a "Christian" is, I should think at once of Robert Speer.

Who could not make some show of success, with such companions of the way as these, and many more like them? As I survey the two thousand men and women who have composed the Council and its departments, at various times, if there are more than a half dozen who have shown me ill will, I have not known it, and am glad that I have not.

But another group enters the scene, a large one, with a few outstanding figures. Teunis E. Gouwens, our loved pastor, whom I have characterized as a preacher in the class with James Martineau; Floyd W. Tomkins, the elder, who once took occasion, when we were under fire, to make public mention of his confidence in me; George Stewart who, again and again, has either written or paused to say an encouraging word, of the kind that makes one both courageous and humble, especially when it comes from one nearly thirty years younger. Charles F. Thwing is another of those men who follow up their younger brethren. His occasional messages, especially the last one, were ever heartening. Of my classmates, other than those previously referred to, the one whose friendly touch has been most continuous is Hezekiah L. Pyle.

⁴ *Contemporary Christian Thought.*

One can understand why his pastorates were few and long and why his first church, after an interim, recalled him. There are men with whom I have been associated in bodies outside the circle of the Federal Council, such as Charles V. Vickrey, who is, I think, about as unselfish a man as I have ever known. My editorial association with Paul S. Leinbach has been a rare privilege. Linley Gordon is one of these thoughtful companions.

Happy is the man who has learned the lesson of the apostle to the Philippians: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." This has ever been the spirit and temper of the administrative staff of the Council. If ever there has been any internal dissension, it has been skillfully hidden from me. Whatever may have been my limitations in the past, today my chief satisfaction for these twenty-five years, is in the many who have been my associates in the executive task of the Council. I realize with humility what a little share, after all, I have had in that work. My mind goes back to the earliest days, and I think of Charles Stelzle, who so generously assigned to me the office which he had initiated. Elias B. Sanford, my senior by twenty-four years, accepted a subordinate place in the institution which was largely his own creation, and sent out a publicity release which was far more commendatory than accurate. In the early days especially, the denominational secretaries: Samuel Zane Batten, Henry A. Atkinson, Frank M. Crouch, Warren H. Wilson and Harry F. Ward were free-hearted, in allowing to me a certain administrative primacy which some of them might have appropriately claimed. They all continued long in close relations with the Council and with me, except Mr. Ward, who, not long after, began to detach himself, feeling that the Council was backward in its social policies. I have always, nevertheless, admired Ward's honesty and courage. Then comes my resumption of

a relation, established many years before, with Roy B. Guild, who has heartened me so many times.

I cannot think of them either chronologically or by any other kind of seniority. We were all in the same class: G. Frederick Wells, Charles E. Bacon, Hugh B. MacCauley, Charles O. Gill, Worth M. Tippy, George E. Haynes, the student of my father-in-law at Fisk University. As I have watched, and shared in spirit, the growth and the skillful administration of Samuel McCrea Cavert, I take no little pride and satisfaction in the thought that I had the privilege of opening the way for him. As so they pass before my eyes, not in any order of precedence, but as in a group photograph: Charles L. Goodell, F. Ernest Johnson, Benson Y. Landis, Fred B. Smith, Benjamin S. Winchester, Henry H. Meyer, Herbert L. Willett, Edward M. McConoughey, Clyde F. Armitage, James Myers, Walter W. VanKirk, John W. Her-ring, Edmund deS. Brunner, Jasper T. Moses, William L. Darby, Gaylord S. White, W. Stuart Cramer, John M. Moore, Henry K. Carroll, E. O. Watson, Harry N. Holmes, Chauncey W. Goodrich, Everett R. Clinchy, Jesse Bader, Kenneth D. Miller, Eddison Mosiman, George R. Montgomery, Emmet W. Rankin, William R. King, Stacy Warburton, Charles R. Zahniser, Charles C. Cole, W. E. Woolsey, Katherine Gardner, Jeannette W. Emrich, and Antonia H. Froendt. I follow with satisfaction and admiration the service of my successor in the department of foreign relations, Henry S. Leiper, who has continued to give me a large place in his counsels. In this connection, I am reminded that when Dr. Tippy came to me, seeking help as we entered the war, I sent him to William Adams Brown, who has become so vital a factor in ecumenical Christianity.

How much the efficiency of an executive depends upon having the right woman in the adjoining office! Caroline W. Chase (now Mrs. Carl E. Milliken), came at the very be-

ginning, and was with me to the end of my active service. What I owe to her, both as secretary of the Council and as private secretary, could never be computed, not only in carrying out my work, but from time to time correcting my errors, and saving me from writing foolish letters by handing them back to me, with the suggestion that I put them in the drawer over night. The action of the Executive Committee of the Council in 1931 by no means overstated her service: "Her watchfulness, fidelity, constancy and self-possession have been largely unseen, but almost immeasurable assets, . . . in a service rendered with the rarest unselfishness."

Perhaps, after all, I may claim to have offset my own failings by a capacity which not only enabled me to see with some clarity the things that needed to be done, but revealed almost unerring facility in picking the men and women to do them.

I think also of the several hundred women who served at desk and typewriter. How much a great organization like the Federal Council owes to the faithfulness and loyalty of such women! As I cannot name them, I will let Frieda Briese-meister represent them, as the senior member of this group, because of her faithful service, at the desk in the outer office, for twenty-one years, and her touching loyalty to me.

I have a message dated March 29, 1930, signed by the members of the staff, from which I will select only the closing sentences:

We are deeply appreciative of the opportunity which you have given us for relationship with a great Christian association that under your leadership has come to command a place of public confidence and esteem.

We are also most appreciative of the spirit of your association with us. Instead of seeking to direct or dominate us, you have developed an exceptional atmosphere of coöperation and fellowship, in which each of us has felt his initiative and his capacities called forth to the maximum.

However much this might need to be modified, it does express my own ideal and conception of the way in which an administrative secretariat should work. One great privilege has been that of opening avenues of service to some of these men and, at the risk of being immodest, I will say of discovering them. I had not talked with Sidney L. Gulick more than fifteen minutes, when I reached immediate decision that he ought to stay with us. I recall writing to a secretary of the Congregational Board intimating that they would do well to prepare for his long release. When Adolf Keller came to one of our meetings in 1919, it took only a few hours' observation to see that he was the man to do just what he has done.

My friends abroad constitute so long a roll that I must content myself with mentioning a few representatives, in addition to those elsewhere included: André Monod, who takes first place; Professor Victor Monod, Georges Lauga, Wilfred Monod, Dekan O. Herold, Arthur Titius, Dr. Randall Davidson, sometime Archbishop of Canterbury. I must pause for a moment on Dr. Davidson. His was a lovely character. I tried hard to win him over to active relations with ecumenism. More than once he concluded, as we parted, with his hand on my shoulder: "Well, my boy, keep me informed." One day I grew audacious and sighed, "Your Grace, I'm not going to give you any more information, until you act upon the last batch of it." How much these men have done as my teachers in international relations they have never realized. Later meetings with Karl Barth, formerly of Jena; Rudolf Otto and Heinrich Frick of Marburg, have given me needed insight into continental theology.

In 1918, while with the French army, I received a telegram from Archbishop Nathan Soederblom, inviting me to give a course of lectures at Upsala on the Olaus Petri Foun-

dation, which I was unable to accept. As I wrote in his memorial biography: "At Geneva, in 1920, Dr. Soederblom arose to full proportions." From that time on I felt the contagion of his faith.

I ought to say a word about men who have been the intermediaries in bringing to me honors which have been for the most part little deserved, more particularly those associated with my honorary Alma Maters: George L. Omwake, former President of Ursinus College (D.D.); William A. Harper, former President of Elon College (LL.D.); Professor Eugène Choisy of the University of Geneva (S.T.D.); the late Dean Vaucher of the Theological Faculty of Paris (D.D.); Oscar M. Voorhees, National Secretary of Phi Beta Kappa, who, on learning that the irregularity of my university courses had precluded any such distinction, graciously secured it for me in association with the Chapter at Wesleyan University. To Professor Choisy I am also beholden for honorary membership in *La Société Jean Calvin*; to Professor Karl Beth, in *Das Religionspsychologische Forschungs-Institut* and to Dean Leroy Allen for membership in Pi Gamma Mu. Such associations give a sustaining sense of intellectual companionship.

Martineau once preached a sermon from the text "We are unprofitable servants." The substance of it was that no man could ever meet his personal obligations, or pay his moral debts, including those that he owed for what he had received from the lives of other men.

MY STATE OF MIND AT SEVENTY

I ask myself, first, what I should do again as a pastor? So far as I can see, it would be much as before, but to a higher degree. I should make even surer that I knew and

entered into the life of the children and youth, and deepen the personal touch with the hearts and lives of the people. I sometimes hear ministers speak contemptuously about what they call "doorbell ringing." If this means that pastoral contact ought not to be casual and artificial, well and good. I feel sure, however, that I should ring doorbells far more than I ever did. As to preaching, it would be more personal and persuasive, in its appeal to the heart, conscience, affections and emotions, but always with the thought that these need to be guided into human life and service.

I am more than doubtful about the frequent custom of requesting people *not* to disturb the minister at certain hours. I think he must find the way to do his work, while he holds himself open to any and every call. I prefer a notice something like this: "The Pastor is always at the service of the people. The Parsonage is open to any call, at any time of day or night, when he may render such service. He will respond to any request of any kind. He will call, upon request or suggestion, for any purpose desired. During the day and evening, when at the Parsonage, he is close to the telephone and never too busy to respond to an opportunity to be of service. As a newspaper reporter once put it to me, he must be 'an open proposition.'"⁵

I made a visit recently to a doctor who had been a friend for many years. As we drove about in his community, we passed another physician carrying his medical case, and my friend remarked: "There goes a man of whom there are altogether too few today. He is one of the oldtime general practitioners. We physicians have so specialized, that we are leaving multitudes of places unserved, in which there can be only one of us." In the ordinary community the pastor needs to be a general practitioner. I shall never forget my

⁵ *The Christian Ministry and the Social Order.*

first visit to Bedford, England. I stood with Dr. John Brown, a successor of John Bunyan, before the statue of the great Puritan preacher. "His eyes were uplifted to Heaven. The best of books is in his hand. The law of truth is written on his lips. The world is behind his back. He stands as if he pleaded with men." I sometimes feel that we are losing the art of pleading with men; to think of God, to search their own inmost hearts, to judge themselves and to seek Jesus Christ in humility and faith. In the confused thinking of our day, we have failed to keep our eyes uplifted to heaven in the presence of our people; the best of books has lost some of its compulsion. We have missed the landscape, in our critical study of the trees; a hesitantly uttered truth has paralyzed our tongue, and thus our pleading is enfeebled and the new largeness of our human impulse is without power, because of no commensurate sense of certitude. Two things the Christian church and the pulpit of our day and generation need. The one is human love and sympathy. The other is the note of spiritual authority, as we seek to find again the buried talent of pleading with men.

I do not mean that I should *substitute* personal religion for social Christianity. We must learn to paint our pictures by mixing our colors. If we assume a spiritual authority without a burning fire of human compassion, we become what our master called "whited sepulchres" "filled with dead men's bones." And yet, be that human sympathy ever so profound with passion, and there be no sense of spiritual certainty, we can do little more for our humanity than lift a limp signal of distress with a weak and pallid hand. The deeper man's spiritual experience becomes in the realm of the temporal, the profounder is the earnestness of his interest in the infinite and the eternal, as "deep calleth unto deep," in his search for those imperishable verities which are the speech that day

unto day uttereth, and the knowledge which is shown forth from night to night. There are some spiritual affirmations of which we may yet say "Thus saith the Lord."

*Though meek and patient as a sheathèd sword,
Though pride's least lurking thought appear a wrong
To human kind; though peace be on his tongue,
Gentleness in his heart—can earth afford
Such genuine state, preeminence so free,
As when, arrayed in Christ's authority,
He from the pulpit lifts his awful hand;
Conjures, implores, and labours all he can
For re-subjecting to divine command
The stubborn spirit of rebellious man? ⁶*

If life were again given to administrative service, I should keep myself freer from the machinery. But I should go farther than this and try, harder than I ever did, to keep the machinery itself free from machinery. It was because I felt this mood so deeply, that five years ago, I recommended the appointment of a Committee on Worship in the Federal Council. Once when I found myself classed, in a German theological magazine, as an "activist," I wrote a long article for *Christliche Welt*, quoting from my own books, disclaiming the characterization.⁷

In the story I have been telling, the reader will discover such of those endowments as enabled me to render some service in the world, but as I look at the picture, there are some things that mar the landscape. I did not adequately realize them at the time, but I can discern them now. I have, too often, been self-assertive, have taken myself altogether

⁶ "Pastoral Character," Wordsworth.

⁷ See Page 186.

too seriously, have had too much love of praise and of consequent pride and self-satisfaction. I have been, at times, an opportunist, perhaps even to the extent of ethical deficiency. When I felt that the Federal Council ought to take a certain action and my brethren did not agree, I simply waited and brought it up again in a different form, sometimes more than once. Not infrequently it was finally accepted. Perhaps this was duplicity, like preaching an old sermon under a different subject and text, as I have known ministers to do. Anyhow, I know that I have used diplomacy when I ought not to have done it. I may also have been given too much to staging events, or as Robert Speer once expressed it, "putting on all the millinery." Impatience has often hindered my usefulness. The tendency to quick decision has led to errors of judgment. I have permitted myself to become the victim of organizational consciousness and have lacked in steadiness of purpose. Still more, I can see that some things were done with the wrong spirit.

While I have been prone to take immediate, sometimes precipitate and generally direct action, without enough calculation, perhaps disaster has been averted by another quality. I do not think I have ever avoided admitting that a wrong course has been pursued. William I. Haven once said, on one of these occasions, "You can stop the car, or divert its course, quicker than any man I know, without tipping it over." At another time, he observed: "You are cool and steady when the issue is big enough, but you get easily irritated over little things."

Nevertheless, I know that, more than once, chances have been taken when more restraint was the needed virtue. We must be willing that some tasks should be completed by our associates, even after we have passed away.

A professor recently headed a review of one of my books, "Friendly to Everybody." I can honestly say that it describes

my state of mind. I have no sense of resentment, ill will or animosity toward any human being. This is not because I have never experienced anything but kindly treatment. Of course, I have suffered injustice. Men have been revengeful toward me for supposed wrongs that I had done them. There have been times when these impulses have led them to the verge of ferocity, in the expression of personal hostility. I must say frankly that in some instances, I have been treated with sheer malice, and could pray with the Psalmist for deliverance from "such as breathe out cruelty."

But I lay little stress on all that, and I do not charge up these experiences to human depravity. A great many times it was because of my own mistakes. Some of these men have come to me, in recent years, and acknowledged the injustice of their critical attitudes. Criticism is almost never entirely just; censoriousness never merited. My mood now is to take all of this with serenity, and especially to remember that many other men have had to be considerate with me, many times. I have also tried to maintain and develop the needed sense of humor. Even when friends have failed me, I have never broken with them, if I could help it. We would not cut a man off, because he had done evil to others; why should we because he does wrong to us?

I have not given any recital of the occasions in which personal enmity, hostility or ill will have had a part. They are without significance, except as one may learn lessons from them, and as discipline. There are marks in a human life which at times may look like seams in the fabric, but which are, at the most, flaws in the weaving. Over against these unhappy experiences with a few men, I think rather of the multitude of those who bore with me patiently even when I was wrong, because of their loyalty to the cause which was common to all of us—and because of their personal love and friendship. I once preached a sermon on "The Tragedies of

Misunderstanding," which awakened no little searching of heart, by the congregation and by myself.

Thus, when the past is seen in its perspective; its lights and shadows, "all

*Dispose to judgments temperate as we lay
On our past selves in life's declining day:
For as, by discipline of Time made wise,
We learn to tolerate the infirmities
And faults of others—gently as he may,
So with our own the mild Instructor deals,
Teaching us to forget them or forgive."*⁸

I think it has been made clear that my earlier interest in *systematic* theology is waning somewhat. I find myself becoming more and more a mystic, and an ethical intuitionist. I feel less and less need of the present-day validation of religion by men of science. I am more and more conscious of intangible realities. I have learned to live on memories. When I re-read some of my own books I go back to *The Spirit Christlike*. I walk more and more by faith. Arthur C. McGiffert, not long ago, in a review, characterized me as an "incorrigible liberal." I hope I may never be otherwise.

In the 100th anniversary sermon at South Norwalk, May 17, 1936, I closed with these words: "I am not faint hearted as I reach three score years and ten. I do not, with Elijah, seek the juniper tree, in a despondent mood, nor read the lamentations of a Jeremiah. God is in His heaven, even when all is not right with the world. I sometimes find myself wishing that I were just being ordained to the ministry again, for the extremity of man is ever the opportunity of God."

A friend who was good enough to read this manuscript remarked, "You have said nothing about your hobby or

⁸ "Old Abbeyes," Wordsworth.

hobbies." The truth of the matter is that I have never had a real hobby, so far as I know. I abhor gardening, I have no mechanical genius. In fact, I never needed a hobby; because when I relax I can simply loaf, and even be devoid of thinking. I did begin to collect antique books and have browsed many hours among the musty book-stores of Oxford, Basel, Leipzig and other centers. This had to be discontinued, however, because it led to extravagance. I have collected autographs, more particularly of those men in public life whom I have especially admired. I have, on the walls of my home, about six hundred pictures which recall memorable experiences. During my younger manhood I was fond of mountain climbing. I have covered the Presidential Range in New Hampshire several times, tramped up to the crater of Vesuvius from Pompeii in the heat of July, and then down to Resina. I have traversed nearly every pass in Switzerland, my longest day's journey having been from Zermatt to Brieg, which, I think, is about fifty miles. Not a few of the more accessible Alps have been ascended. I love sports, played basketball until I was over forty, tennis until I ruptured one ligament and continued swimming until another gave way. I played baseball with my boys, after a fashion, until over fifty, and then accepted an invitation to be the manager of a boys' team. Perhaps these are hobbies enough.

Some time ago I had a letter asking me to state what I believed to be the fundamental principles which should underlie a human life. I think it was from a college student. I have never treated inquiries of this kind with negligence, and I thought about the question for several days, going back over the ethical teaching to which, from time to time, I had been subjected. The question naturally resolved itself into—what are the strongest impulses on the one hand toward good, and on the other hand toward evil?

Contemplations, Conclusions 313

My mind went back to our seminars with Professor George T. Ladd at Yale, and I recalled his constant and repeated insistence that cowardice was the root of all evil. In earlier days I never missed an opportunity to hear Josiah Royce, or to read him, on the "Philosophy of Loyalty." I therefore replied that, whether or not these two statements of principle were adequate as fundamental bases of one's ethical philosophy, they had had, perhaps, more bearing upon my own thinking, in life, than any similar definitions.

Professor Royce says, "In loyalty, when loyalty is properly defined, is the fulfillment of the whole moral law." The heart of Christianity is to be "loyal to loyalty." While I have never discovered all that Professor Ladd meant, in the notes which I took during his seminar, this thesis of his, that cowardice was the root of evil, made a deep impression on me.

How far I may have succeeded or failed I do not know, but I have sought to be loyal to friends, to fellow-men, to institutions and to principles. I have always defended my friends, because a friend can see more deeply into the motive and intent of a friend, than anyone else can. The Roman Catholic Church was deeply penetrative in distinguishing between venial and mortal sins. Jesus certainly made such a distinction, which we tend to ignore. The thing that has hurt me the most, among my fellow workers, has been the occasional exhibition of pharisaism, in the discovery of motes in the eyes of their brethren.

In one of my lectures at Yale, I took the ground that a minister should be so pledged to institutional loyalty that he would never fight for himself, that unless some deep principles, or other men, were involved, he should accept injustice without making any defense.

Whatever may be its philosophical value, Josiah Royce has given one a great guide for human life. As to Professor

Ladd's thesis, so far as I have been able to judge, far more injuries are done to men by men, through fear or timidity, or by a false conception of expediency, than from any other cause, and ever since those seminars, I have devoutly prayed that I might be delivered from the sin of cowardice, that I might never be utilitarian or neutral when men were being wronged.

Life, as I look back over it, is much like one's first journey to Europe. While you are traveling you feel the inconvenience, the loss of trains, the back rooms in hotels where the surrounding scenery is shut out. But on your return, as you reflect upon it, these all fade out of the picture and you see the mountains, the lakes, the cathedrals, the art galleries, and they are all you see. During all these years I have been going on the short distances. Now I have the long view.

From about the age of sixty-five, men and women show marked changes. As a rule they begin to go rapidly and far in either one of two directions. They become hard, censorious and unkind, with a tendency towards irritability, dissatisfied with men and life and are easily injured or displeased. On the other hand, there are others who are gentler, more compassionate, less critical, except of themselves, and are not disposed to be captious, resentful or to think evil. I am happy to find myself constantly growing averse to criticism and more sympathetic. I have lost every trace of cynicism. While I do not think I ever had a tendency to envy, I now rejoice more and more in others. A reviewer of my last book spoke of my critical faculty as "a rare combination of sympathetic kindness and keen frankness." I am more desirous of having the former than the latter quality.

This narrative has been written in a reflective mood. As I look back upon the story that I have tried to tell, and into its background of experience, I see little that I would have

different, other than to eliminate my errors and transgressions. So far as the life of my two homes is concerned, I should have been content that it go on forever. If I were again to choose my friends, I should select the same men and women. I should be content, as human lives go, to live all these years over again, without much change. They seem to have been steps and stages of preparation, and as such, constitute one of the finest intimations of immortality.

But of the finer human light, that shed its beams upon the pathway of my life, I have yet to tell.

CHAPTER XVII

"I'VE LIVED AND LOVED"¹

Not long ago, I saw a biography of a man in public life, in which two pages, out of several hundred, were devoted to his wife. Mine could not be written that way.

In the olden days in New England, Congregational ministers flocked by families; they were fathers, sons and grandsons. My wife's lineage included seven generations of clergymen.² She once observed, with characteristic humor, that she

¹ *Wallenstein*, Coleridge's translation.

² The original Merrill (Merle) family came from France, first to England, to escape the persecutions of Huguenots. They were first settled in or near Salisbury, whence Nathaniel and John Merrill came to America. My wife's forefathers were: Nathaniel Merrill, who came to Newbury, Mass., in 1633 and lived there until his death in 1655; Abel, 1644-1689, Newbury; Abel, Jr., 1671-1759, Newbury; Thomas, 1702-1774, West Newbury; Deacon Thomas, Jr., 1738-1820, Rowley (now Georgetown); Rev. Nathaniel, 1782-1839 (Dartmouth College, 1809), Minister, Lyndeboro, N. H., 1811-1835; Rev. James Hervey, 1814-1886 (Dartmouth College, 1834, Andover Seminary, 1839), Minister, Montague and Andover (West Parish).

James Griswold Merrill was born August 20, 1840, at Montague. He married Louisa Boutwell, October 10, 1866. He died at Mountain Lakes, N. J., December 22, 1920. Amherst College, 1863, Princeton Seminary 1863-1864, Andover Seminary 1866, ordained 1867. His pastorates were, Mound City, Kansas; Topeka, where he also served as Superintendent of Home Missions; Davenport, Iowa; St. Louis; Portland, Me. He was editor of the *Christian Mirror*, 1894-1899; Acting President and President of Fisk University, 1899-1908. Pastor, Somerset, Mass., and Lake Helen, Fla., 1909-1917. First Vice Moderator, Congregational National Council, 1907.

My wife's mother, Louisa Wadsworth Boutwell, of Andover, came also from a family of Huguenot origin, which escaped to England, some of whom came to the Massachusetts Colony during the last half of the sixteenth century. James and Alice are common ancestors of all the Boutwells in this country. Louisa was the daughter of George and Fanny Hyde Boutwell. George was born in Wilmington, in 1798, and died in Andover in 1861. Fanny was born in Newton in 1803 and died in Andover in 1873. Louisa was born February 2, 1840, at Andover, and

would not marry, that if she did the groom would not be a minister, and that even if he were, he would not be a Congregationalist—the family was already responsible for too much Congregational preaching. Nevertheless, she did all three and thus continued the Congregational strain.

Mary Perley Merrill was born in Davenport, Iowa, March 16, 1875. She was named for a family connection whom she called Aunt Mary Perley, who later on became a providential factor in our life together. Her early education was in the public schools of St. Louis, Andover, and Portland. She graduated from the Portland High School in 1894 and from Smith College in 1897, took advanced courses at the Massachusetts State Normal School in Bridgewater, and was certificated in 1899.

The Smith '97 Class Book says: "Perley Merrill was distinguished by her plucky cheerfulness, dreadful breaks, quick wit and . . . her favorite elective was in the discrimination and comment of the faculty's neckties, while she considered zoology 'nasty.' Always jolly, she was a sure cure for the

died at Mountain Lakes, New Jersey October 16, 1919. Her father was the son of Jonathan, whose brother Sewall was the father of Governor George S. Boutwell. She was educated at Abbott Academy, and taught school until her marriage.

My wife's great, great grandmother was Rebecca Estabrook, 1745-1830; whose grandfather was Rev. Samuel Estabrook, 1674-1727, minister at Canterbury, Conn. Her great grandfather was Rev. Joseph Estabrook, 1640-1718 (Harvard, 1664), Minister in Concord, Mass., from 1667 until his death.

Mrs. Macfarland's great grandmother, Sarah Fessenden, was the daughter of Rev. William Fessenden, 1747-1805, pastor at Fryeburg, Maine; her grandfather being Rev. William Fessenden, 1718-1758, at one time instructor at Harvard College. Thus three Merrills, two Fessendens and two Estabrooks were Congregational clergymen. But ministerial relations do not end here, for my wife's father's sister, Sara E. Merrill, married Rev. Joseph D. Wilson, one of the founders of the Reformed Episcopal Church.

My wife's sister was Lucia Griswold (Mrs. Harry W. Boynton), whose life and character were among her cherished memories. Her elder brother is Oliver Boutwell Merrill, who married Kitty Earl Lyall in 1901; Amherst College, 1891; Advertising Manager for the *Congregationalist*, and other papers; Mayor of Summit, N. J., 1920-1924, and a useful and devoted public servant. Her younger brother, William Fessenden Merrill, Amherst College, 1899; was identified with large business interests and was president of the Lamson Co. and other concerns. He died October 7, 1933.

blues," some of which aptitudes were as marked in the closing days of her life as they were then.

Mrs. Mabel Hersom Jones, a lifelong friend,³ who went with her to Smith, from Portland, in a recent sketch of their college days, says: "She was certainly the center of our group. She satisfied all sides of one. She would work with you and be silly with you, ready to help you or play with you. She had a 'heart at leisure from itself,' being singularly and refreshingly free from pettiness, envy or irritation. Her pluck was an outstanding characteristic." Josephine Hallock, another of her intimates, finds it hard to characterize her, "she was so different from others and so far ahead of her time. There was a buoyancy about her, expressed in her laughing eyes and merry smile, her words fairly falling on each other, and in her lightly tripping walk. She was so unusual that words mean nothing." Lucia Gilbert writes: "I thought of Perley in college, as one altogether charming, cheery and sweet. My appreciation of her amazing qualities came later after college days were over." Mrs. Anna Casler Chesebrough once described her in these words: "We didn't use the word 'normal' in the last century as glibly as we do now. But that is what Perley was as a college girl—just a wholesome, natural girl. She loved fun, but she could be serious, too. Her sense of values was always good." Another of her closest classmates, Mrs. Harriet P. Hallock Moore, says: "She was a conscientious, capable girl—with a full sense of duty. She had a delicious humor, and a love of good clean fun which made her a delightful companion. In later life I found her the same sweet person, but with a broad outlook on life and having a deep understanding of those about her."

As these messages reveal, she had a deep capacity for friendship. Woe be to me, if I failed to enthuse about her college friends. When I observed that if she could keep out

³ See Page 320.

of my sight long enough, I might find it possible to evaluate them more to her satisfaction, she would look a bit disdainful. Today I get more comfort and cheer from meeting them than I do from any other source outside my home. She attended every class reunion except when she was abroad, and I went with her, with one exception. I could easily see just about what her college life had been, as she renewed it on these occasions, more particularly that of 1902, while we were engaged. She was more enthusiastic over her approaching thirty-fifth reunion than ever before and that was one reason why I did not accompany her. There are times when women are better left to themselves. Her loyalty to Smith College was contagious. For a year or two after William Allan Neilson became president, she was critical. It was all so different from the time of President Seelye. With her characteristic sense of fairness, however, she looked into the situation thoughtfully, and became one of President Neilson's most loyal supporters, much as she deprecated some of the changed conditions, which she believed he was meeting in the wisest possible way. Whenever I came home and reported more millions for Yale, her eyes would snap as she made highly flavored remarks on the stupidity of men, in their neglect of women's colleges.

Upon finishing her normal course at Bridgewater, she taught Latin and History at Fisk University until June, 1900, when the woman whose name she bore, took her to Europe for a year, to study German at Hannover during the winter months and for travel in Great Britain, and the Continent.⁴ On her return in August, 1901, she resumed work at Fisk. One of my pleasantest memories is that of seeing her, in January, 1902, tutoring some backward negro boys, with unending patience. It was during this visit that our engage-

⁴ My wife was a lover of music and art. Her letters to me, at this time, are glowing in portrayal. The title of this chapter came to me as I recalled her description of "*Wallenstein*," as she heard it in Germany.

ment was announced and the ring, brought from London, was transmitted. I got a little mixed and brought her a corsage of bride roses, to the dismay of her mother.

In the preceding chapters of this book I have, at times, found it difficult to keep up an interest in myself. But now I find thought upon thought coming upon me faster than words to express them, as I reach the deepest and dearest memories of my personal life.

We became engaged on August 10, 1901 in London. Our marriage had to be deferred for over two and a half years. We decided that I ought to liquidate the debts which I had incurred during my university life and await some increase in salary. In addition to this problem, the prospective bride had a complete breakdown, which lasted for about two years. She had to give up teaching, and was placed in the friendly care of Dr. Jane L. Hersom, the mother of one of her Smith classmates,⁵ who secured a retreat for her in a sanitarium at Portland. For a long period I took the early trains on Monday morning from Malden to Portland, remaining there as long as pastoral duties would permit. A very grave question arose. Would her physical and nervous condition admit of marriage at all? Many conferences were held, sometimes between ourselves, at other times jointly with Dr. Hersom, but still oftener between the physician and myself. In the meantime the financial problem had been reasonably solved. I was ready to provide a home.⁶

One memorable evening, after she had retired in the physi-

⁵ See Page 318.

⁶ Wives, including those of ministers, have been known to lead their husbands astray, through their love of money. My wife was quite the opposite. The "Travel Club" (see Page 53) developed into large proportions, enabling me to furnish an attractive home, and to build up a library of several thousand volumes. A proposition was before me which would have yielded an income of \$10,000 to \$15,000 a year. My salary was then \$1500. I admit a momentary temptation to accept it "for a while." When I submitted the question to her, she replied, offhand, "Of course we won't do it." The result was that I turned the "Travel Club" over into other hands. Years after, when similar proposals of a secular nature were made to me, we hardly gave them a thought.



MARY PERLEY MERRILL AT 22
Smith College '97



Motherhood, 1905

cian's home, where she was a guest, Dr. Hersom said to me, "I think the time has come to settle this momentous issue. On the one hand, Perley (her friends used her middle name) may never have the physical strength essential to marriage; but on the other hand, it is very doubtful whether she could survive the disappointment of breaking your engagement, and indeed, it is more than doubtful whether we can much longer defer decision." I replied that I should wish to have Dr. Hersom herself accept the responsibility, to which she replied promptly, "I am willing to do so. I think you should be married very soon." After a sleepless night, I came down to breakfast and found them both at the table. Almost immediately, Miss Merrill looked at both of us and said, "You were talking about me last night, and I have decided the problem for you. We are going to be married, and that right early." From that moment on her physical condition began to improve. We were married March 9, 1904, in the chapel of Andover Theological Seminary, in the presence of a large gathering. Her father read the service, and the marriage ceremony was performed by my warm friend of many years, Professor J. Winthrop Platner. My work at Malden prevented a protracted wedding excursion, but we spent nearly two weeks at Lakewood, New Jersey. Fortunately, I was under engagement to superintend educational travel in Europe during the summer, and thus we had an ideal tour of the Continent, following which we spent several weeks together in England and Scotland, where our early acquaintance had been developed. The visit to Bayreuth, where we heard "Parsifal" and "Tannhaeuser," was perhaps the happiest event on the Continent, and one which we often recalled.

The problem of her health remained. The evening of our reception by the Malden Church, we walked to our home, a short distance across the street. When we reached the doorstep she fainted, and I carried her up the stairs to her room.

During those early days such incidents were not infrequent, but she gradually improved and especially after the birth of our first child, became relatively strong and well. Later on there were occasional breakdowns, largely because of the intensity with which she met her obligations in life. I always had to watch her closely, shared the care of our babies and, as she was a poor sleeper, learned to do so to the last detail.

Although fairly well along in years, we were rather an innocent couple. Neither of us ever thought of birth control,⁷ and in September, 1904, while in London, we received our first intimation of her motherhood, from one of the most famous physicians of that time, Dr. Mary Scharlieb. We were about as happy at that moment as we had been three years before when we had consummated our engagement, only a few blocks away. We went at once to Loch Achray to complete the coincidental nature of the occasion.⁸

During our early association, her reluctance in responding to my overtures, which continued over a period of nearly a year, was largely due to her feeling, sometimes amounting to conviction, that she was not fitted to meet the requirements of a pastor's wife. So far as certain conventional matters were concerned, she was correct. She had no disposition whatever to run things, as do some pastors' wives, and I was very glad that this was so. Formal administration always had to be urged upon her. She made intimate personal contacts, and as one woman once put it to me, perhaps her chief influence was in revealing to women what a woman, wife and mother should be. Thus she developed an unassumed leadership, not in the professional sense of the word, but by her creative genius. She also became an ideal wife of a pastor, as the members of the parish came to love a sweet-natured, clever, but

⁷ There is too much thought of it nowadays, in the wrong quarters.

⁸ See Page 343.

always modest woman, whose one idea was simply to be useful. She rebuked me for saying in public, on one occasion, that I could have held any pastorate, regardless of my limitations, so long as she was my wife.

Our two years in Malden were everything that could be asked. She was taken at once into the hearts of the people. South Norwalk offered somewhat larger opportunities for her particular talent. I was more faithful, in pastoral service, than some of the pastors of today, and it was largely due to her vigilance. She would at times reprove me for neglect and direct attention to certain needy people who had not been called upon for some time. She often accompanied me in calls on those who were sick, infirm or aged. She was no wifely hero-worshipper and I wish every pastor could have a pulpit critic like her. South Norwalk had many mothers who worked in factories, and one of the first ideas that she conceived was that of the establishment of a day nursery. While others spent time discussing needs, she was in action.

Perhaps I can best describe her service by quoting from two tributes to her at South Norwalk. The first appears to be from the women of the church, accompanying a gift:

While Dr. Macfarland has been preaching to us from the pulpit, you too, have been giving us a message—*your* beautiful Gospel. It has been very beautiful preaching—a gospel of kindly words, loving deeds and gentle manners;—a gospel of good cheer and steadfast courage at all times.

When a woman loves a man, that is of nature; when a woman loves a woman—that is of grace.

So tonight we women of this church bear witness to your grace and graciousness which have won our hearts and made us your friends for always, as one of the sweetest, dearest women that we have ever known.

The other consists of the action taken by the church when they received the message of her death, bearing witness "to

the simple and noble character of Mary Perley Macfarland, and to her exemplary life amongst us, as wife, mother, co-worker; to her wise and kindly leadership in this community as well as in this, her church; to our own personal sense of loss, and to the loss of a valuable and energetic personality in the great work of the world's redemption."

Her charm and influence were largely due to the complete absence of anything like artificiality. She was always just herself. After our children had grown up, her opportunity widened and she revealed qualities that even I had never discovered, during the earlier years. As I once heard a woman say, "she grew on you, day by day." Her deepest interest was that of the American Association of University Women. She organized the New Jersey Division, became its first president, and was responsible, during her presidency, and afterward, for the initiation of local groups. The New Jersey Division offered a hundred dollars to the local organization doing the most for college fellowships, as the "Mary P. Macfarland Award." I had been so much occupied with my own duties, often calling me away for long periods, that I had never fully realized the service that she rendered in these interests, until I came to look over her files, after her death. One of her most frequently given addresses is a persuasive appeal for interest in the American Association of University Women. Her usefulness is revealed by two of many tributes; from the College Women's Club of Essex County, and the State Division:

The college women of New Jersey have sustained a sad loss of a most honored and beloved worker. Through her vision, cheerful courage, and constructive coöperation in the interest of the advancement of educational opportunities, and under her inspirational leadership, as New Jersey's first president, we came to admire her, then love her with deep and lasting affection.

Mary P. Macfarland has had her place in many organizations and made a distinguished contribution to the international relations work of many different groups. The members of the New Jersey State Division of the American Association of University Women, however, feel that she was their own. After acting for some years as A. A. U. W. membership chairman in New Jersey and doing much pioneer work, she took steps leading to the organization of a State Division and served as first president of the Division, carrying it successfully through the early critical years. Later she lent her leadership to the work in international relations, serving both as State Chairman and as a member of the National Committee on International relations. Her counsel was ever valued, and her delightful sense of humor, quick wit and personal charm endeared her as a friend.

She was one of the organizers, and the corresponding secretary of the New Jersey Conference on the Cause and Cure of War, and a member of the national and state World Court committees.

Again, as I go through her papers, I am impressed with her exactitude. While her intuitions were immediately and accurately perceptive, her reasoning faculties were less direct, and her work required a painstaking that led to precision in conclusions. She thought step by step, rather than by leaps and bounds. I find a document entitled, “Why Disarmament?” which was published by the New Jersey Conference on the Cause and Cure of War; another on “Public Opinion and the World Court” published by the New Jersey World Court Committee; an article in the *Civic Pilot*, the organ of the State League of Women Voters, on “Historical Background of the World Court,” and a manuscript describing how the Court came to be, all of which indicate real study. There are other articles and addresses on the League of Nations, the Pact of Paris, a study of the manner in which territorial acquisitions have been secured, and of military training in education. The thoroughness in these documents

is illustrated by one giving definitions, the knowledge of which would be necessary for courses on international affairs, which were evidently prepared in correspondence with some of the leading authorities.

One of the distinctive contributions to these interests was her facility in putting things in such popular style that they could be readily understood. She arranged to give information to women's gatherings, sometimes through dialogues and at others through interlocutory groups, often in the form of questions and answers. Some of these reveal remarkable cleverness. She had dramatic talent, not only in writing, but in taking parts, especially those calling for the sense of humor.

As a speaker she was persuasive, rather than forceful, attempted no artifices, talked simply, and combined a certain positiveness with modesty. A remarkably retentive memory enabled her to speak extemporaneously, when that method best lent itself to effect, and she did so without seeming artificial. She almost hated controversy and would not enter into acrimonious discussion. She and I quite disagreed on some social practices, and even at times on principles, but the moment I fell into my automatic argumentation, she became silent, and I was left with a sense of defeat which I really quite enjoyed, as I did all her moods and tenses. Publicity was a real annoyance to her. When she received the blank for the *Women's Who's Who of America*, she threw it in the waste basket. I rescued it surreptitiously, filled it out and sent it to the publishers. There came an event, however, which brought out elements of character which neither I nor anyone else had previously discovered. That was her experience with the National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. We learned that she could fight, and fight hard.⁹

Her range was wide, due to her capacity for growth. I

⁹ See Chapter XIV.

find papers on Alfred Tennyson, and on other literary themes, programs in dramatics, in some of which she took part, poems written for children, one of which is entitled "It's Always the Weather to Blame;" a paper which must have aroused a good deal of hilarity, called "Queer People We Have Known" and other popular compositions. She attended lecture courses on a variety of subjects and completed a certified course in first aid, under Red Cross auspices. Occasionally, as we sat together in the evening, discussing the affairs of the day, I found that she had an acquaintance with legislative actions and procedures far beyond my own. It was some time after her association with the organization, that I learned of her relationship as one of the directors of the New Jersey League of Women Voters. In a tribute paid by the State League she is said to be characterized by her "fine courage and sane judgment as a leader, as well as her winning personality as a friend." A letter in almost the same terms came from the Morris County League.

To the Community Church of Mountain Lakes, which was organized in our home, and to its Sunday school and women's organizations she gave unstinted time and service. As I look over the historical record of Mountain Lakes, where we lived together for over twenty years,¹⁰ I discover that she was the first president of the Mountain Lakes Flower Guild, an organizer of the College Club and of the Church Missionary Society, and a charter member of practically all such bodies. The Board of Education of the Community Church has memorialized her, in appropriate fashion, by the founding of the "Mary P. Macfarland Northfield Scholarships," for the purpose of sending young people to the Northfield conference each year.

After the depression came, in 1930, she initiated a volun-

¹⁰ Upon leaving South Norwalk in 1911, we lived for nearly two years in Summit, moving to Mountain Lakes in 1913.

tary unemployment relief agency, a year before it was even considered by the municipal authorities. It functioned to such a degree that our home was often mistaken for an employment bureau. When the weekly newspaper of Mountain Lakes¹¹ was about to be given up, because it could not pay for itself, she agreed, with one of the other women of the community,¹² to edit it voluntarily, and did so for a year. During one emergency in the Federal Council, she came in and rendered administrative service for several months. She was a member of one of the early Boards of Education in Mountain Lakes, and often served as substitute teacher in the grammar and high schools, at a time when she was also Superintendent of one of the departments of the Sunday school.

The only shadows of our home life were cast by my frequent absences, and I tried to compensate for them, when at home. Whenever it was possible, she was with me when I was called away, many times in Washington. During the winters, when I needed to be in New York overnight, we moved into the city for two or three months. Twice before, in 1900, 1901, and four times after our marriage, in 1904, 1906, 1920 and 1925, we were abroad, renting our home to meet the expense. In 1929 she spent over two months in Europe with our daughter. Over a period of several years we were together when, through the courtesy of Harry Wade Hicks and Melvil Dewey, I served two weeks at a time, in spring and fall, as chaplain at the Lake Placid Club. We were occasionally invited guests at Lake Mohonk, the Inn at Buck Hill Falls and the Hotel Chalfonte at Atlantic City. We always referred to these as "wedding tours." Our twenty-fifth anniversary was observed March 9, 1929, by a large gathering of friends at the Smith College Club. We had a constant flow

¹¹ The *Mountain Lakes News*, of which I secured possession, in order to insure its continuance.

¹² Mrs. Lila M. Houston.

of guests, from many parts of the world. The helpers in our home loved her. The first time Booker Washington was with us, the maid asked whether she must wait on him. The answer was: "No, indeed, I will." The young woman wept and was unusually adept in waiting on the table that evening.

She was above all wife, mother and homekeeper. She kept much closer to our children than I did, and I rather think that I have kept closer than most fathers do. When I was at home, my evenings were always spent with her until the time of her retirement. The day's wear and tear was all forgotten. If I had anything to do, it was done after that. Was it not Thoreau who broke from one he loved, because she once called upon him to explain something, or as he put it, "questioned" him? My wife and I never had anything to explain. It would not have entered the mind of either of us to question.

But she was by no means "too bright or good for human nature's daily food." I have seen her, with a group of young girls, when she was over fifty-five; for the moment one would have taken her for one of them, not only because of her youthful spirit, but as well in physical appearance. She never walked, she sprang or shot, from place to place. Her spirit seemed to take possession of the outward form. She never lost the marks of youth. She had her moods, sometimes for the moment baffling. Her personality included the lights and shades of dawn; noonday, twilight and evening. She had the purest of minds and hearts, but was not ethereal. While never losing sweetness and light, she could be angry, even furious for the moment, when aroused to indignation.¹³ But she obeyed the admonition of the apostle to be "angry and sin not." She was capable of scorn and satire, but never hypercritical or cynical and seldom sarcastic. She distinguished

¹³ For example, when a Republican speaker told the Woman's Club that the League of Nations had a Commission to protect the traffic in women and girls.

infirmity from sin. In times of strain and suffering she was restrained; if our collie ran away or was injured, she wept.

My wife was bewitchingly wayward in keeping files and finances. To be sure she could almost always fish out what she wanted, but I declared it must be by a magnet. Her account books were hopeless to me, but she could always explain them. Her memos and address lists were lovely examples of disorder. These charming deficiencies were largely due to the rapidity of her movements; she did things with a flash. Her handwriting was hieroglyphical and bore ample evidence of the velocity of its execution.

She loved to rejoice in others and shared, with pride and satisfaction, the achievements of her classmate, Ada Comstock of Radcliffe College and other members of her class, reading everything about them that appeared. But I also find touching letters from the homeless invalids, in different places, with whom she maintained correspondence.

In our home we had the companionship of her father and mother, in their later and closing days. Father Merrill was a delight to us and our children. Kindly, patient, with a sense of humor, he simply seemed a part of the family circle. He was always an inspiration to me, through his useful and unselfish life, as pastor and university president. He was one of those men whose strength of character was so merged with sweetness of disposition, that I do not believe anyone ever said anything ill of him. Mother Merrill was sometimes a Martha, "careful and troubled about many things," always solicitous for the welfare of others, a faithful wife and mother, perhaps of the old school. She had shared the early vicissitudes of a home mission pastor's wife, in the far west of those days, with a courage equalled by the composure and dignity with which she took her part in the later years of a city pastorate, and in university life. To use an old-fashioned term, she was a true "helpmeet." We also had my own

mother with or near us,¹⁴ much of the time, as one of our family, loving and loved by our children, and sharing their sport and play.

My wife was just reaching the height of her influence, when, in 1932, it was discovered that she was the victim of the most dreaded malady. She did not communicate her suspicions to me, because she had resolutely decided that she would attend the coming thirty-fifth-year reunion of her college class. There, as I am told, she was the gayest of the gay. From her daily notes, however, as well as from previous indications, I sensed something wrong. Her nervous system appeared to be giving out, as it had on several previous occasions, and I made an appointment for her to see Doctor Foster Kennedy. The day after she returned we learned the cause. She went to the hospital June 22nd with cheerfulness, and survived one of the most drastic operations that the surgeon had ever performed, made a heroic effort for recovery and went on as usual, unconcerned. I can see her now, sitting at her typewriter, with one arm supported, while she was preparing a revision of one of her published documents on the World Court. But the disease had gone too far, and in March, 1933, including our wedding anniversary on March 9th and her fifty-eighth birthday on March 16th, she was in the Morristown Memorial Hospital, until the end came on the evening of April 6th. During these five weeks she was most disturbed as to whether or not she was doing her part toward recovery from her second operation. One afternoon she said to me, with unusual solemnity, "I've got a matter that I want to talk over with you the next time I take an opiate." I was deeply troubled until the evening hour came, when, to my amazement, she asked whether or not we thought she was not doing her best. The day before she passed away, she said, "I don't see how I am going to get

¹⁴ See Page 9.

any better by all this complete resting." She had not been able to see visitors for over a week, but she gave me a list of those whom she was to see day by day. She saw only one of them. She was greatly cheered by a multitude of letters on her birthday. She said little to me other than what would have been said while we were living at home, discussing mainly our children and their plans. One day, about a week before her death, she remarked very simply, "You know I never had any fear of death, and I have had such a happy life that I must not complain when it comes." And after a pause, she added, "But I shall live just as long as I can." Cheerfulness, unselfishness and courage continued as the chief elements in the charm, strength and loveliness of her personality. Her deepest concern was for our daughter, who was obliged to lie quietly in bed, in our home, for nearly six months, to protect her expectant motherhood. The night before my wife died she evidently had a dream that her daughter's baby had been brought safely into the world, an impression which continued until she passed away.

The municipal flag was at half mast as the final service in her memory was held in the Community Church of Mountain Lakes. It was participated in by Dr. Charles E. Jefferson,¹⁵ her pastor Rev. Walter A. Scholten, Rev. James T. Lodge, Rev. Benjamin L. Ramsey, and Rev. Edward L. Chute. The attendance of young people was even more noticeable than that of the many organizational representatives.

I am moved to say a word regarding the physicians and nurses who have been in our home from time to time, and ever in our hearts. Dr. Albert J. Ward was the last of these and his devotion was so fine that I hung in his office a reproduction of the famous picture by Luke Fildes, which he

¹⁵ During several years, when in New York during the winter, we had gone to the Broadway Tabernacle to listen to Dr. Jefferson's sermons on the Sunday nearest our wedding anniversary, and had reported to him.

painted by order of Queen Victoria, entitled "The Doctor."¹⁶ At Mrs. Macfarland's death he wept like a child. My mind is carried back to others: Dr. Jane L. Hersom, Dr. Herbert S. Johnson of Malden, Dr. Charles G. Bohannon of South Norwalk, Dr. Dean Foster of Stamford; to the unselfish nurses, Mary Gardiner Wright and May Q. Smith; to Louise Butera and Rigmor Sorensen who were with her to the last. I have had the most intimate relations with physicians, and have never discovered one who was mercenary, and the recollections that I have of the nurses who cared for my wife, have revealed to me the great possibilities of generosity latent in human nature.

I can best close this inadequate sketch¹⁷ with a few of the tributes in the hundreds of letters received at the time of her death. One of her associates, Mrs. E. Allan Lightner, gives a striking characterization: "Mrs. Macfarland was just as ready to wash dishes for a church supper as to give a book review at the club; just as ready to contribute service to a College Club luncheon as to address a state-wide meeting of the A. A. U. W. on International Peace; just as willing to give time to teach a little group of frivolous girls in Sunday school as to conduct a class on the World Court." Another of her intimates, Mrs. John L. Houston, writes: "Her quick sympathy, sparkling humor and real understanding made her a delightful companion and friend. Those who knew her slightly and those who loved her as a friend all felt that hers was a rare and unusual personality." Helen F. Tredick, another of her close companions, in college and ever after, says of her later life: "Perley was always the delightful companion of college days. She was a marvel to me, because of the variety and number of things she could accomplish, with

¹⁶ In the Tate Gallery, London.

¹⁷ I hesitated long as to whether or not I should make this a volume by itself. I decided that our records should be together for all time.

seeming ease. Part of this was due to an ability to plan well, and a sense of values. She did not waste energy or time on trivialities. There was always time for her friends, and her home was a delightful one. Her children could bring in their companions at any time, she was ready to help the young students with their lessons, and her sense of humor made her their comrade. Her buoyant spirit never seemed to fail, even when she was ill." An editorial in *Congregationalist and Herald of Gospel Liberty* paid her this fine tribute: "She was among those who perceived that true patriotism is not at variance with the responsibilities of the citizen and Christian in world affairs, but that national welfare depends alike upon righteous conditions within, and righteous relationships without, in all a country's life and contacts. Such women have been a rich contribution to the nation from its church and college life."

Letters to her and about her came not only from women. John M. Glenn characterized her as "a noble, courageous woman, who kept her balance and her cheerfulness in spite of suffering and troubles." But perhaps no one can describe her better than I did in a letter to her closer classmates:

You have caught fleeting glimpses of her, but could hardly realize the growth and depth of her character, the courage of which her cheerfulness was born, her unerring intuition and judgment and the completeness of her unselfishness, as a wife and mother, in the relations of the pastor's wife and in the interests of social welfare. I have never known her to flinch at anything or make any consequential misstep. On many occasions, when I have been summoned to missions abroad and have expressed doubt about leaving her, she has observed, with simplicity, "of course you will go ahead and do your duty."

One of the moments of my life, which comes back to me oftenest, was the time when, in London, I received the first photograph of her as a mother. There is an expression in it

that does not appear in any other of her pictures. Her care of our children was characterized by constant self-sacrifice. She used to read the books that were written on how to bring up children. On one occasion after reading one of them, she said, "Don't bring me any more of these books. Whenever they say that if I do this, the child will be sure to do that, it always turns out the other way, with our children, from what the books say they will do." I learned to yield to her judgment and never knew her to go wrong in an ultimate decision, often due, I think, to the wide range of her sense of humor.¹⁸

While it seemed as though my wife was cut off at the very moment of her expanding usefulness, she had not only initiative genius, but also the rare gift of enlisting and inspiring others, so that her work will go on to its completion by other hands. I see evidence of this as, from time to time, I meet her former associates.

Her major qualities went beyond the comparative degree and each had its own appeal, to one who could "see with

¹⁸ Charles S., Jr., was born at Malden, February 7, 1905. After preparation at the Morristown High School and Chestnut Hill Academy, he graduated from Williams College, and completed the course in journalism at Columbia University. He is engaged in advertising and publicity, together with a classmate, in the firm of Macfarland & Heaton. His wife, Muriel Lodge, a graduate of the New Jersey College for Women, is the daughter of Rev. James T. Lodge, rector of St. John's Episcopal Church in Montclair, and Florence Selick Lodge. My home, and that of one younger son, is with them in Mountain Lakes.

Our daughter, Lucia Merrill, came to us at South Norwalk, January 1, 1908. Following her graduation at the Burnham School, she completed two years at Smith College. Deciding that she wanted to prepare for social work, she took the course in that department at the Scudder School, had several months' experience in the clinic of the Morristown Memorial Hospital, became Deputy Director of the Morris County Welfare Board and is now supervisor and case worker, mainly with what are known as "problem" cases.

Her husband is Joseph Harrie Hogan, Jr., an accountant, son of Carrie Lewis Hogan and the late Joseph Harrie Hogan. He is a graduate of Montclair Academy and the Packard Commercial School. Their home is in Morristown.

James Merrill's birthplace was also South Norwalk, October 8, 1909. He prepared at Williston Academy, completed four years at Princeton and the course in business administration at New York University. He is newspaper correspondent for an area in New Jersey, attached to the Associated Press and the New York and other regional dailies, having taken over the Northern New Jersey News Bureau, originally developed by his brother. He is also a writer of feature stories.

eye serene, the very pulse of the machine;" "a Being," "and yet a Spirit still, and bright, with something of angelic light." One of my unfulfilled ambitions has been to write a novel. While it is never likely to be consummated, I am going to close this volume with the nearest approach that I may make to it. The literary expression will be far from fulfilling the requirements of the title, but it does meet those conditions in content and sentiment, at least for myself. I will write, with my own hand, what I will call—

AN IDYL

IT WAS one of those rare days in June,¹ idealistically pictured in Lowell's *Vision of Sir Launfal*. The *Minneapolis* was about to loose her moorings, and wend her way down the Hudson to the open sea. Passengers were saying their last farewells. A man, six feet in height, apparently in the early thirties, walked rapidly about the deck, scanning the voyagers and occasionally making inquiries, or giving courteous instructions. He looked as though he belonged in academic or other professional life and, in fact, he had but recently left the university, where he had been a student and assistant, to become the pastor of a small suburban church. While some immediate mission was clearly on his mind, his bearing was that of satisfaction and contentment, in perfect accord with the poet's similitude:

*Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten.*

Now is the high-tide of the year.

And why not? His church had given him three months' leave of absence, and while his income for the year would hardly have met the cost of his prospective travel, that was to be cared for by the service he would render, in guiding and instructing a score of congenial people—mostly women, all of them seeing Europe for the first time. And speaking

¹ June 30, 1900.

of women, they played little or no part in this man's life, outside the home, except as members of his church. He had given little if any thought to marriage, since his early twenties, when, like most men, he had, more than once, thought that he might be on the way. He had been giving both mind and heart to study, and more recently to preaching and to those pastoral opportunities—I will not call them duties—to which he meant to devote his whole life. Indeed, I fear he had been rather too unconcerned. He was now thirty-three and might have failed to reach his largest life, had he not made that voyage across the sea.

No, it was not because it was the time of year when "fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," that he suddenly stopped, went on, returned and passed again, as he explored the deck. A rather demure young woman, appearing to be in the early twenties, stood by the rail. It was afterward disclosed that she was in the middle, rather than the early twenties, and was not really so demure, but rather,

*A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.*

Our friend knew Wordsworth and could, as he looked back again, have recited "She was a Phantom of Delight," with no little sense of realism.

Just at the moment of which I speak, one of the party, to which our young minister was to reveal the glories of the Old World, came up and greeted both of them. They were introduced; his usual composure fled. She also blushed; perhaps because he did. She too was startled. She had heard about this man, in the papers and from some of his over-benevolent friends. She had expected to see a dignified, bearded, and perhaps bald-headed, if not forbidding clergyman. None of her anticipations was fulfilled, except possibly

that of dignity—when called for. She afterward admitted that she became interested. With that the meeting ended. Now my story begins, for while she was not to be one of his group of travelers, she and her companion, a maiden aunt in the fifties, had friends among them.

This young preacher did not, I think, easily lose his head, even though, as he not long afterward discovered, he had already come pretty near losing his heart to her “captivating charm and loveliness,” as he wrote many years after. He was, moreover, of a very practical nature, and went promptly to the steward, to arrange that two particular voyagers should sit side by side at table. At the first sitting, they commented together upon the passenger list, and the reason they made no mutual observations on the fact that their names appeared the one next to the other, was not that it escaped the notice of either, as each learned, a few weeks later.

Our young man had an aversion for slow steamers, but felt now no discontent at the prospect of ten days at sea. Acquaintanceship comes very easy on an ocean liner, and on the second day the passengers smiled whenever our preacher came in sight. Indeed the companion of his object of attention began to feel her sense of guardianship. She remembered that this young woman’s parents had admonished her not to let their daughter become engaged. Consequently he was reprimanded when found preparing to take a photograph. He compromised by asking to take them both together—not confessing that he had already taken one.

I am quite sure, however, that neither of these two subjects of our story then regarded their intimacy as more than a combination of likable companionship, with a conscious touch of flirtation. But the “lovely apparition” was not “to be a moment’s ornament.” And it must be confessed that she was not altogether free from what the poet calls “simple

wiles." Who would want a woman not be a bit artful, especially when she is unconscious of her aptitude?

The ten short days were ended and London was reached. He was to go on to the Continent, she to remain for several weeks, mainly in southern England. There was a simple understanding to exchange postcards, notes and perhaps letters. The farewells had been said, but late that evening the maiden aunt was not altogether overjoyed to receive two cards from a caller, and a rather stilted conversation was the anti-climax to this chapter of the tale.

His postcards were written in French, German, Dutch or Italian as the case might be—and carefully referred to the hotel proprietor for needed revision. Some of them were susceptible to a little more than friendly meaning. Letters increased in frequency. Hers were just plain matter of fact. She confessed, long after, that some of the messages that she received were not altogether left without analysis, and that at times she dimly and vaguely wondered.

I do not know what might have happened had things just run their course. She was to be in Europe for a year. He must return. Their paths would not cross for a long time, if ever. A member of his party, who evidently understood it all, took him aside one quiet evening in Siena, and with kindly intent, told him she had heard that his steamer friend, while not formally engaged, was believed to have an understanding with someone. He had better not be misled. That settled it—he determined to see her again, whatever it might mean. It must be planned. And it was. Two of the women who had become his devoted friends, were intimate associates of the maiden aunt. He went to one of them and told enough of his story, although nothing was confessed. Would she invite the two friends in England to join a little group in September, to be conducted by him—anywhere that they might want to go? The English Lakes, Scottish Highlands and Cathedral

towns were suggested, the latter perhaps because the maiden aunt was known to dote on cathedrals and vergers, or, to put it in his thought, it was a good background for most anything. Psychology was considered, some diplomacy was used, and the design was consummated. It ought to be admitted that there was even an approach to duplicity in these negotiations, in both letters and telegrams, but it was all confessed and atoned for long after.

On Saturday, September 3rd, the coach stopped at Mrs. Fisher's little cottage in Ambleside. I have been shown the snap-shot of that—at times—demure miss, standing in the arbored doorway. The group went on to Grasmere, where, on a Sunday morning, at the lovely Prince of Wales Hotel, the final reunion was to take place. Our young man has described for us that approach to Ambleside. Would she be as he had pictured her, for two months, in thought and dream? And that she was—and more—so filled his mind that he quite forgot his travelers on the coach, even neglecting to point out Hartley Coleridge's cottage and to tell of Thomas Arnold and Harriet Martineau. And so the first Sunday that they went to worship together was in the little church at Grasmere. He admits that he cannot remember the sermon and is not sure that he heard it. She has confessed that she knew his eyes seldom left her.

It was not long before they were like little children, playing together. Expressing his satisfaction that the poet was mistaken when he wrote his lament for the reported destruction of the Wishing Gate, he led her there at once. I am not sure that she ever divulged her wish, but he has said that his was rather qualified—it was that he might find her to be all that she seemed. They both knew the poem, but he asked her to write out for him the verse which ends about one "who makes all happiness her own." I know that she complied, for I have seen it, in her handwriting, on the wall of his study.

The memories of Dove Cottage were recalled, for they were both familiar with the life of the Wordsworths.

Their friends were considerate and gracious. The aunt was looked after and entertained. They were left to flock by themselves, under the soft shadows of Helvellyn. Could there ever have been a lovelier setting for such a tale? Keswick, where, at Crosthwaite Church, Wordsworth's epitaph was read over Southey's grave; Chester, whence he left her long enough to go to the grave of Elihu Yale, at Wrexham—he was away only from six in the morning to eight; Carlisle where, while they studied the Cathedral, he remembered that Scott was married there, and rehearsed some stories of near-by Gretna Green. At Melrose Abbey, the evening was spent beneath the sky, under the pretense of looking for the traditional owl. Our preacher was fond of interpreting historic places, was glad that he knew and had memorized so much of Scott, but talked altogether too much—a characteristic fault, I ought to add. Abbotsford and Dryburgh offered great temptations to air such knowledge as he had. Edinburgh was at its best. Even the Scotch weather went out of its way to make everything seem right.

Not one word had yet been spoken of what was in his heart, by day and night. She invited nothing, opened no paths, accepted all his invitations, but revealed no embarrassment, and he wondered if she understood. They were at the Trossachs Hotel, close to Lochs Achray and Katrine. It was a moonlight night. He was still pondering, when, as he tells us, the sonnet of the gallant Montrose, "My dear and Only Love," came to his mind:

*He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
That dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all.*

Now these lines did not seem quite to apply. He and the valiant Scot shared little in common, as the latter was portrayed by the Bard of Abbotsford. But he decided to interpret them in the light of their more general suggestiveness, and our friend was one of those men who make quick decisions.² The intuitiveness of woman has always deeply affected human history. It is another to be added to the senses. She felt that a vague something was happening. His eyes had been upon her during the long dinner. Men had done that before, but here was one who was different, and she accepted the invitation to "go down and see the lake," with some wonderment. (A month after this she wrote him that he was the first man who had ever treated her as other than one of the toys for playtime.)

The evening itself was impelling. Ben Venue's shadow was softer than it sometimes is, there was nothing ominous in its austerity; it seemed more like a gentle guardian of the slumbering lake. They were seated on the bank of Loch Achray,³ which was all agleam in the moonlight. The most she had thought was that he might be getting harmlessly sentimental—he never had been. She was far from ready for the torrent that came from this man of seeming self-possession. Just what they said they have never told anyone. I am not sure that either quite knew, but it was made clear that he was very far ahead. She liked him—that was all. Well, yes, she liked him better than any man she had ever known. One doubt was dispelled—no one else was in the way—and that was almost enough. She too, long after, conceded that she had often speculated upon what the ring on the third finger of his left hand might mean. (It was his mother's wedding ring.)

² One of his axioms, however, had been that no man should ask a woman to be his wife, whom he had not known for at least a year. He had been with her actually but sixteen days.

³ There is a home called "Achray," beside a lake in northern New Jersey.

I am told that that night, very late, she watched him as he paced the borders of the lake, and that her impulse to join him was not altogether easily repressed. To fortify herself, she wrote in her dairy that she had made an "unpleasant discovery," knowing, so she has said, that it was a "lie."

One thing was settled that evening of September 6th; his wish at the Wishing Gate had been more than fulfilled. And he had sufficient insight to realize that he had something on his hands, as well as in his heart, that would take time. He must keep his head; it was better to go on just as they had been. On the coach to Loch Katrine, both were protected from the rain by one umbrella. They romped together at Inversnaid. She was purposefully reckless as she sprang from stone to stone, and would have fallen into the rushing stream below the falls, but for his protecting arm and hand. They gathered heather, talked about Douglas at Stirling and returned to Edinburgh. Their friends were charming; a vacant seat was always left beside her, on the coach.

The following Sunday was "one of those heavenly days that cannot die." In the afternoon they climbed to Arthur's Seat and talked till evening. Neither had known anything about the other. The period of mutual confidence was reached. She was not disturbed when he informed her that he still owed a large sum of money on his university expense, nor by the possible limitations of his income. Nor was he when she told of her congenital physical frailty. From the very first they rose above all that. From that day on, there was less and less studying of either cathedrals or poets. Nevertheless the spell of the cathedral towns, Durham, York and Lincoln, lent a charm that they both felt. The maiden aunt made protests to each, but was decisively silenced by both. Their friends were still lovely. One of the party bought and passed around a copy of Kate Douglas Wiggin's *A Cathedral Courtship*. Long years after I saw a newspaper to which this dis-

cerning woman had sent descriptive articles, in one of which she prophesied what later happened.

Then the scene changed, to walks by the river at Leamington and quiet talks at Warwick and at Kenilworth, where the sad story of Amy Robsart's love and death was chosen as a befitting theme. The evening of September 14th, at Stratford-on-Avon was memorable. He was finding something new in her, day by day. As they stood in the moonlight, above the stream, on Clopton Bridge, he

*Saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman, too.*

She opened up her soul, expressed her disappointment with life itself, and for that occasion the lover had to turn preacher and pastor. He discovered that she was a woman of moods—who would have a woman otherwise? But it was more than that. Many years after this he was heard to say that he believed himself to be the first to understand her and to evaluate her character, not even excepting her parents.

He too was artful, but I fear not so unconscious as she. He had once been a guest of the Oxford Union, he could talk about John Henry Newman and the Oxford Movement. In fact, he overdid it and she felt a rather fearful awe at his seeming wisdom.

An afternoon by the Isis and in Addison's walk at Oxford, was followed by a visit to his friend, Dr. John Brown, successor of Bunyan at Bedford. The benevolent old pastor bade them farewell together, with a smile of evident understanding and satisfaction. Then came the next to the last evening, at Cambridge. They were all in the parlor of the University Arms, the rest playing cards. Just like two schoolmates, they exchanged notes at the table. He had left the subject just where it was at Achray, knowing that he was in the hands of

a real woman. She wrote and passed him this, from Kipling, which she headed, "A Warning," with sections underlined:

*A man there was and he made his prayer,
The same as you and I,
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.
The man, he called her his lady fair,
We call her the lady who did not care,
But now we know she never could care,
And could not understand.*

The paper was handed back inscribed beneath, "I defy the warning." He strolled the banks of the Cam that night, until well into the morning hours. A new discovery had been made. She had another of the qualities that, when she is young, make a woman charming; she was elusive.

Her very contrarities contended in allurements. And who would want a woman who did not abound in contradictions? As we can narrate so little of these enchanting days and hours, we may best reveal their meaning in terms of personal description and leave their translation to the imagination of the reader. These changing moods were more captivating than are the wiles of other kinds of women. One day or hour she was pert and saucy; the next reserved and near to moodiness. At one time tantalizing, with quick wit and repartee; another dreaming and silent. Gay almost to recklessness, or grave and thoughtful; swift and agile, or reflective and composed. Had she striven to ensnare our subject, it could not have been done with finer touch, if the colors had been mixed, or the shades blended, by the hand of an artist; but it was all unconscious in allusiveness.

Always just herself, slender, resilient and eurythmic, with perpetual blush, gentle voice, eyes that could speak, lips finely traced and wealth of hair, dark and lustrous, she was

most attractive in simple attire and when the least adorned.⁴ At most times held in restraint, vibrant with emotion. Passion was there, hidden and guarded, to be awakened only by love. Once when, unseen, her lover watched her, Edmund Spenser's lines were evoked:

*For of the soule the bodie form doth take;
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.*^{4a}

The last half-day was to be at Ely. She was to go to Holland, he to London and then home. Should he now ask the answer? They would be three thousand miles apart, for a year. But he was wise, and saw deeply enough into her nature, to resist the impulse. They went to the Cathedral, where both felt, but neither heard much of Dean Stubbs' service; and at noon, after a compact to write one another, they said farewell. That evening a bunch of heliotrope went from Covent Garden to the Hague. Flowers were sent daily while he was in London, and always worn. For a year letters went back and forth across the sea. Photographs were exchanged. His messages were unrestrained, but asked nothing. Hers varied according to impulsions which he had learned to interpret. A cable was sent for Thanksgiving Day. She wrote letters deciding the question and tore them up,—once when her mother warned of trifling with affections. As a relief to constrained feeling, she wrote one letter in a slight tone of levity. His sense of humor failed and she was charged with want of seriousness. Then came one in December, from Germany, which gave the response. She had thought it through. She was "worldly." She was entirely unfitted to be a pastor's wife and "would be a constant stumbling block." She was not adequately religious (she meant conventionally, such as being

⁴ It is said that the nearest they ever came to quarrels were the infrequent times when she went to a falsely so-called "beauty shop," to have her hair "spoiled."

^{4a} "An Hymne in Honour of Beautie."

a leader at prayer meetings). "It would be positively wicked." She ought never to have thought of such an impossibility. This part of the letter was read and studied with a heavy heart; all the rest was unread for an hour. But when the closing words were reached, a slow smile replaced the wrinkled brow. They expressed the desire to continue correspondence—if the recipient of the letter so wished. She would "be very sorry to feel that the friendship had ended." The head and reason had written the first, intuition and heart had said the last word. The inner conflict was apparent.⁵ He sat all that evening, living over again Loch Achray, Stratford, Ely, Addison's walk at Oxford, and the poet's line flashed across his mind; "the woman that deliberates is lost."^{5a}

Correspondence was continued. A Christmas cable had helped to correct his *faux pas*. He wrote that he expected to be in Europe the next summer. Her reply, from Dresden, said that her plans would probably preclude a meeting—but she stated what they were—with exact places and dates.

The only problem was how to resume. The church was asked to give the pastor another leave of absence and it was done without dissent—if he would promise to come back. A friend in a tourist agency was told that the preacher must go to Europe. It was a matter of life and death. The plea was so impressive that this friend generously remained at home and commissioned the substitute. Plans were arranged to bring him to Paris at the right time in July. She was to sail from Liverpool in early August.

A Sunday afternoon and evening in the Bois de Boulogne quite simply brought them back to Loch Achray and Ely. His recent letters had been so calm and seemingly unconcerned, she thought he had lost interest. It was evident that she was not displeased at the disclosure of her error, and

⁵ *Amare et sapere vix deo conceditur*. I forget who said it, but it is ever true.

^{5a} "Cato," Joseph Addison.

with it a little more discovery of herself. Had there been two days more, all would have been well. He said good-by in Paris, with a straight face, all the time deciding that he too would be in London, though just how he did not know. And as he held her hand, and looked into her eyes and saw himself, the temptation was too great. A proper reprimand came in the next letter, but she confessed, weeks later, that she had felt it ever since. Her self-discoveries were growing. That night he wrote that he "might" be soon in London. The reply was that he had better not, but in a tone making it clear that he had better. (The aunt tells us she had once said to her niece; "I know that man, if he determines to marry you, he'll do it," to which she had warmly responded that she could be as determined as he.) These little games of hide-and-seek did not denote artifice. It had long been obvious that a woman was simply making up her mind, and her lover had long seen it. And what is more engaging, than to see a woman making up her mind?—when you see a little ahead of her.

Just before sailing time, came a telegram from Geneva. He would be there on the evening of a given date. One of the travelers was ill and the party was to be left with an assistant, while our subject took the sick man to London—although to tell the truth, he was not really very ill. Train connections were lost and she waited and listened all the evening long, for every cab that passed to stop, for a man who didn't come. She was angry, with herself, with him, she was glad he wasn't coming—so she affirmed to herself. On what slender threads some of the finer things of life sometimes hang How often little events reveal great self-disclosures!

The next day, he came and they dined together at Frascati's in the evening. At the lodgings in Torrington Square, the aunt ⁶ very promptly said good night, but he walked in uninvited. He would pay a call upon her niece, if she was re-

⁶ Not so very long after, this dear woman claimed credit for what happened.

ceiving that evening. The niece assumed an air of resignation and docility, but said nothing. They sat out on a little iron balcony. Neither spoke. They looked at one another. He took her gently by the hand and led her into the quaint old London parlor. What happened after that, neither has ever told, but I know that it was after midnight when he left, and they were not yet quite engaged. But the next morning, August 10th, they went to Westminster Abbey, which he chose, and where he pledged himself to her, as the music of the organ closed the service. And old "Big Ben" added a benediction of his own, as they emerged into the sunlight. Then to St. Paul's, which she selected, and as they knelt together, she gave the answer which would have been given at Loch Achray, if she had been able to "understand." Little did Canon Scott Holland know what his benediction meant, that day.⁸

And now, my readers, I have put this last, in my story, because it reveals the richness of my life and is in the background of every worthy service that I have ever rendered beyond those days. Since that morning of June 30, 1900, when I first stood by her side, I never left it, of my own volition, until the evening of April 6, 1933, when I knelt beside her for the last time. She had then the same loveliness as when she first drew me to her, but with deeper meaning, and I am still under its spell as I write these words. In the dedication of a volume constructed mostly by her bedside, I wrote of her as "my unseen strength and support at all times;

⁸ While this romance should be left in Westminster and St. Paul's, the reader will wish to know that the lover went to Liverpool and remained until the *Winifredian* sailed, returned to Switzerland, came back to England, found his way to the little bench on the shore of Achray, and bought a wedding ring in Edinburgh. The next time they were together in London and Westminster and St. Paul's, they learned of the promise of a little child, just before they were once more to talk, hand in hand, upon the shores of Achray. They went over nearly all the ground of 1900 together. And the second next time they brought a baby, first to Grasmere in a little stone cottage, and then to London, not far from Torrington Square.



At 55



Ice Hockey at Mountain Lakes 1914



Baseball at 55



We sought to share the life and interests of our children

'For she had been a helper of many, and of myself also.'—Romans XVI: 2."⁹

Perhaps I can best impart the secret of it, by quoting from my own words, spoken and written in 1912.¹⁰

From its earliest prophetic beginnings, the marriage is begun in faith, in confidence, in unselfishness, in devotion. The vocabulary of human beauty is exhausted in its holy service with its words, love, comfort, honor, serve, keep in sickness and in health, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer. Into it is gathered up the myrrh and frankincense of life and laid upon the altar of God.

Never cease to be lovers. Let the old names never be blotted out of the book of life. The old language should be abiding and eternal. The vocabulary of love should never sink into the common-place of everyday speech.

Keep in sacred beauty all the anniversary days. Stop on the way home to carry a few flowers; perhaps more inexpensive than of old, but yet with a deeper fragrance and a meaning all their own. Be lovers again as the day comes that marks the first confession. Have a wedding day every year, if it be only for one evening hour.

One of the great needs of the home today is that "the other days" should be always in remembrance, by conserving the habit of being sufficient to ourselves. There should be many times when the third person is a crowd and only two are company. If love was blind, let love never again regain the sight of censure.

*Be this of coming days the pride,
The wife is greatly dearer than the bride.*

I delight to look at the Madonnas of Murillo, with their celestial colour. I also love to think that every mother may be a holy mother if she will. This life of ours together ought to be one great, abiding and unceasing transfiguration from holy into holier.

I wrote this sermon out of deep experience. The beginning and the end, of every day, alike. At breakfast time it was Loch Achray, and she never lost the art of blushing; in the

⁹ *Christian Unity in Practice and Prophecy.*

¹⁰ *Spiritual Culture and Social Service.*

evening it was Westminster and St. Paul's, as we knelt together. These memories, and all that followed them, have been and now are, far more of my life than that which men can see. I look back upon no intruding clouds or shadows. The light from Heaven, that streamed in that morning, through the ancient windows of Westminster—and I remember that it found its way to us—has never ceased to shine.

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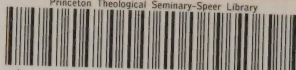
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